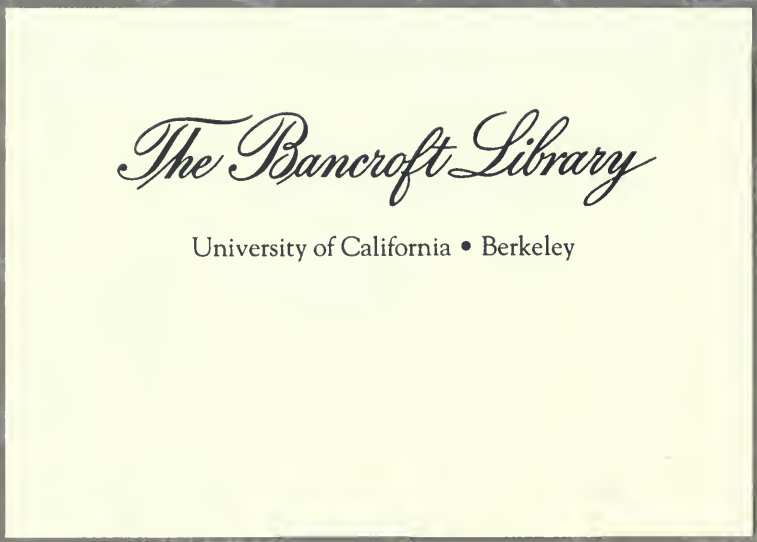
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OF
GABRIEL HARVEY, D.C.L.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.
LETTERS TO AND FROM EDMUND SPENSER.
LETTERS FROM LETTER-BOOK.
FOVRE LETTERS AND CERTAINE SONNETS, ETC., ETC.
A LETTER OF NOTABLE CONTENTS, ETC.

1579—1593.

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OF

GABRIEL HARVEY, D.C.L.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED,
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

BY THE REV.
ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),
St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire.

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To

PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON,

EDINBURGH,

I DEDICATE THESE

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE"—

THE WORKS OF

GABRIEL HARVEY.

WITH HIGHEST REGARD AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS ABUNDANT SERVICES TO LITERATURE, ORIGINAL AND EDITORIAL.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

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In night when colours all to blacke are cast,
  Distinction lost, or gone downe with the light,
The eye a watch to inward sences plac'd,
  Not seeing, yet still hauing power of sight,
Giues vaine alarums to the inward sense,
  Where feare stirr'd up with witty tyranny,
Confounds all powers, and thorough selfe-offence,
  Doth forge and raise impossibility ;
Such as in thicke depriuing darkenesse,
  Proper reflections of the errour be,
And images of selfe-confusednesse,
  Which hurt imaginations onely see ;
    And from this nothing seene, tels newes of devils,
    Which but expressions be of inward evils.

Cœlia, ci.

UNIVERSITY

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN his Preface to the "Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey, A.D. 1573-80" (Camden Society, 1884), Mr. E. J. LONG SCOTT, M.A., commences his little notice thus:

> "Gabriel Harvey, the writer of the following Letter-Book, is better known to us than almost any other man among the literary characters who crowd the Elizabethan stage. His celebrated controversy with Nashe (who raked up against him every circumstance in his life and writings in order to pour unlimited abuse and contempt upon his head) has furnished us with a vivid picture, not only of Harvey's manners and conversation, but even of his dress and physiognomy" (p. v).

This, while true in a way—that is, to the few who have mastered the "wordy war" between Nashe and Harvey—is exceptionally untrue regarded biographically. For of no contemporary of equal notoriety in men's mouths over so many years, do we know so little as of him. The Damascus blade of Thomas Nashe wounded him mortally. He was speedily forgotten—though he lived on to an unusual age; and no one seems to have cared to rescue his memory from its swift and inexorable oblivion. Even his academic course is obscure and dateless. We

have had to wait for these long centuries to learn the chief facts of it contained in his (so-called) 'Letter-Book.' Mr. Scott has not himself added one grain of new information, as he has not troubled himself so much as to bring together what of scanty record has hitherto been made. His one distinguishing service is to have reproduced so admirably a troublesome manuscript.

None of the Registers or Parish-Books of Saffron Walden now extant go so far back as the birth of Gabriel Harvey, nor is there any mention of the Harveys in any of the later local MSS. But it is known from other sources that he was born at Saffron Walden, in Essex, 'about 1545,' or some seven years before Spenser.* He was the eldest son, of a family of six children—four boys and two girls. As everybody knows who knows anything at all of the Harveys, their father was a Ropemaker. If only his eldest son had been as satisfied with the paternal 'trade' as was that father himself, the unlucky victim of Nashe's scorpion-tongue and pen had been spared much misery and infamy. Even at this late day there remains a curious proof that so far from having been ashamed of his rope-making the elder Harvey proclaimed it—viz., in the town's museum there is preserved the most of a once fine

* Professor Henry Morley, in his paper on Harvey as "Hobbinol" (of which more in the sequel) seeks to make out that Harvey was of the same age with Spenser; but he is not successful. Throughout, the attitude of Harvey is of an elder addressing, not to say patronizing, a younger man. Besides, when Spenser matriculated at the University, Harvey was already notable there. It has even been alleged that he was tutor to Spenser and Kirke.

fireplace from Harvey's house. Its entablature is in three (marble) compartments, after this fashion :—

ALIIS NON NOBIS	NEC ALIIS NEC NOBIS	ALIIS ET NOBIS
Ox, with pack, eating of thistles.	Three men making a rope.	Hive and bees at work.
NOSTRI PLACENTE	[Broken out]	LABOR

The middle compartment also contains all the adjuncts to a farmyard—somewhat mutilated—*e.g.*, the end of a house, a bullock or cow, yard with the head of a cow peeping out, a pig, poultry, bullock and corn, and (seemingly) flax or hemp (grown probably for the supply of his trade) ; also a plant of saffron, whilst on a tree hangs a satchel. From these designs it is to be inferred that Harvey senior carried on a Farm as well as his rope-making business. This is incidentally confirmed by Gabriel's assertion in the notorious matter of his sister Mercy's experiences that she "fetched home and milked the cows." But the main thing is—and all honour to him for it—the rope-making was held for honest labour and trade, not stigma, by the old man.* If —as is pretty certain—Gabriel supplied these Latin mottoes, he too must have originally acquiesced. Of course it was one thing thus to have a home-memorial of the family-occupation, and another to have it shouted from the housetop with flout and jeer and waggish drollery. Anthony à-Wood puts the thing as follows :

"This person, who made a great noise in his time, was

* I owe special thanks to Joseph Clarke, Esq., The Roos, Saffron Walden, for these details and after-information. Mr. Scott quotes from Glascock's *Records of St. Michael's Parish Church, Bishop's Stortford* (1882), this entry—"1579. Paid to Harvie of Walden for a rope for the [church] bell ij^{s} iij^{d}" (p. 59).

born at Saffron Walden, in Essex; and tho' his father was a ropemaker, as Thomas Nashe, a great scoffer and his antagonist, tells us, yet he had rich kindred, and was nearly allied to Sir Thomas Smith, the great statesman in Queen Elizabeth's reign" (*Fasti*, by Bliss, i. 230).

The Smith alliance is very doubtful, and certainly was not "near." But, as unquestionably, the Ropemaker was well-to-do and mindful of the educational interests of his sons (at least). It is to be remembered to his credit that he sent three sons to the University (of Cambridge), and spent on them a good thousand pounds, as Gabriel was ever forward to attest.

From the warmth—not to say exaggerate eulogy—of our Harvey's celebration of Sir Thomas Smith, of Audley End, Saffron Walden, it would appear that this once famous Knight had interested himself from the outset in his poetic celebrator. Gabriel must have been a clever boy, probably the proverbial 'clever boy' of the village school. We know nothing of his earlier training. He is found at Cambridge University before Edmund Spenser (who proceeded thither in 1565). "His first academical breeding," says Wood, "was in Christ College, Cambridge; where in a short time he made great proficiency, to the wonder and amazement of his tutor" (as before).

In 1573 he was tutor at Pembroke College. Later he was of Trinity Hall, being addressed by his brother Richard in his "Astrological Discourse," in 1583, as his "verie good and most loving Brother . . at his chambers in Trinitie Hall." He passed both degrees of B.A. and M.A. The following note

to Wood's *Fasti* (i. 230-1) summarizes most of the preceding data—"Gabr. Harvey aulæ Pembr. socius prius, electus Nov. 3. 1570; dein socius aulæ Trin. electus, Dec. 18. 1578. Spe et opinione magister futurus sit magna de spe excidit" (Baker, MSS. coll., vol. vi., 104, Cole). The latter involved him in a protracted quarrel by the denial of a grace for it. His Letter-Book (as before) contains his correspondence on the weary and irksome matter with Dr. John Young, Master of Pembroke, etc. (pp. 1—54). He was the winner ultimately, and henceforward his "victorie" dated his letters to intimate friends. These letters are of the oddest and quaintest ever perpetrated by sane man on another. Their vocabulary is simply a wonder; their insistence of self-assertion a still greater wonder; and their tumultuous vituperation of 'enemies,' most wonderful of all. Sooth to say, combined with the Letters to Spenser (as "Immerito" and "Benevolo")—the actual takes down our ideal of Cambridge in Elizabethan days. Such narrownesses, bitternesses, and vulgarities of enmity among scholarly and dignified men humiliate one to-day. It is a relief to find Spenser uninvolved in the paltry contention—by quiet withdrawal.

According to his own statements he became renowned beyond all precedent (before 1576) as a Lecturer on Rhetoric, with Cicero for guide. Our after-quotations from his *Ciceronianus* and *Rhetor* will illustrate this. Many of the books of his Library —preserved in public and private libraries—go to show what an omnivorous and careful reader he was of all that he came across. Professor Morley, in his paper yclept "Hobbinol" (as onward), gives some

interesting quotations from notes on his *Quintilian* in British Museum. It is doubtful, notwithstanding the references in the *Gratulations of Walden*, whether he ever really travelled in service of the State for Leicester—just as it is equally doubtful whether Spenser did. One incidental allusion by his brother Richard would seem to indicate intended but not executed journeying—*e.g.*, in the epistle-dedicatory of his "Astrological Discourse" to John, Bishop of London, in counting upon his acceptance thereof, he thus writes:

> "If not for mine owne sake or the worthines of the thing itselfe, yet for Cambridge sake, and that especiall affection which you have alwayes borne toward Vniuersitie men, and namely your singular curtesie toward my brother Gabriel, when he should have trauailed to Smalcaldie; which courtesie he doth often recognise. . . . . ."

"Afterwards," continues Anthony à-Wood, "he became fellow in Trinity Hall, and so excellent and learned an orator and poet, that books of these faculties were dedicated to him . . . . he was proctor of that University, and at elder years he applied his studies to astrology, wherein he became eminent, and wrote as 'tis said Almanacks much in esteem in the reign of Queen Elizabeth" (as before). His 'Almanacks' have not survived, save in association with his absurd brothers in the sarcastic pages of Nashe. His addiction to astrology is a measure of his *calibre*—whatever of miscellaneous learning he may have acquired. He was disappointed in a candidature for Orator of the University. He studied Civil Law, and in 1585 was admitted at Oxford Doctor of Laws. He thereafter practised

as an Advocate in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

There are two indubitable facts that check utter contempt toward Gabriel Harvey, and constrain us to conclude that, spite of his pedantry and conceit, shocking and dastardly malignity toward Robert Greene, and intellectual poverty, there must have been something above these in him : (*a*) That he was the "familiar" acquaintance of Sir Philip Sidney; (*b*) That for life he retained the friendship of Edmund Spenser. The latter's fine Sonnet from Dublin secures that his name can never perish. None the less do they remain simple matters-of-fact, that on the one hand he blackened the memory of "deade" Robert Greene, repelled the conciliatory advances of Thomas Nashe, and all through betrayed the most ludicrous self-conceit and over-estimate of himself.

As distinguished from his Latin productions, his English books in warfare with Greene and Nashe have a certain go in them, a certain vigour, a dexterous, apt-worded, wary fence, and (as already noted) an astounding vocabulary ; but after all they are mere "Curiosities of Literature," and to be preserved and collected, as we have done, mainly as realistic pictures of the time, and for a background to the magnificent badinage and satire of our English Rabelais—Thomas Nashe,—and as completing the triumvirate—Greene, Nashe, and Harvey.

In strange and suggestive contrast with the "immature" death of his illustrous friend Edmund Spenser—Gabriel Harvey survived until February 7th, 1630 (buried at Saffron Walden February 11th), in at least his eighty-fifth year. Not a single

certain syllable is heard of him after Spenser's death (in 1599), albeit there is a floating tradition that the folios of 1607 and 1611 were published under his supervision (to their damage). Thomas Baker (*Socius Ejectus*) states :—

"I have seen an elegy on Dr. Harvey of Saffron Walden, composed by William Pearson, dated in 1630, whereby it appears he died in that year. By that it would seem he practised physic, and was a pretender to astrology" (*Fasti* i., 230-1).

The following is a (summary) list of Harvey's Latin books :—

(*a*) Rhetor, sive 2. Dierum Oratio de Natura, Arte et Exercitatione Rhetorica. 1577.

(*b*) Ciceronianus vel Oratio post Reditum, habita Cantabrigiæ ad suos auditores. 1577.

(*c*) Smithus vel Musarum Lachrymæ, pro Obitū honoratiss. Viri . . . . Thomæ Smith, Esq., aur. Majestatisque regiæ Secretarii. 1578.

(*d*) χαιρε vel Gratulationum Valdensium Libri quatuour. 1578.

Turning back upon these long somnolent books—mere pickings-out of (literally) scores of Manuscripts that their spider-like industrious author informs us of with premature garrulity in his "Foure Letters"—I have now to fulfil my engagement of furnishing representative quotations. These I must confess it has been hard to find in the arid pages. Nevertheless, the portions about to be given will testify—as conceded—to technical scholarship, and a certain elegance of composition. Nor can there be any question that he drew around him crowds of undergraduates, and won celebrity as a Lecturer. Taking

the books chronologically (as published) we have first his "Rhetor sive 2 Dierum Oratio de Natura, Arte, et Exercitatione Rhetorica" (1577). Herein we have specimens of his Lectures—and very sprightly and stirring lectures they are.

Let Professor Morley introduce the Lecturer to us. Having given a MS. note in his *Quintilian*, showing his 'studies' for his famous speech at Audley End, he thus proceeds :—

"But how little of a dry pedant young Gabriel Harvey was [aged 32 or 33 !] we can learn without reference to MS. if we will only look into his three published lectures, delivered, as the custom was, in Latin. In his introductory lecture, upon returning to the University in 1577, he says, after the fashion of wit in his day, that during the vacation he had been breakfasting on Tully, dining on Cæsar, and supping on Virgil. We will not say with which viand he took nectar, with which wine, and with which beer, but will speak of the talk of the guests, which is the sweetest reasoning of banquets. A friend had said that it would be less wonderful that Duffield should leave his philosophy than Harvey the eloquence he loves and exalts *supra mundum*, *supra modum*. 'Philosophers,' says Harvey, 'are not always prophets'; and he proceeds at once emphatically to recant much that he had taught in the preceding year. He had followed those Italians—Bembo, Sadolet, Nizolius—who exalted above all things the Ciceronian style, and had detested men who were not absolute Cicero-worshippers, as Erasmus, More and Budé. He had abused Politian and Pico della Mirandola. He cites his own old Ciceronian formulas for the beginnings of speeches and letters, speaks of the delight he had in big Roman capitals. as IVP. O. M. 'I produce,' he said, 'my folly to make you wiser. I worshipped M.T. as the God of Latinity, and would rather have been a Ciceronian than a saint.' But he had since fallen upon Jean Sambuc's *Ciceronianus*. It had made him think, and sent him to the study of the old masters of Latinity. From that he had gone to the *Ciceronianus* of Peter Ramus, and to that of Professor Freig, of Basle, and to a preface by Sturmius, of Strasburg, and he had learned now to look at the ground and roots of Ciceronian eloquence; to relish the independent thought in Pico, and Erasmus, and Politian; to look for the whole man in a writer as the source of style, and

still exalting Cicero, to attend first to the life and power of the man, and not to the mere surface polish of his language. 'Let any man,' he says, 'learn to be not a Roman, but a Frenchman, German, Briton, or Italian.' That certainly is not the lecture of a pedant, rigid in the forms to which he had been bred. And the manliness of scholarship grew upon Harvey. In one of the MS. notes made by him three years later in the margin of his *Quintilian*, a sentence of the text suggests to him that 'Mr. Ascham, in his fine discourse of Imitation, is somewhat too precise and scrupulous for Tully only, on all points; we having such excellent and dainty choice in the Latin tongue, worthy to be regarded and resembled in fitting place,'—and then he cites, with a differently defining adjective to each, nearly a score of authors. On another page he notes that a man without Greek is half-learned; as Ascham said in joke of Mr. Haddon, though he loved him dearly, that he fluttered on one wing." (Pp. 278-9).

The introduction to his *Rhetor* thus runs * :—

"I cannot be enough surprised that so many Englishmen, and especially Cambridge men, and of them the most delicate and dainty, should have flocked together to-day to one place, with such a crowd of the whole University, as if some theatre were opened here; in order that they may be able to listen at this time to one delivering a speech, whom they have so often and so lately listened to and welcomed with attentive ears and minds. For what is so novel—novel did I say? nay, what is so prodigious—in the University of Cambridge, as not to neglect an old professor of any art, unless he is supposed to be about to say something new, perhaps, and strange, and almost unheard-of before? I have seen empty benches, I have seen the schools deserted, sometimes when men were lecturing, sometimes when they were delivering a speech, from whose tongues language used to flow sweeter than honey, sweeter than nectar: even those twin ornaments of ours, Bing and Dodington (I am ashamed to say it, but it is too true, and indeed it is too intolerable) have been compelled to speak not once only, but often, to walls and benches. Such is the softness and elegance of Cambridge ears and minds. Nothing

* For the whole of these translations I am indebted to my accomplished poet-friend, the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton. He has not shunned a task apt to be discharged perfunctorily, but has gone into it with patient conscientiousness—much more so than I myself could have brought to such a labour.

ancient, nothing accustomed, pleases here: in dress, manners, words, gesture, everything, we affect the new; even to listen to the same man for a long time, although speaking in the most polished and excellent manner, especially if he be one of our own, and an intimate, is a tiresome burden.

"Last year I was indeed expecting (for why should I hide my feeling?) that the assembly and concourse of all the Colleges and Halls would be most crowded; nor indeed did my opinion deceive me. Every place on the benches was seized beforehand; the school was filled; academicians of all ages and ranks were present; we saw an assembly, as at elections, very large; a crowd, as in a market-place, very great; spectators, listeners, standing up, as in the theatre. Nor was that indeed very wonderful, for the novelty made an audience for me. But this year, and in these present comitia (believe me, who am not accustomed to lie), so far was I from being able to hope, or daring to expect this immense and vast multitude and crowd of University men, that I long ago made up my mind to lecture to myself and to these oratorical walls, for the future; one or two of my pupils standing by, not as a listener to my eloquence, but as a witness of my presence. But lo, beyond hope, contrary to all expectation, a quite incredible concourse of most learned and eloquent men, such as I see present on every side in great numbers, and not merely of most cultivated young men, and most charming boys; so that I seem to myself to be in Paris or Rome rather than in Cambridge. . . . Nothing recondite shall I bring forward; nothing worthy of the ears of such illustrious orators, or the minds of such excellent philosophers; nothing either new to any one or unheard in these seats of eloquence. Harvey is now old, and almost (as one adds) worn out: novelty he leaves to new professors."

Going forward, this arrests attention:—

"Now, if there are any whom Nature has not imbued with such remarkable advantages, who possess not either so sweet a sound of voice, or such dignity of action, and who seem to lack I know not what natural gift, these, not more than myself, I will discourage from the exercise and pursuit of speaking. For if there is any one from whom Nature hides her resources and supplies, I am the man; and if there are any to whom the gods have sold their gifts (as the Greek poet says) in return for toils, I will add myself to their fellowship and company. But concerning myself I will not speak, in whom there is nothing which may seem to give encouragement to any one. For what if they should be equal to Harvey

What if they should turn out far superior? What if they should seize this chair of eloquence, and be crowded round by almost four hundred hearers, sometimes even by more? Yet, good God, how far will they be from that maturity which we seek and commend to you so earnestly?"

The following is the conclusion—a picture of Eloquence :—

"But behold (not unexpectedly) *Her* whom ye so much desire, for the sake of seeing whom ye so eagerly flock together, upon whom in hope and mind you have fixed most constant eyes so long—of incredible majesty, in royal attire, of almost angelic aspect, my most illustrious Hera, my most august Heroine, ELOQUENCE, a divine creature, and nourished with celestial dew and ambrosia, in the fortunate islands of blessed minds—not in those imaginary ones of Homer, but our much happier and more desirable ones. See, by the immortal God, how beautiful she is in all ornaments and embellishments of every kind; how all things have been prepared for incredible comeliness, extreme admiration, unequalled magnificence, splendour, veneration. I pass over her golden hair, and her curled locks; I pass over her serene and most lovely brow; I pass over her shining eyes and dark-coloured eyelids; I pass over those cheeks of mingled rose and snow; I pass over those honied lips; behold only the admirable and singular beauty of her face; and immediately every one will cry out, like the lover in the comic poet: O lovely face! henceforth I blot out all other women from my mind; I am weary of these every-day forms. Although if you regard the exceedingly becoming beauty of that bosom, and those (so-to-speak) milk-white breasts, and fair and tapering fingers, and elegant feet, and all the other members of that dainty body, you will perceive how they each resemble most the others, and all resemble all—that is, are most beautiful, most handsome, most exquisite. For what shall I say of her magnificent attire, her precious necklaces, rings, collars, of gold and silver threads, needles, clasps, fringes, of shining pearls, and glorious gems, of the remaining adornment of her body, and her general elegance? Behold rather at her right hand that most wealthy cornucopia, both distinguished with every kind of sounds and crowded with every kind of colours. See on the other side, serving and waiting on their mistress, the most obsequious maidservants—there Glory, Praise, Honour, Fame, Magnificence, Beauty, Splendour; here Money, Gold, Silver, Wealth, Means, rich and abundant Household-stuff,

agreeing with her sumptuous edifices and noble palaces; there Study, Observance, Duty, Affability, Politeness, Grace; here abundance of all most desirable things. Look round on her toga'd counsellors, her armed attendants, her cloaked clients, her curled courtiers, her assistants, servants, slaves, her oriental servants of servants. I should begin to reckon the sands and atoms, if I should wish to recount their several names. They are Hebrews; they are Greeks; they are Latins; they are Italians; they are Spaniards; they are French; they are English; they are Germans; they are orators of all kingdoms, races, and nations. And truly of the Hebrews, some have attained the greatest and noblest dignity, whom you see clad in the Hebrew mantle, who first put forth in written memorials both their own history and the history of others —most ancient men, and even the wonderful works of God Himself Almighty, and All-Good."

Next comes "Ciceronianus vel Oratio post Reditum habita Cantabrigiæ ad suos auditores" (1577). This, again, is an example of his Lectures; nor do I seek to deny its brilliance in thought and (rhetorical) expression. I must here give the original Latin quotations, with a translation successively added thereto:—

"Tribuebam Ciceroni maxima: in eo solo plures horas, dies, hebdomades, menses quam in aliis omnibus collocabam. Et tamen ita in eo versabor, ut abjicerem aliquando De Amicitia disputantem, et Osorium in manus sumerem perorantem de Gloria. Ideo feci, non quod Ciceronem improbarem, probarem Osorium sed ut Osorianiam redundantiam a Ciceronis copia internoscerem. Fluit quidem utriusque Sermo; sed alterius, sine ullis salebris, ut liquidus, et sedatus amnis fluit: alterius nonnunquam extra ripas, ut turgidus atque rapidus torrens diffluit, nec illis se cohiberi septis patitur, quæ videbat ab altero præstituta. Probo in plerisque Osorium; laudo in multis: in quibusdam etiam sane admiror; sed cum Cicerone nostro conferens (videte quam nihil vos cedam) facere non possum, quin exclamem, ut ille in Æneide, Infælix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli" (pp. 15, 16).

"I was wont to place the highest value upon Cicero: in the study of him alone I used to spend more hours, days, weeks, months, than in the study of all other writers; and yet I was

occupied with him in such a manner, that I would sometimes lay him aside as he discussed concerning Friendship, and take into my hands Osorius as he pronounced a set speech about Glory. I did so not with the idea that I disapproved of Cicero or approved of Osorius, but that I might distinguish between the redundancy of Osorius and the copiousness of Cicero. The discourse of each indeed flows along; but in the case of the one it flows along without any roughnesses, like a limpid and tranquil stream; in the case of the other, not seldom it overflows its banks, like a swollen and headlong torrent, nor allows itself to be restrained within the bounds, which it saw to be prescribed by another. I approve of Osorius in most things; I praise him in many; in some indeed I truly admire him; but comparing him with our Cicero (observe how in no respect I will give you up to him) I cannot but exclaim, as he in the Æneid, 'Unhappy youth, and how unequal a match for Achilles!'"

"Affectabam jampridem Ciceroniani nomen; et id maxime ducebam honorificum atque gloriosum; eram in eorum opinione defixus, qui M. Tullium et perpetuo solum et ubique totum imitandum docuerunt, in eoque positas eloquentiæ literarumque fortunas existimarunt; Italorum quorundam sententiæ facile acquiescebam, cæteros omnes negligendos: Unum in manibus habendum Ciceronem" (p. 18).

"I long ago assumed the name of Ciceronian; and I esteemed it most honourable and glorious; and I was rooted in the opinion of those who taught that M. Tully was both always only and everywhere entirely to be imitated; and who considered that the fortunes of eloquence and of letters were centred in him; and I readily agreed with the judgment of certain Italians, that all others ought to be neglected—that Cicero alone ought to be held in men's hands."

"Itaque quantus qum, quantus fui, in illorum ego hæresi constitutus fui, qui Ciceronianos et esse se et haberi et dici voluere, eoque nomine cum Regibus se et Imperatoribus adæquatos putavere. Erant mihi in amoribus elegantissimi lautissimique Itali; imprimisque Pontanum, Bembum, etc. Hos qui nominabat, non homines, sed heroës, atque cælites, nominare videbatur. Erasmum et qui ab ejus opinione starent, Budæum, Morum, Ægidium, Glareanum, Vivem, alios omnes qui Ciceroniani non perhiberentur, non modo contemnebam, ut infantissimos: verum etiam, ut inimicissimos, odio prosequebar. Dicam vere. Piaculum mihi videbatur, Erasmum tangere, si quis ejus lineolam aliquam aliquando legisset,

idem fecem mihi videbatur, et sordes, et putridinem, et quicquid nauseam parit, olere" (p. 20).—"Nihil elegantioribus Musis adeo infestum" (p. 21).

"So, however great I am now, however great I have been, I have been firmly established in the sect of those persons who wished themselves both to be, and to be esteemed, and to be called Ciceronians, and thought themselves made equal by that name with kings and with emperors. Those most elegant and exquisite Italians stood high in my affections—particularly Pontanus and Bembus, etc. He who named these seemed to name not men, but heroes, and heavenly beings. Erasmus and those who might share his opinion, Budæus, Morus, Ogidius, etc., and all others who would not be reckoned Ciceronians, not only did I despise as most childish, but even pursued with hatred as bitter enemies. I will speak truly. It seemed to me a wickedness that required expiation, to touch Erasmus. If any one at any time had read any single line of him, he seemed to me to smell of dirt and filth and corruption, and whatever makes one feel sick. I thought nothing so utterly an enemy to the more elegant Muses as Erasmus!"

"Nescio quid Hieronymo acciderit pro tribunali summi Judicis; vapulasse ipse se ait pro Ciceroniano; et vapulavit quidem fortasse opinione sua; cur enim non credamus tanto viro? Ego vero ita jam eram quasi ad amussim Ciceronianus, itaque religiose M. Tullium, veluti latinitatis Deum, venerabar; ut, siquis unquam vapulasse hoc nomine mereretur (ne Hieronymum quidem ipsum excipio) is essem ego. Certe in meorum Ciceronianorum malebam fere, quam in sanctorum collegium cooptari" (p. 28).

"I know not what may have happened to Jerome before the tribunal of the supreme Judge, but he himself says that he was flogged as a Ciceronian; and he was flogged indeed, it may be, in his own opinion, for should we not believe so great a man? But I indeed was now so a Ciceronian (to line and rule as it were), and so devoutly reverenced Tully as the god of Latinity, that if any one ever deserved to be flogged on this account (I do not even except Jerome himself), I was the man! Certainly I was almost preferring to be elected into the company of my Ciceronians rather than into the company of the saints."

"Non dubitarem Cantabrigiensem Academiam illustrissimis totius Europæ gymnasiis anteferre. Nam de antiquitate alii digladientur; ego audire malo; esse literatorum copia atque

celebritati præferendam. Ut quemadmodum olim Athenæ Græcia Græciæ dicebatur; sic aliquando Cantabrigia possit suo merito Britannia Britanniæ nuncupari; idemque sit apud nostros esse Cantabrigiensem, quod erat apud Græcos esse Atticum. Sed de eo satis. Quid enim nisi vota supersunt, ut canit ille? Vos suavissimi Adolescentes, atque bellissimi pueri, si vere Ciceroniani, non simulati esse velitis; ut estis Ciceronianæ eloquentiæ, prudentiæque auditores; eo animo ad Ciceronem vestrum, institutoque venire debebitis, nunquam ut ad illum accedatis, quin discedatis non modo Grammatici, atque rhetores, sed etiam Dialectici, Ethici, Politici, Historici; interdum etiam physici, jureconsulti, atque adeo Cosmographi in quibusdam meliores" (p. 65).

"I should not hesitate to prefer the University of Cambridge to the most illustrious Colleges of all Europe. For others may contend about antiquity; but I would rather hear it said that (Cambridge) ought to be preferred for the abundance and celebrity of its learned men: that as once Athens was said to be the Greece of Greece, so at some time Cambridge may be able for its own merits to be styled the Britain of Britain; and that to be a Cambridge man may be the same thing amongst our countrymen, as to be an Athenian was amongst the Greeks. But of this enough: for what now but prayers and good wishes remain, as one sings? Ye most sweet youths, and most well-mannered boys, if truly and not feignedly ye wish to be Ciceronians, as ye are listeners to Ciceronian eloquence and wisdom; with such a spirit and intention you will feel it your duty to come to your Cicero, as never to approach him but to leave him again, not only grammarians and rhetoricians, but also dialecticians, moralists, politicians, historians; sometimes even naturalists, and lawyers, and so far in some respects better geographers."

So much for the PROSE of Harvey. We must now address ourselves to his VERSE. And first comes his "Smithus vel Musarum Lachrymæ" (1578)—recalling Spenser's title to one of his most charming and memorable elegiac poems ("Tears of the Muses"). It is necessary again to reproduce the original Latin of our quotations, and also, as before, to add the related translation. All the grace

of these "Tears" cannot be reflected in blank verse. There are things that escape its wider meshes. Yet these translations will be found to do justice (substantially) to the original.

GABRIELIS HARVEII VALDINATIS LACHRYMÆ.

Ad Joannem Vuddum, Clarissimi Equitis, THOMÆ SMITHI, *dum viveret, amanuensem, et sororis filium.*

O DEUS, an periit Musarum gloria Smithus;
Vudde, meusque tuusque Britannorumque Suorum;
Victurus nobis, si non sibi vivere posset?
Ah, periit, tua me nisi fallat epistola sed, sed,
O tua sed potius me fallat epistola sæpe,
Quam caput ut venerandum illud sanctumque periret,
In dubio mens est: sed quorum insania? Certum est
Occubuisse. Vale caput immortale, Deumque,
Angelicosque choros inter, mentesque beatas
Gaudia carpe, animumque æterno nectare pasce.
Fortunatæ urnæ, quibus insunt ossa virorum
Tantorum: O cineres decies, viciesque beatos.
His laurumque crocumque æquum est innascier, atque
Lilia, et Angelicas turmas et numina cœli,
Œlysiosque animos habitare sepulchra, modosque
Occinere æthereos, Furiasque arcere malignas:
Namque erat, aut nemo, Musarum filius ille.
Cui nobile Smithi
Ignotum nomen? Superis descendite Musæ,
Euge bonæ Musæ, superorum ad celsa theatra
Ferte virum, literis nulli, virtute secundum
Paucis, doctrina Socratem, prudentia Ulyssem
Europæ decus, & monumentum insigne Britannûm.

MUSARUM LACHRYMÆ.

NOVEM LUCTUOSIS CANTICIS, SEU NÆNIIS EFFUSÆ.

CANTICUM I.

Clio.

Namque ego te Livi, teque O Comptissime Cæsar,
Et brevitate valens Sallusti, et acumine pollens
Thucydida, gemitusque tuos gemitusque tuorum
Herodoti omitto, vosque omnes Troge, Laerti,

Attica Musa, Dion, Plutarche, Sabellice, Strabo,
Præterea; taceo Tacitum, Eutropiumque aliosque
Innumeros, quos sæpe manu tractaverat ille
Partim Italos, partim Gallos, partimque Britannos.

Sol Cantabrigiæ miserandam est passus Eclypsum.

CANTICUM II.

O Clio, quod Fata volunt, mutabile non est:
At meminisse animus refugit, vinclisque ligata
Dicere lingua horret, Septembribus hisce Calendis,
Quas ego detestor, quas tu soror execraris,
Interiisse hominem, dignum immortalibus annis.

Æschylus exclamet: Sophocles plangere liquescat
Euripides (nisi quis Socratem jam dicere mavult)
Quem Noster tam sæpe suis prælegit alumnis,
Æternum ploret, Tragicoque incedat amictu.

CANTICUM III.

Thalia.

Nomina nos miseræ recinemus vestra, Checumque
Ac Smithum heroes inter, divosque celebres
Ponemus, magnumque videbitur, esse propinquum
Sive huic, sive illi, fælix Valdinea Smitho
Fortunata Checo Cantabrigia.

Talia grande nefas non insignire sepulchra
Carminibus, violis, sertis redolentibus, hymnis,
Elogiisque novis, ornamentisque vetustis.

CANTICUM IV.

Euterpe.

Heu, quam difficile est gemitum non prodere voce!
Sæpe ego, Germanæ, filum interrumpere vestri
Sermonis volui, proprium expositura dolorem.
Abjeci calamos, Smitheum funus adorans.

Solis ille fuit superis, divisque secundus,
Solis est, et erit superis, divisque secundus,
Hæc tua semper erit, suavissime Tityre, Musa:
Sic Melibæe, canes: erit hæc tibi dulcis avena
Theocrite; atque tuis eadem pastoribus instar
Fistulæ erit—pariterque meis quicunque Camænis
Allecti, nostros avide captatis amores,
Solis ille fuit; modulata voce canetis.

CANTICUM V.

Terpsichore.

Vade puer, cytharamque auratam frange, nec unquam
Musica chorda sonet.——
Quid stas, prave puer, cytharam rape, frange, revelle,
Mille mihi cythararum instar lachrymæque dolorque—
Quam vellem in pluviam mutarier, omniaque ossa
Vertier in guttas madidas.

Actum est de Flacco: tua Musica desiit esse
Pindare Musa: lyris fractis Surrēius heros
Cantica suppressit: psalteria ludicra vatum
Triste sonant: mœret Sappho: lachrymatur Apollo:
Simonides lyricos jamque execratur amores
Plorat et Amphion et Thracius ingemit Orpheus.

Noster abest, heu Noster abest, heu Nostra sequetur
Tota cohors: nihilumque tibi, nihilumque Camœnis,
Terpsichore, superest, præter lachrymabile carmen,
Et gemebunda imo suspiria pectore ducta.

CANTICUM VI.

Erato.

Jam ludi, jam blanditiæ, jam plectra valete,
Tuque Venus plora, tuque O pharetrate Cupido,
Et vos delitiæ, nocturnaque festa Choreæ
Bembe tace; Cavicæe tace; Pontane taceto:
More sile: Surreie sile; Gascoigne sileto.

Te moriente, mori certum est, suavissime Thoma,
Aut ego si vivo, et siquid mea carmina possunt,
Tu vives.——
Euge piæ Musæ, Thomæum ad funus odores
Spargite, lacrymulis tumulum, ceu floribus arcas,
Ornate, huic violas, et lilia blanda, rosasque
Porrigite; et tumulo æternum superaddite carmen:
Smithus ego, Regum magnorum Pacifer Hermes,
Natus ad omne decus patriæque, illisque, mihique.
Alter eram Socrates, Deus intus, rusticus extra,
Non specie, sed reverâ mirabilis orbi.

SILENTIUM AD TEMPUS.

CANTICUM VII.

Quod est instar octo reliquorum quodque integram totius fere vitæ Historiam, non ita multis versibus expressam, complectitur.

Non Checus erubuit doctorem audire legentem,
Non Redmannus eum : sed nec Burgleius heros
Nec senior Coxus—fuit illi Haddonus alumnus.

Quis primus Rhetor ? Smithus. Quis maximus Hermes
Linguarum ? Smithus. Physicus celeberrimus ? Ohe
Smithus multiscius. Morum, vitæque Magister
Optimus ? et Smithus. Sic Smithus et unus, et omni
Laude resplendescens secum abstulit omnia, pollens
Divino ingenio, et (si verum dicere fas est)
Mortalis Deus, aut Divis quam proximus ipsis.

CANTICUM VIII.

Uranie.

Nec melius Natura fuit spectata cuiquam :
Nec polus, aut tellus magis ulli cognita vati :
Quorsum ego dissimulem ? fuit unus et unicus ille
Filius Uraniæ ; Ptolemæo major utroque
Et centum Alphonsis, et plusquam mille Zacutis.
Hipparchum, Proclum, Albertum, Ritiumque Levique
In spuriis numero : fuit hæres unicus, omnes
Anteiens Persas, Chaldæos, Gymnosophistas,
Romulidas, Graios, Arabes, Smitheius Heros.
Solius mihi funus erit sexcenta sepulchra.

CANTICUM IX.

Polymneia, Musarum ultima.

Smithe, tuum tumulum lachrymis, pluviisque rigare
Me nunc fata volunt : testabitur unda, redundans
Ingenium, flumen verborum, flumen aquarum.

Quam vellem exordiri iterum : sed sæpius ille
Sæpe omnes nymphæ ; Nunc desine garrula, clamant.
Parendum est : tu Terra jaces, amplissime Smithe,
Lympha ego sum : sed erit tua jam jam cœlicus Ignis,
Mens mea (vox abiit) circumvolitabilis aer.

Ad Joannem Vuddum.

Pergin' adhuc flere ? at Smithus super astra triumphat,
Semideûmque forum amplificans, Divumque Senatum :

In Crucifixi oculis, oculos defixus, et almam
Amplexus Triadem, geminis ardentius ulnis;
Contemplans simulachra, oculis incognita nostris,
Nec manibus tractata hominum, nova gaudia volvens;
Sydereæ æternum nactus diadema cohortis,
Chrystiadumque sacris redimitus fronte Corollis.

CHARITUM HYMNUS.

Atque hic exclamare libet, ceu Græculus ille
Quisquis erat vates, mordaci carmine quondam
Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα σχιαὶ, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηθὲν.
Ergo quid hi fletus? quorsum hæc insania, cives?
Quorsum luctificis ululantia carmina verbis?
Hoc satis est: lachrymæ valeant, vel fæmina, plora.
Nostrum est Smithæum funus decorare canendo,
Hyblæasque rosas, et Hymettia spergere serta,
Et tumulo flores, ac floribus addere carmen:
Ossa hic pauca cubant: animus conscendit Olympum:
Carpe viator iter: nihil hic lachrymabile Lector:
Sortem sorte, bonam meliori, numine plenus
Æthereo, Smithus mutavit, et incolit astra;
Occultas hominum insidias, strepitusque diurnos,
Nocturnosque dolos, commentaque subdola, et ausus
Præcipites; irasque truces, ac fulmina Regum:
Fortunæque rotam, Mavortiaque agmina temnens.

EPILOGUS, AD JOANNEM VUDDUM.

Interea te Vudde, iterumque, iterumque valere,
Et meminisse tui solito Gabrielis amore,
Vel jubeo, ut mos est, vel, quod civilius, opto.

THE TEARS OF GABRIEL HARVEY, OF SAFFRON WALDEN.

To John Wood, Secretary and Nephew of that most illustrious Knight, THOMAS SMITH, *while he was living.*

Has Smith, the glory of the Muses, died—
Smith, mine, and thine, and every Englishman's;
Who owed a life to us, if not himself?
Ah but, ah but, perished he has indeed,
Unless thy letter me deceives. Oh, rather
I pray thy letter may deceive me often
Than that revered and holy head should perish.
My mind remains in doubt, but why such madness?
'Tis certain he lies low. Immortal head,
Farewell; and now in presence of thy God,

Angelic companies, and blessèd souls,
Enjoy unending pleasures, and thy spirit
Drench with the nectar of Eternity.
O happy urns, in which are laid to rest
The bones of such great men: O blessèd ashes,
Blessèd a hundred times! From these 'tis meet
Laurel should spring, the crocus, and the lily:
And in such sepulchres angelic troops,
And heavenly deities, and souls Elysian,
Should find a dwelling-place, and sweetly sing
Etherial measures, and drive far away
Malignant furies; for he was indeed,
Or no one ever was, the Muses' son.
Who does not know
The noble name of Smith? Descend, ye Muses,
O ye kind Muses, from the realms above,
And to the high assemblies of those realms
Bear ye this man, second to none in letters,
To few in virtue, a Socrates in learning,
In wisdom a Ulysses, Europe's glory,
And the distinguished ornament of Britain.

The Tears of the Muses,

Poured forth in Nine Mournful Songs or Dirges.

SONG I.

Clio.

O Livy, thee, and thee, accomplished Cæsar,
Thee too in brevity excelling, Sallust,
And thee, Thucydides, in wise discernment,
And all thy touching tales, Herodotus,
I mention not: and all of you, Laertius,
Athenian Muse, O Dion, Plutarch, Strabo,
And Tacitus, I tacitly pass over;
Eutropius and others numberless,
Whom oftentimes he handled with his hand,
Italian, French, British historians.
—The sun of Cambridge has indeed endured
A sad eclipse.

SONG II.

What the Fates will, cannot be changed, O Clio.
My mind refuses to remember, and
My tongue, as bound with chains, shudders to say,
That, these September Calends, which I loathe,

And you, my sister, execrate, there died
A man deserving of immortal years.

Æschylus, cry aloud, and Sophocles
In lamentation melt: Euripides,
(Or, if you wish it rather, Socrates,
Whom oft our Worthy to his scholars read)
Eternally bewail, and move along
In tragic vestment clad.

SONG III.

Thalia.

Your names at once we sadly will rehearse,
And Cheke and Smith among the heroes place
And famous gods; and it shall seem an honour
To be near either—Saffron Walden happy
In Smith, and Cambridge fortunate in Cheke.

Such sepulchres it were a mighty crime
Not to adorn with verses, violets,
Delicious garlands, loving hymns of praise,
New-writ inscriptions, decorations old.

SONG IV.

Euterpe.

Alas, how hard I find it not to groan—
Often, my sisters, have I longed to break
The thread of your discourse, and utter forth
My own deep sorrow. I have thrown away
The reeds, attending on the obsequies of Smith.

To gods alone and deities he was second;
To gods alone he is and will be second.
This, sweetest Tityrus, will be thy song;
Thus, Melibœus, thou wilt sing; and this
Will be thy dulcet pipe, Theocritus:
This for thy shepherds will be like a flute:
And all who are enrolled among my followers
Take up with eagerness this love of mine;
And with a measured cadence ye will sing,
To gods alone and deities he was second.

SONG V.

Terpsichore.

Go, boy, and break thy golden lute, nor ever
Let its melodious chord resound again.

Why standest thou, bad boy? go, take thy lute,
Break it in pieces, rend it utterly.
My tears and griefs are worth a thousand lutes.
Would I were changed to rain, and all my bones.
Were turned to trickling drops.

With Horace 'tis all over; thy Muse, Pindar,
Has lost its music: Surrey's lyre is broken,
And its songs hushed: the poets' lightsome lyres
Sound sadly: Sappho mourns: Apollo weeps:
Simonides detests his lyric loves:
Amphion wails: the Thracian Orpheus mourns.
Our friend is gone, alas! our friend is gone,
And all our company will follow soon.
Nought now to thee is left, Terpsichore,
Nought to the Muses, save a doleful song,
And lamentable groans, and deep-drawn sighs.

SONG VI.

Erato.

Now plays, diversions, instruments, farewell.
Thou, Venus, weep; and thou, O quivered Cupid,
And ye delights, and nightly entertainments
Of the bewitching dance—farewell to all.
Bembus, Pontanus, be ye silent both:
Be silent, More, and Surrey, and Gascoigne.

Since thou hast died, 'tis certain, I must die,
O sweetest Thomas, but if still I live,
And if my poetry avails me aught,
Thou shalt live also.

Ah, pious Muses, scatter odours sweet,
At this sad funeral, and with your tears
Bestrew his tomb, e'en as with flowers his coffin:
For him pour forth your violets, lilies fair,
And roses, and upon his sepulchre
For superscription place this lasting verse:
I, Smith, of mighty Sovereigns of the earth
Peace-bearing messenger, born for their glory,
And for my fatherland's, and for my own:
I was a second Socrates, a god within,
Simple without; and not in show alone,
But very deed, a wonder to the world.

SILENCE FOR A TIME.

SONG VII.

Which is equal to the eight others, and embraces the entire history of almost his whole life, expressed in comparatively few verses.

To listen to this Doctor as he taught
Cheke did not blush, nor Redman, nor great Burleigh,
Nor the elder Cox,—and Hatton was his pupil.
Who was the chiefest rhetorician? Smith.
Who was the first interpreter of tongues?
'Twas Smith. And who the most famed naturalist?
Oh, Smith, the all-knowing. Who of life and manners
The ablest Master? Smith again. So Smith
Alone for every praise illustrious
Bore all before him, with a godlike genius
Excelling, (and if truth I may but speak)
A mortal God, or near as possible
To the Divinities themselves.

SONG VIII.

Urania.

By no one else was Nature better viewed:
Nor sky nor earth was ever better known
To any prophet. Why should I dissemble?
He was Urania's one and only son,
Greater than either Ptolemy, a hundred
Alphonsi, or Zacuti by the thousand.
Hipparchus, Proclus, and the rest, I count
Base-born. My only rightful heir was he,
Excelling Greeks, Chaldæans, Arabs, Romans,
Persians, and all—the mighty hero Smith.
The death of him alone will be to me
Six hundred sepulchres.

SONG IX.

Polymneia—the Last of the Muses.

O Smith, thy tomb with tears, with showers to moisten,
The Fates command me now: Water will witness
His overflowing genius, and the river's current
The river of his words.

How often I would fain begin again:
But oftener he exclaims, oft all the nymphs,
Now cease, O garrulous, thy endless strain.
I must obey. Thou liest, earth to earth,

Most noble Smith, and I am only water;
But soon thy flame will light on thee from Heaven,
(And now my voice silenced and borne away)
My mind shall be the circumambient air.

To John Wood.

Dost thou persist e'en still to pour forth tears,
When (Smith) is triumphing above the stars,
And adding glory to the angelic throng
And council of the Gods? The Crucified
Beholds him with kind eyes; his own eyes droop,
While with the fond embraces of his soul
He hangs upon the gracious Trinity.
He views such forms as our eyes never saw,
Nor hands of men have handled; and revolves
Joys unimaginable here below.
He has obtained the eternal diadem
Of that blest starry host, and on his forehead
Wears the fair wreath of Christ's own chosen ones.

Hymn of the Graces.

Well may we cry with that old Grecian bard,
Whoe'er he was—who penned the biting verse:
"All things are laughter, all things shadows be,
And all things nothing are, and vanity."
Then why these tears, and why this senseless sorrow,
This loud-voiced dirge that rends the air with discord?

It is enough: a long farewell to tears;
Or woman let it be alone who weeps:
'Tis ours to crown his obsequies with singing,
And scatter on his tomb Hyblæan roses,
And garlands from Hymettus—all fair flowers,
And to fair flowers to add the feeling song
Here rest his bones: his soul ascends to Heaven:
Traveller, pass on: Reader, nought here asks tears:
Smith has exchanged a happy lot below
For one far happier in the realms above:
And now fulfilled with God, he walks the stars.
The hidden snares of men he there despises,
The daily din and midnight treachery,
The secret plots, and desperate attempts,
The cruel ire and thunderbolts of Kings,
The wheel of Fortune and the shocks of War.

EPILOGUE TO JOHN WOOD.

Meanwhile, Farewell, and yet again, farewell.
And with thy customary love remember
Thy Gabriel, I bid thee, as is wont,
Or rather ask thee, which is more polite.

More noticeable, perhaps, than even his "Lachrymæ Musarum" is "χαῖρε vel Gratulationum Valdensium Libri quatuour" (1578)—the last, on Sidney, in Latin and English alike will reward study.

GABRIELIS HARVEII χαῖρε, VEL GRATULATIONIS VALDINENSIS.

LIBER PRIMUS: TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Epilogus, de Regiæ Manus Osculatione: deque eo quod vultum Itali habere, ab excellentissima Principe diceretur.

PARS PRIMA: DE OSCULO.

Aulam
Regalem peto continuo, Dominumque saluto.
Ille ubi me vidit, verbis affatus amicis,
Siste, Harveie, inquit, jam jamque videbis Elissam,
Teque tuosque elegos jam jamque videbit Elissa.
Parva mora est, venite conclavi Regia Virgo
(Stella ea credo fuit, stellis radiantior ipsis)
Prostratùmque videt, visumque excepit amœna,
Ambrosiaque manu: mihi oscula dulcia præbet,
Oscula, cœlo ipso mage cœlica, pæneque Divis
Diva magis, labris impressa fidelibus, et quæ
Pluris ea una putent, Pelopis quam mille talenta.
Exclamare juvat, fatumque omnesque Planetas
Versibus insignire meis et somnia rebus
Addere divinis; spemque inter Numina cœli
Ponere.——
At postquam fulgore novo illustrasset ocellos
Stella meos: valdeque mihi, multumque placere
Cœpissem: vix credibile est, quo verba stupore
Regia concuterent animum: quo numine pectus
Corriperent: pluris, *Quisnam est?* fuit, *Hiccine quæro*
Ille est? et, *Dextram tibi non, Harveie, negabo*;
Quam Phœbi, Musæque novem, totidemque Minervæ.
Gestio lætitia, et nova gaudia corde voluto,
Qualia nulla dies, nullæ sensere Calendæ.

PARS EPILOGI SECUNDA: DE VULTU ITALI.

Protinus et Dominum alloqueris (meminisse juvabit
Dum potero meminisse aliquid) *Dic, Hunccine in oras*
Italicas, Francasque tibi transmittere certum est?
Certum, inquit Dominus; *bene factum, Jam jam habet ille*
Vultum Itali, faciemque hominis: vix esse Britannum
Crediderim potiusque hospes quidam esse videtur.
Hæc ubi dicta, statim generosus membra caballus
Excepit tua: per populum, per plurima ferris
Ora virum: clamor turres penetravit Olympi:
Vive diu Regina: diu Salveque Valeque;——
In reliquis non Italus esse
Valde optem, nisi quod veteres Ciceronis amores
Et Romæ, et gentis celeberrima fama togatæ
Fixa animo, Italicas faciunt venerarier oras.
Vera etiam ut dicam (neque enim non dicere fas est
Quod vere dixisse queam, licet ante tacendum
Esse videretur) paulo magis ipse favere
Eximio Italiæ decori, mage nuper amare
Cœpi homines, postquam gemini Smithalia nostra
Haud unquam mihi visi Itali (data carmina serò
Typographo fuerant) peramanti voce probassent
Meque Italorum inter retulissent alba suorum.
Sic fatum est; nec tu casu mihi, splendida princeps
Vultum Itali, faciemque hominis tribuisse videris:
Plura ipsi tribuere Itali, latet abdita causa,
Causa tamen non vana subest: Italis ego pœne
Esse Italus videor: nomen nec tu mihi prima
Imposuisti Itali: gemini imposuere poetæ
Jampridem Italici: quid mirer, nescio: credo
Mirandum tamen est aliquid: dic Jupiter alte
Quidnam est? quid tandem est? Harveius Anglus haberi
Non Italus meruit: sunt illi injuria fata
Quod perhiberi alio voluerunt nomine; mica
Vix una Italici salis est, merus Italus, aiunt:
Atra coma est: color et fortasse subitalus: oris
Majestas, veneresque absunt; tamen Italus esse
Reginæ videor: quid multis? *Me quoque dicunt*
Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.
Ac mihi nescio quis de cœlo spiritus alto
Clamitat assidue (neque enim memorare pigebit
Antiquum carmen, quod dictat Cynthius, aurem
Vellens, O semper liceat meminisse monentis)
Plus aliis de te, quam tu tibi credere noli.

Liber IV.

VALDINENSIUM.

Ad Nobilissimum
Humanissimumque Juvenem, Philippum Sidneium,
Mihi multis nominibus longe charissimum.

Tene ego, te solûm taceam, præclare Philippe,
Quemque aliæ gentes, quæque ora externa loquuntur?
Non faciam, non si cerebrum mihi Pallas obumbret,
Non sensus mihi si Phœbus contundat acutos,
Et siluisse aliquando velit, qui multa loquutus
Tandem etiam a Musis, et Apolline deseror omni.
Si nihil est, laudabo genus; laudabo Minervam;
Laudabo ingenium; mores laudabo venustos:
Ingenuas laudabo artes; dicamque Minerva
Propitia puerum didicisse fideliter illas.
Ecquis eum minus optatum, gratumque venire
Crediderit cuiquam; qui talibus ornamentis
Venerit excultus, talique incedet amictu?
At tua sunt privata magis Præconia: Te, te
Gallica Nobilitas; te, te Germanica valde
Admirata fuit; te, te novus Induperator
Mirifice coluit: (celebris Legatio multum
Addiderat decoris): tam forti pectore, tanto
Judicio, tam spectata virtute refertum,
Tot literis Juvenem: Stephanus tibi multa trophæa
Ingenii statuit: Languetus plura: sed unus
Plurima Banosius, nives signanda lapillo:
Banosius, pars magna animi, bona portio nostri.
Quid mirum, si te stupeat Britannica pubes;
Aula probet; faveat princeps; utrumque Lycæum
Delitias inter faveat: Respublica tota
Amplectatur, amet, miretur, laude celebret?
Sic superi voluere; boni nimiùmque benigni
Sic superi voluere; Anglis miracula semper
Esse aliqua, in quibus emineat Virtusque Fidesque
Religio, Artesque omnes, cunctique Lepores:
In quibus ipsæ habitent Musæ, dominetur Apollo,
Et Charites, Veneresque insint; regnetque Minerva:
Mercuriusque suas vires, Pandora suasque
Exerat; atque Themis, Facundiaque ipsa, bonique
Quotquot ubique adsunt, Genii sua munera jactent.
Quos digitis monstret populus, dignosque triumphis
Tergeminis statuat; sertisque et honoribus ornet
Omnigenis, summumque adeo super æthera tollat—

Hos inter, siquis primas, Memorande Philippe,
Attribuat tibi, cui superi bona cuncta dedere
Corporis, ingenii, Naturæ, Fortunæque;
Næ præclare illum facere ac sentire putabo,
Judicioque ejus nitetur nostra Thalia.
Fortunata domus, cui talia pignora; fælix
Et Pater et Mater, Sidneiorumque propago
Integra; ter fælix, ter fælicissimus ipse,
Quique domum, patremque ornas, matremque genusque,
Sic floreas, Sidneie, diu; tua gloria crescat
Quotidie magis atque magis; præconia semper
Vel nova, vel majora tibi cumulentur; honores
Accedant insperati; spes altra voceris
Sidneii decoris: spes altera Varviciani
Nominis; (O vivat, sed vivat avunculus): altra
Leicestri quoque splendoris (sed avunculus, O sed
Vivat in æternum); Præclare Philippe voceris,
Teque omnes reputent Sidneio Dudleioque
Stemmate, gente, domo, decore, amplitudine dignum.
Principiis nihil est illustrius: ultima primis
Si paria exstiterint, (sed erunt æqualia; Phœbus
Majora, inquit, erunt: spondetque amplissima quæque
Veridicus Vates) Deus, O Deus optime, quantum
Fulgorem adjicies patriis Laribusque domoque
Nobilitati etiam, Majestatique Britannæ?
Quæ mea de tantis spes est ter maxima spebus.
Crede mihi, tua me sic afficit inclyta virtus
Ut quidvis sperare queam, præter omnia summa.
O voti compos fiam, Sidnëiaque ubique
Laus volitet, celsumque feratur ad æthera sursum—
Plura alias: nunc Musa jubet defessa tacere:
Χαῖρε aliis dixi: tibi dico χαῖρε, Valeque.

GABRIEL HARVEY'S XAIPE—ALL HAIL:

OR THE FIRST BOOK OF THE SAFFRON WALDEN WISHING OF JOY.

To Queen Elizabeth.

Epilogue, concerning the kissing of the Queen's hand; and concerning the remark made by Her Most Excellent Majesty, that he had the look of an Italian.

THE kingly hall * I seek and greet its Lord;
He, when he saw me, gave me friendly words:

* Audley.

"Stay, Harvey, thou shalt see Eliza soon;
Eliza soon shall see thee and thy verses."
Quick from her chamber came the Royal Virgin.
A star, I swear, more bright than stars themselves.
Bowed low she sees me; seen, she welcomed me
Kindly, and with ambrosial hand outstretcht,
To me she grants a sweet kiss to impress,
A kiss more heavenly than heaven itself,
And almost more divine than deity;
A kiss imprinted there by faithful lips
Which reckon that one kiss of greater worth
Than thousand golden talents. Fain would I
Cry, and with verses crown Fate and the planets,
Enhancing things Divine with blissful dreams,
And setting my high hope amongst the gods.
But when that goodly star with splendour new
Had dazed my eyes, and deep complacence filled
My bosom, it is scarcely credible
With what profound emotion the Queen's words
Stirred my whole soul, with what divinity
Arrested all my being, as she said,
"Who is that man? tell me, I pray, who is he?"
And added, "Harvey, I will not deny
To thee my right hand." Oh, those queenly words
Are of more worth to me than great Apollo's
And all the Muses nine and nine Minervas.
I dance with joy, and exultations new
My spirit thrill, such as no other day,
No happiest day had e'er before bestowed.

Part II. of Epilogue.—Concerning the look of an Italian.

Forthwith Thou dost address my Lord as follows:
(It will delight me to remember it
While ought I can remember), "Tell me, prithee,
Is this the man that thou hast fixed to send
Into the parts of France and Italy?"
"It is so fixed," replied my Lord. She answered,
"It is well done: already he possesses
The look and face of an Italian.
I scarcely could believe he was a Briton,
He seems to me more like a foreigner."
Thus dost thou speak and mount thy noble charger:
Through crowds, through seas of faces, thou art borne:
A mighty shout arose and pierced the sky
"Long live the Queen," with welcomes and farewells!

To be an Italian
I should not much desire for other reasons,
But my old love of Cicero and Rome
And the great fame of men who wore the toga
Rooted within me, made me venerate
The soil of Italy. To tell the truth
(Nor can I hide what I may truly say
Though it might seem 'twere better left unsaid),
I have myself begun of late to favour
This glorious Italy, and to love its people,
Since two Italians, never seen by me,
With loving voice praised my Smithalia,
(The poem had been given them by the printer)
And placed my name upon the honoured list
Of their choice bards of Italy. So 'tis fated:
And not by accident, illustrious Queen,
Dost thou appear to have ascribed to me
The look and face of an Italian.
Still more the Italians ascribed to me:
Some hidden cause, and that no vain one, lurks.
E'en to Italians I seem almost
To be Italian; nor didst Thou first
Give me the name; those two Italian poets
Gave me the name before. I do not know
Why I should wonder; yet I do believe
There is some cause for wonder. Answer me,
Great Jupiter, What is the cause, I pray?
Harvey deserved to be accounted English
And not Italian. The Fates have wronged him
In wishing him to bear another name.
Of wit Italian he has got, they say,
Scarcely one grain. He is a mere Italian.
His hair is black, and his complexion, maybe,
Dark as from touch of the Italian sun.
But majesty of countenance and beauty
Are wanting to me. Yet to the Queen I seem
To be Italian. Why should I bandy words?
"Me also do the shepherds call a poet,
But I am slow to credit what they say."
And some wise spirit from on high keeps urging
(Nor will it pain me to record the verse
Sung by Apollo as he plucked my ear:
Oh, may I always recollect his warning)
"Don't credit more what others say of thee
Than what thyself dost say unto thyself."

Book IV.

VALDINENSIUM.

To the most noble and most cultivated Youth, Philip Sidney, to me on many accounts by far the dearest (of all young men).

Of thee, thee only should I hold my tongue,
Illustrious Philip, while all other nations
And every foreign land, of thee are speaking?
No, not though Pallas should becloud my brain,
And Phœbus should benumb my senses keen,
And wish me to be silent once at length,
Who having spoken much of many things
At last by all the Muses am abandoned,
And by their King. If there is nought beside,
I'll praise thy high descent, I'll praise thy learning,
I'll praise thy genius, and thy polished manners,
And thy accomplishments: and I will say
That as a boy thou faithfully didst follow
These liberal arts, 'neath Pallas' fostering wing.
Who would believe that any one could come
Less longed for, and less welcome unto all,
Who came with such adornments of the mind,
And walked the earth with such a robe of culture?
But thine are praises which are all thine own.
Thee, thee the French nobility admired;
Thee, thee the German: thee the Emperor new
Of all the Indies wonderfully courted;
(That famous embassy of thine had brought thee
Increase of honour;) thee a youth endowed
With such undaunted courage, so great judgment,
Such tried, conspicuous virtue, and such learning.
What trophies of thy genius Stephanus showed;
Still more Languetus; most of all Banosius;
Works worthy to be marked with a white stone—
Banosius, a great part of my own soul,
And the best part. What wonder is it then
If all the British youth should stand amazed,
The Court approve, the Queen should favour thee,
And every learned circle cherish thee
Amongst its choice delights; the whole Republic
Embrace, admire, love, celebrate with praises.
So willed the Powers above, kind and too gracious,
So willed the Powers above, that Englishmen
Should always have some Wonder of the age
In whom are seen conspicuous Virtue, honour,

Religion, arts, and all accomplishments:
In whom the Muses make their habitation,
Apollo reigns, and Loves and Graces dwell,
Mercury his gifts displays, Pandora hers,
And Law and Eloquence and all good Powers
As many as exist, their boons pour on them:
At whom the people may the finger point,
And deem them worthy of the highest honours,
And decorate with manifold distinctions,
And lift above the skies. Amongst all these,
If any one assign the chiefest place
To thee, famed Philip, whom the gods have crowned
With all good gifts of body and of mind,
Of Nature and of Fortune, I shall deem
Verily that man acts and thinks right nobly,
And on his judgment our Thalia will lean.
Fortunate house to whom such sons are given;
Happy his father and his mother; happy
The whole race of the Sidneys: but thrice happy,
Thrice happiest thyself, who dost adorn
Thy house, thy parents, and thy kindred all.
Thus, Sidney, mayst thou flourish long; thy glory
Daily increase yet more and more; new praises
Be heaped upon thee, and still greater praises.
May honours come unlooked for; and mayst thou
One time be called the hope of all the Sidneys;
Another time the hope of Warwick's name
(But O long live thy uncle); at another,
Of Leicester's splendour also (but again,
Long may thy uncle live); O noble Philip,
May all men deem thee worthy of the stock,
Race, family, honour, magnificence,
Of Sidney and of Dudley: nought can be
More grand than thy beginning; if thy future
Be equal to thy past (it will be equal,
Nay, greater, Phœbus says—most glorious,
Thy truthful prophet pledges), O good God,
What splendour thou wilt add to hearth and home,
And to the fame and majesty of Britain.
Such is my mightiest hope of such great hopes,
Believe me, thy unrivalled virtue so
Affects my soul, that I can hope all things
Beyond the utmost possibilities.
O may my prayer be answered, and the praise
Of Sidney circle all the earth, and fly
Up to the highest heaven. But more elsewhere.

The weary Muse now bids me cease my song.
Χαῖρε to others I have said: to thee
Χαῖρε I say, and *Vale*—Hail, Farewell!

Having thus fulfilled our promise to give representative quotations from the Latin works of Harvey,* it seems only fair to him to preserve here the substance of a rehabilitation of him by my good friend Professor Henry Morley. With characteristic chivalry, if also with chivalric rashness, he published in the *Fortnightly Review* a pugnacious "Apology," which he entitled cleverly "Hobbinol." It were to tire the most omnivorous Reader to reproduce it *in extenso*; but I have no reluctance in printing its substance of defence (and eke offence). For those who wish more or all, reference is easy to the paper itself (vol. v., pp. 274-83). I intercalate a few words here and there explanatory or deprecatory. It thus opens:—

"When, in 1579, their old comrade at Pembroke Hall, Edward Kirke, prefixed to Spenser's first venture in verse *The Shepheardes' Calender* [second, not first 'venture'—the Sonnets in Jean Vander Noodt's *Theatre of Worldlings* (1565) long preceding], a letter to Gabriel Harvey, as its unnamed author's 'special friend and fellow-poet,' he only told in prose what is shown by the *Calender* itself, where Harvey is enshrined as Spenser's Hobbinol. The difference is great between this Hobbinol, as we may see him if we care to look for his true features, and the figure which stands for him in encyclopædias, in text-books, and in that lively account of the paper-

* I had meant to have worked in typical quotations from the books of the brothers of Harvey as well, but (*a*) Such as I have been able to read really yield nothing quotable; (*b*) Such as are of extrinsic interest ("Lamb of God") I have thus far failed to get at; (*c*) In Notes and Illustrations to Nashe confirmation of his satiric *bits* in them will be given (so far as possible).

war between Harvey and Nashe which most of us have read with natural enjoyment in Isaac D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*. Hardly a definite fact has been stated, real or imaginary, which has not had a turn given to it unfavourable to the good name of this much misrepresented scholar. A vague concession that 'the friend of Spenser and Sidney could hardly have been contemptible,' is all that we have given us in *The Calamities of Authors* to qualify the finding of a portrait in the mere caricature produced by an unscrupulous wit, who had more genius but less worth than his antagonist, and who amused himself and the town with extravagant exaggeration of what he took to be the weaknesses of his opponent's character. Yet there is not one—actually not one—sharp point in the indictment against Gabriel Harvey which does not break at a touch when we look from the burlesque upon him to the man himself" (p. 274).

On the closing astonishing averment, to any one acquainted with the 'facts,' it is enough to answer—(1) that the alleged destructive "touch" is nowhere given or so much as attempted. D'Israeli is superfluously refuted, and other second-hand critics, but absolutely Thomas Nashe is never once dealt with, nor one of his charges or witty stories traversed in this paper. It lies on the surface, indeed, that at the date of this paper the writer was unacquainted with the books of Nashe and Greene at first-hand, and at second-hand most imperfectly. (2) That with Greene's, Nashe's, and Harvey's works before him, the reader will see that making allowance for dashes of caricature, Nashe had reality, not fancy, for his grotesquest representations; and now in the Letter-Book we have Herod out-Heroded in the *fantastique* of his gossip and vituperation, his superlative vanity and opinionativeness, and his foul tongue. As for Nashe's argus-eyes for every droll story that would tell, the assailant of Robert Greene set the base

example. He had indeed ignominiously to apologise for his mendacious tittle-tattle in his "Earthquake" letters. Professor Morley continues,—

"He did not become a great man, or what he called 'a megalander'; we may, if we will, class him with what is fossil or extinct in literature—its megatherium or dodo. [Much too vast for so very very small a creature—some fortunately 'extinct' vermin, more apt.] But in his day he worked hard, aspired nobly, and left witness to his labour and his aspiration. [Where? Echo answers 'Where' is this 'witness' to 'noble aspiration'?] Perhaps we do not care, for his own sake, to read the evidence, but set him aside as one of the small matters, if any there be, in which it is not worth while to be just. [Conceded that it is 'right to be just'; but it must be all round, *i.e.* not to Harvey at the cost of Greene and Nashe, any more than to them at his cost.] Then let him have the advantage of being not merely Gabriel Harvey, although to him that was something, but also Spenser's Hobbinol, which is to us more. He was, during some important years of Spenser's life, the poet's 'long-approved and singular good friend' and counsellor. The counsel was outgrown, but not the friendship. To our credence as well as Harvey's, Spenser has left what he once called 'the eternal memory of our everlasting friendship, the inviolable memory of our unspotted friendship, the sacred memory of our vowed friendship'; and it is a little due perhaps to Spenser that we should ascertain how much credit is due to the commentators who would have us think that he wrote in this way to a conceited pedant seven years older than himself" (p. 275).

This stand-point of defence is skilfully selected, but a very little reflection shows its fundamental weakness. Far be it from me to seek to rob Harvey of the one green leaf that belongs to his memory! Nevertheless, it is inevitable that we here recall three things: (*a*) That the phrase "long-approved and singular good friend" was a letter-heading of the time as conventional as "your obedient servant" of to-day, —*e.g.* in the Desmond and other rebel correspondence much the same forms are found passing between men

who detested each other. It was a phrase and nothing more, and might simply be adopted by Spenser *cæteris paribus*; (*b*) That the deepened words "the eternal memory," etc., etc., occur in a letter which bubbles over with raillery even to burlesque on Spenser's part—Nashe himself not exceeding him in his showing up of the Hexameter folly. Nor can any one who has studied the matter doubt that Nashe was right in his suspicion that Harvey made the most of his relations to Spenser, or that it could not be other than an offence to find his name introduced by head and shoulders; (*c*) That Harvey's preposterous exhibitions as a "conceited pedant" came after, not preceded, Spenser's generous praises; for the Nashe-Harvey "wordy war," wherein Harvey went to such lengths of vindictive abuse and self-praise followed long after, whilst there is good reason for thinking that Spenser interfered to withdraw the Sonnets, etc., originally published as Precursor of *Pierce's Supererogation* in honour of Harvey by Harvey himself. This last point—passing a needless vindication of an alleged claim of Harvey to be related to Sir Thomas Smith of Audley End (a distant cousinship at most)—brings us to Professor Morley's extraordinary dealing with his notorious "vanity" as for ever demonstrated by—(*a*) His spreading out in all minutest detail his family and personal history, as though they were of national interest; (*b*) His publication of laudations by certain contemporaries, not merely at the close of *Pierce's Supererogation*, but as a distinct publication (as shown in its place in Vol. II.)—and which laudations Nashe explicitly

proved were largely repudiated by their writers, and affirmed to have been obtained under false pretences.

"It has been said"—he puts it—"in the pleasant book *The Calamities of Authors*, that Gabriel Harvey's vanity caused him to publish a collection of panegyrics upon himself. Where is it? Can it be that the title of the four books of the *Gratulations of Walden*, a collection of laudatory epigrams and poems upon Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, Burghley, and three other personages of the Court—the third of them, and dearest of all, Harvey's friend, Philip Sidney—can it be that this volume produced in honour of the Queen's visit to Walden and Audley End, has been mistaken for a set of panegyrics on its editor? Or is such a description given to the nine pages of verses in the Harvey and Nashe quarrel attached to the 229 pages of *Pierce's Supererogation*? This is the sort of attention and justice clever men get from posterity when they have once been well covered with abuse from which it is nobody's particular business to defend them, and when they have not achieved in their lives anything great enough to draw on them the general attention of their countrymen in after times" (p 281).

Most innocent-looking is all this, especially the supposition that Isaac D'Israeli was capable of such a 'mistake' about the *Gratulations of Walden*. The absolute and irrefutable answer is: (*a*) That the "nine pages" and more, were not appended merely to *Pierce's Supererogation*, but first of all (as already noted) published separately, and the unsold copies then appended to *Pierce's Supererogation*; (*b*) That whilst not the quantity but quality of such publication determines the "conceit" of their publisher, "nine pages" and more, of panegyrics, was in all conscience a prodigious thing; (*c*) That these "nine pages" and more, have packed within them such superlative of laudation as no self-respecting man ever could have made public; and not only so, but (*d*) That they were thus published without the consent of the

writers—as subsequent books (*ut supra*) demonstrate; and (*e*) That as noted in the place (Vol. II., p. 2) the first set of 'laudations' formed a separate publication before its being made an Appendix to *Pierce's Supererogation*, and that, still more egregious, this Appendix itself was supplemented with others of the same kind—as witness our reproduction! (Vol. II.) Let the reader turn to these two sets of "Verses" and related Epistles—for Epistles as well as Verses are given—and judge for himself. Finally, Professor Morley seeks to transfer to Richard Harvey the astrological heresies. He partially succeeds; but it is only partially, seeing that he is diplomatically silent on those "Almanacks" that Gabriel himself composed and published, and catered in them to the popular credulities on "the influence of the stars."

No Vindication of Gabriel Harvey is possible, by Professor Morley or anybody else, so long as these three things remain:—

1. *The Hexameter device.* None but a "fantastic pedant" could have insisted on experiment so nonsensical, and none but a man blinded by "vanity" could so have boasted of being the Inventor of Hexameter. The paper on "Hobbinol" is deftly dumb on the whole absurdity. With its mal-influence on Sidney and the hazard of losing the *Faery Queen* by it, we cannot allow it to be thus dropped.

2. *The malignant traducing of Robert Greene.* Whilst again and again iterating that he warred not with the dead, Harvey has worked into his "Foure Letters" every idle piece of gossip and every

venomous accusation that his pestiferous industry could ferret out. Professing never to have read Greene's books, he nevertheless piles up epithets of abuse upon them, and rancorous nicknames; and all in the worst style of cold-blooded sentence-spinning. My regard for Professor Morley will not allow me to characterize his verdict on those infamous "Foure Letters"; than which nothing viler, baser, more heartless, exists in our language; for Harvey makes not the slightest reference to Greene's pathetic and passionate penitence.

3. *The rejection of Nashe's offer of reconciliation.* Whoso reads the epistle to the first edition of the "Tears" must recognise sincerity and characteristic generosity of forgiveness on the part of one to whom it could not be very easy to bring himself so to stoop. Equally self-evident is the truthfulness of Nashe's record as to how he was misled into such an overture of peace. This being so, it is impossible to acquit Harvey of measureless vindictiveness as of scarcely describable treachery. Nor less declarative of a pedant's "vanity" is his failure to recognise what an ass he had written himself down, and how incomparable was the intellectual force and ability of his young antagonist.

Take him all-in-all, GABRIEL HARVEY must abide a monumental example of how little "much learning" (granting that) does for CHARACTER; how possible it is to be a Scholar, and at the same time a Blockhead — mastered by, not mastering his acquisitions; how contemporary reputation often proves to be the toadyism of a clique; and how

some men have the art or the un-art of putting their worst foot foremost. Gabriel Harvey one cannot admire, much less love. Associated with SIDNEY and SPENSER indissolubly, we think of Sidney and Spenser, not of him, save by-the-bye. His learning was heavy, but not solid (much as a pound of feathers is of the same weight as a pound of lead, yet incompact); his 'rhetoric' magniloquent rather than eloquent; his verse fluent and smooth, but without inspiration; his temperament, vain, cantankerous, malignant; his long life a melancholy failure; his books a tomb, not a monument. I would not, however, leave the Friend of EDMUND SPENSER blamable and despised merely.

Therefore I add last of all.—It must never be forgotten that it was Gabriel Harvey who called "Colin Clout" from North-East Lancashire to London, and (practically) introduced him to Leicester and Sidney, and "affairs of State." *

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

* See new Life of Spenser before Works in ten vols. (Vol. I., *frequenter*). It may be added that in Life of Greene, with Notes and Illustrations; in Notes and Illustrations to Nashe, and in Notes and Illustrations to Harvey, in Works, a good deal more of biographical-critical material will be found, including illustrative and elucidative *bits* from the Letter-Book (as before).

I.

Letters between EDMUND SPENSER AND HARVEY.

1579-80.

NOTE.

The 'Two Other very commendable Letters,' though published after the 'Three Proper and Wittie familiar Letters' because 'more lately delivered unto the Printer,' come first chronologically, and accordingly are so given in this (first) collection of Harvey's English Writings. Both volumes are reproduced in full and in integrity from the *unique* exemplars in the British Museum. See Memorial-Introduction on these and related Letters; also our edition of the complete Works of Spenser (10 vols.), Vols. I. and IX.—G.

¶ TVVO OTHER very commendable Letters, of the ſame mens vvriting: both touching the foreſaid Artificiall Verſifying, and certain other Particulars:

More lately deliuered vnto the Printer.

CHARITAS.

IMPRINTED AT LONdon, by H. Bynneman, dvvelling in Thames ſtreate, neere vnto Baynardes Caſtell.

Anno Domini. 1580.

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LETTERS

FROM

Oct., 1579.

SPENSER (IMMERITO) TO GABRIEL HARVEY.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL HIS VERY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND, MAISTER G. H.

FELLOW OF TRINITIE HALL IN CAMBRIDGE.

GOOD Master G. I perceiue by your moſt curteous and frendly Letters your good will to be no leſſe in deed, than I alwayes eſteemed. In recōpence wherof, think I beſeech you, that I wil ſpare neither ſpeech, nor wryting, nor aught elſe, whenſoeuer, and whereſoeuer occaſion ſhal be offred me : yea, I will not

ſtay, till it be offred, but will ſeeke it, in al that poſſibly I may. And that you may perceiue how much your Counſel in al things preuaileth with me, and how altogither I am ruled and ouer-ruled thereby: I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpoſe, and to ſubſcribe to your aduizemẽt: being nothwithſtãding reſolued ſtil, to abide your farther reſolution. My principal doubts are theſe. Firſt, I was minded for a while to haue intermitted the vttering of my writings: leaſte by ouer-much cloying their noble eares, I ſhould gather a contempt of myſelf, or elſe ſeeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for ſome ſweetneſſe that I haue already taſted. Then alſo, me ſeemeth, the work too baſe for his excellent Lordſhip, being made in Honour of a priuate Perſonage vnknowne, which of ſome yl-willers might be vpbraided, not to be ſo worthie, as you knowe ſhe is: or the matter not ſo weightie, that it ſhould be offred to ſo weightie a Perſonage: or the like. The ſelfe former Title ſtil liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no leſſe. If theſe, and the like doubtes, maye be of importaunce in your ſeeming, to fruſtrate any parte of your aduice, I beſeeche you without the leaſt ſelfe loue of your own purpoſe, councell me for the beſte: and the rather doe it faithfullye, and carefully, for that, in all things I attribute ſo muche to your iudgement,

that I am euermore content to annihilate mine owne determinations, in reſpecte thereof. And indeede for your ſelfe to, it ſitteth with you now, to call your wits and ſenſes togither, (which are alwaies at call) when occaſion is ſo fairely offered of Eſtimation and Preferment. For, whiles the yron is hote, it is good ſtriking, and minds of Nobles varie, as their Eſtates. *Verùm ne quid durius.*

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maiſter G. and forthwith write me thoſe two or three ſpecial points and caueats for the nonce, *De quibus in ſuperioribus illis mellitiſſimis longiſſimisque Litteris tuis.* Your deſire to heare of my late beeing with hir Maieſtie, muſte dye in it ſelfe. As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Maſter *Sidney* and Maſter *Dyer*, they haue me, I thanke them, in ſome vſe of familiarity : of whom, and to whome, what ſpeache paſſeth for youre credite and eſtimation, I leaue your ſelfe to conceiue, hauing alwayes ſo well conceiued of my vnfained affection and zeale towardes you. And nowe they have proclaimed in their ἀρειωπάγῳ a generall ſurceaſing and ſilence of balde Rymers, and alſo of the verie beſte to : in ſteade whereof, they have, by authoritie of their whole Senate, preſcribed certaine Lawes and rules of Quantities of Engliſh ſillables for Engliſh Verſe : hauing had thereof already great practiſe, and

drawen mee to their faction. Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certaine Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuſe*, and dedicating it to Maiſter *Sidney*, was for hys labor ſcorned: if at leaſte it be in the goodneſſe of that nature to ſcorne. Suche follie is it, not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whome wee dedicate oure Bookes. Suche mighte I happily incurre entituling *My Slomber* and the other Pamphlets vnto his honor. I meant them rather to Maiſter *Dyer*. But I am, of late, more in loue wyth my Engliſhe Verſifying than with Ryming: whyche I ſhould haue done long ſince, if I would thē haue followed your councell. *Sed te ſolum iam tum ſuſpicabar cum Aſchamo ſapere: nunc Aulam video egregios alere Poëtas Anglicos.*

Maiſter E. K. hartily deſireth to be commended vnto your Worſhippe: of whome what accompte he maketh, your ſelfe ſhall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verſes of your ſelfe.

Thus much was written at Weſtminſter yeſternight: but comming this morning, beeyng the ſixteenth of October, to Myſtreſſe *Kerkes*, to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, ſente me the laſte weeke: whereby I perceiue you otherwhiles continue your old exerciſe of Verſifying

in Engliſh: whych glorie I had now thought ſhoulde haue bene onely ours heere at London and the Court.

Truſte me, your Verſes I like paſſingly well, and enuye your hidden paines in this kinde, or rather maligne, and grudge at your ſelfe, that woulde not once imparte ſo muche to me. But once, or twice you make a breache in Maiſter *Drants* Rules: *quod tamen condonabimus tanto Poëtæ, tuæque ipſius maximæ in his rebus autoritati.* You ſhall ſee when we meete in London (whiche, when it ſhall be, certifye vs) howe faſt I haue followed after you in that Courſe: beware, leaſte in time I ouertake you. *Veruntamen te ſolum ſequar, (ut ſæpenumero ſum profeſſus,) nunquam ſanè aſſequar dum viuam.*

And nowe requite I you with the like, not with the verye beſt, but with the verye ſhorteſt, namely, with a fewe *Iambickes*: I dare warrant they be preciſely perfect for the feete (as you can eaſily iudge), and varie not one inch from the Rule. I will imparte yours to Maiſter *Sidney* and Maiſter *Dyer* at my nexte going to the Courte. I praye you, keepe mine cloſe to yourſelfe, or your verie entire friendes, Maiſter *Preſton*, Maiſter *Still*, and the reſte.

Iambicum Trimetrum. 8 20

Vnhappie Verſe, the witneſſe of my vnhappie ſtate,
Make thy ſelfe fluttring wings of thy faſt flying
Thought, and fly forth vnto my Loue wherſo-
euer ſhe be :

Whether lying reaſtleſſe in heauy bedde, or elſe
Sitting ſo cheereleſſe at the cheerfull boorde, or
elſe
Playing alone careleſſe on hir heauenlie Virginals.

If in Bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reſte:
If at Boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate
no meate :
If at hir Virginals, tell hir, I can heare no mirth.

Aſked why? ſay : Waking Loue ſuffereth no
ſleepe :
Say, that raging Loue dothe appall the weake
ſtomacke :
Say, that lamenting Loue marreth the Muſicall.

Tell hir, that hir pleaſures were wonte to lull me
aſleepe :
Tell hir, that hir beautie was wonte to feede
mine eyes :
Tell hir, that hir ſweete Tongue was wonte to
make me mirth.

Nowe doe I nightly waſte, wanting my kindely reſte :
Nowe doe I dayly ſtarue, wanting my liuely foode :
Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

And if .I waſte, who will bewaile my heauy chaunce ?
And if I ſtarue, who will record my curſed end ?
And if I dye, who will ſaye : *this was Immerito?*

I thought once agayne here to have made an ende, with a heartie *Vale* of the beſt faſhion : but loe, an ylfavoured myſchance. My laſt farewell, whereof I made great accompt, and muche maruelled you ſhoulde make no mention thereof, I am nowe tolde (in the Diuels name) was thorough one mans negligence quite forgotten, but ſhoulde nowe vndoubtedly haue beene ſent, whether I hadde come, or no. Seeing it can now be no otherwiſe, I pray you take all togither, wyth all their faultes : and nowe I hope, you will vouchſafe mee an anſweare of the largeſt ſize, or elſe I tell you true you ſhall bee verye deepe in my debte : notwythſtandying, thys other ſweete, but ſhorte letter, and fine but fewe Verſes. But I woulde rather I might yet ſee youre owne good ſelfe, and receiue a

Reciprocall farewell from your owne ſweete mouth.

Ad ornatiſſimum virum, multis iamdiu

NOMINIBUS CLARISSIMUM, G. H. IMMERITO

ſui, mox in Gallias navigaturi,

εὐτυχεῖν.

Sic malus egregium ſic non inimicus Amicum;
Sicq; nouus veterem iubet ipſe Poëta Poëtam,
Salvere, ac cælo poſt ſecula multa ſecundo
Iam reducem, cælo mage, quàm nunc ipſe, ſecundo
Vtier. Ecce Deus, (modò ſit Deus ille, renixum
Qui vocet in ſcelus, & iuratos perdat amores)
Ecce Deus mihi clara dedit modò ſigna Marinus,
Et ſua veligero lenis parat Æquora Ligno,
Mox ſulcanda, ſuas etiam pater Æolus Iras
Ponit, et ingentes animos Aquilonis——
Cuncta viis ſic apta meis: ego ſolus ineptus.
Nam mihi neſcio quo mens saucia vulnere, dudum
Fluctuat ancipiti Pelago, dum Nauita proram
Inualidam validus rapit huc Amor, & rapit illuc.
Conſiliis Ratio melioribus vſa, decuſq;
Immortale leui diffiſſa Cupidinis Arcu.
Angimur hoc dubio, & portu vexamur in ipſo.
Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris,
(Id tibi Dii nomen precor haud impune remittant)
Hos nodos exſolue, & eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Spiritus ad ſummos, ſcio, te generoſus Honores
Exſtimulat, maiuſq; docet ſpirare Poëtam,
Quàm levis eſt Amor, & tamen haud levis eſt Amor omnis.
Ergo nihil laudi reputas æquale perenni,
Præq; ſacroſancta ſplendoris imagine tanti,
Cætera, quæ vecors, vti Numina, vulgus adorat.
Prædia, Amicitias, vrbana peculia, Nummos,
Quæque placent oculis, formas, ſpectacula, Amores,
Conculcare ſoles, vt humum, & ludibria ſenſus.
Digna meo certè Harveio ſententia, digna
Oratore amplo, generoſo pectore, quam non
Stoica formidet veterum Sapientia vinclis
Sancire æternis ; ſapor haud tamen omnibus idem.
Dicitur effæti proles facunda Laërtæ,
Quamlibet ignoti iactata per æquora Cæli
Inque procelloſo longùm exſul gurgite ponto,
Præ tamen amplexu lachrymoſæ Coniugis, Ortus
Cæleſtes Divûmque thoros ſpreuiſſe beatos.
Tantùm Amor, et Mulier, vel Amore potentior. Illum
Tu tamen illudis : tua Magnificentia tanta eſt :
Præq; ſubumbrata Splendoris Imagine tanti,
Præq; illo Meritis famoſis nomine parto
Cætera, quæ Vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, armenta, peculia, nummos,
Quæq; placent oculis, formas, ſpectacula, Amores,
Quæq; placent ori, quæq; auribus, omnia temnis.

Næ tu grande ſapis, Sapor at ſapientia non eſt:
Omnis & in parvis benè qui ſcit deſipuiſſe,
Sæpe ſuperciliis palmam ſapientibus aufert.
Ludit Ariſtippum modò tetrica Turba Sophorum,
Mitia purpureo moderantem verba Tyranno;
Ludit Ariſtippus dictamina vana Sophorum,
Quos leuis emenſi male torquet Culicis vmbra:
Et quiſquis placuiſſe Studet Heroibus altis,
Deſipuiſſe ſtudet, ſic gratia creſcit ineptis.
Deniq; laurigeris quiſquis ſua tempora vittis,
Inſignire volet, Populoque placere fauenti,
Deſipere inſanus diſcit, turpemq; pudendæ
Stultitiæ laudem quærit. Pater Ennius vnus
Dictus in innumeris ſapiens: laudatur at ipſe
Carmina veſano fudiſſe liquentia vino.
Nec tu pace tua, noſtri Cato Maxime ſæcli,
Nomen honorati ſacrum mereare Poëtæ,
Quantamuis illuſtre canas, et nobile Carmen,
Ni *ſtultire* velis, ſic S[t]ultorum omnia plena.
Tuta ſed in medio ſupereſt via gurgite, nam Qui
Nec reliquis nimium vult deſipuiſſe videri,
Nec ſapuiſſe nimis, Sapientem dixeris vnum.
Hinc te merſerit vnda, illinc combuſſerit Ignis.
Nec tu delicias nimis aſpernare fluentes,
Nec ſerò Dominam, venientem in vota, nec Aurum,
Si ſapis, oblatum, (Curiis ea, Fabriciiſq;
Linque viris miſeris miſeranda Sophiſmata: quondam
Grande ſui decus ii, noſtri ſed dedecus æui :)

Nec ſectare nimis. Res vtraq; crimine plena.
Hoc bene qui callet, (ſi quis tamen hoc bene callet)
Scribe, vel inuito ſapientem hunc Socrate ſolum.
Vis facit una pios; Iuſtos facit altera: & alter'a,
Egregiè cordata, ac fortia pectora: verùm
Omne tulit punctum, *qui miſcuit vtile dulci.*
Dii mihi, dulce diu dederant: verum vtile nunq̃:
Vtile nunc etiam, ô utinam quoq; dulce dediſſent.
Dii mihi (quippe Diis æqualia maxima paruis)
Ni nimis inuideant mortalibus eſſe beatis,
Dulce ſimul tribuiſſe queant, ſimul vtile: tanta
Sed Fortuna tua eſt: pariter quæq; vtile, quæq;
Dulce dat ad placitum: ſæuo nos ſydere nati
Quæſitum imus eam per inhoſpita Caucaſa longè,
Perq; Pyrenæos montes, Babilonaq; turpem:
Quòd ſi quæſitam nec ibi inuenerimus, ingens
Æquor inexhauſtis permenſi erroribus, ultrâ
Fluctibus in mediis ſocii quæremus Vlyſſis.
Paſſibus inde Deam feſſis comitabimur ægram,
Nobile cui furtum quærenti defuit orbis.
Namq; ſinu pudet in patrio, tenebriſq; pudendis
Non nimis ingenio Iuuenem infœlice virentes,
Officiis fruſtra deperdere vilibus Annos,
Frugibus & vacuas ſperatis cernere ſpicas.
Ibimus ergo ſtatim: (quis eunti fauſta precetur?)
Et pede cliuoſas feſſo calcabimus Alpes.
Quis dabit interea conditas rore Britanno,
Quis tibi Litterulas? quis carmen amore petulcum?

Muſa ſub Oebalii deſueta cacumine montis,
Flebit inexhauſto tam longa ſilentia planctu,
Lugebitq; ſacrum lacrymis Helicona tacentem.
Harueiuſq; bonus, (charus licet omnibus idem,
Idq; ſuo merito, prope ſuauior omnibus vnus,)
Angelus & Gabriel, (quamuis comitatus amicis
Innumeris, geniûmq; choro ſtipatus amæno)
Immerito tamen vnum abſentum ſæpe requiret,
Optabitq;, Vtinam meus hîc *Edmundus* adeſſet,
Qui noua ſcripſiſſet, nec Amores conticuiſſet
Ipſe ſuos, & ſæpe animo verbiſq; benignis
Fauſta precaretur, Deus illum aliquando reducat,
&c.

Plura vellem per Charites ſed non licet per Muſas. Vale, Vale plurimùm, Mi amabiliſſime Harveie, meo cordi, meorum omnium longè chariſſime.

I was minded alſo to haue ſent you ſome Engliſh verſes: or Rymes, for a farewell: but by my Troth, I haue no ſpare time in the world, to thinke on ſuch Toyes, that you know will demaund a freer head, than mine is preſently. I beſeeche you by all your Curteſies and Graces let me be anſwered ere I goe: which will be, (I hope, I feare, I thinke) the next weeke, if I can be diſpatched of my Lorde. I goe thither, as ſent by him, and maintained moſt what of him: and there am to employ my time, my

body, my minde, to his Honours ſeruice. Thus with many ſuperhartie Commendations and Recommendations to your ſelfe, and all my friendes with you, I ende my laſt Farewell, not thinking any more to write unto you, before I goe: and withall committing to your faithful Credence the eternal Memorie of our euerlaſting friendſhip, the inuiolable Memorie of our vnſpotted friendſhippe, the ſacred Memorie of our vowed friendſhip: which I beſeech you Continue with vſuall writings, as you may, and of all things let me heare ſome Newes from you. As gentle M. *Sidney*, I thanke his good Worſhip, hath required of me, and ſo promiſed to doe againe. *Qui monet, vt facias, quod iam facis;* you knowe the reſt. You may alwayes ſend them moſt ſafely to me by *Miſtreſſe Kerke*, and by none other. So once againe, and yet once more, Farewell moſt hartily, mine owne good *Maſter H.* and loue me, as I loue you, and thinke vpon poore *Immerito*, as he thinketh vppon you.

Leyceſter House, this 5 of October, 1579.

Per mare, per terras,
Viuus, mortuuſque
Tuus Immerito.

To my verie Friende,

M. Immerito.

Liberaliſſimo Signor Immerito, in good ſoothe my poore Store-houſe will preſently affourd me nothing, either to recompence, or counteruaile your gentle Maſterſhips long, large, lauiſh, Luxurious, Laxatiue, Letters withall, (now a Gods name, when did I euer in my life, hunt the Letter before? but, belike, theres no remedie, I muſt needes be euen with you once in my dayes,) but only forſoothe, a Few Millions of Recommendations, and a running Coppie of the Verſes encloſed. Which Verſes (*extra iocum*) are ſo well done in Lattin by two Doctors, and ſo well Tranſlated into Engliſh by one odd Gentleman, and generally ſo well allowed of all, that chaunced to haue the peruſing of them: that truſt mee, G. H. was at the firſt hardly intreated, to ſhame himſelfe, and truely, now bluſheth, to ſee the firſt Letters of his name, ſtande ſo neere their Names, as of neceſſitie they muſt. // You know ỹ *Greeke* prouerb, πορφύρα περὶ πορφύραν διακριτέα,

and many colours, (as in a manner euery thing elſe) that ſeuẽ / rally by themſelues, ſeeme reaſonably good, and freſhe ynough, beyng compared, and ouermatched wyth their betters, are maruellouſly diſgraced, and as it were, daſhed quite oute of Countenance. I am at this inſtant, very buſilye, and hotly employed in certaine greate and ſerious affayres: whereof, notwithſtanding (for all youre vowed, and long experimented ſecrecie) you are not like to heare a worde more at the moſte, till I my ſelfe ſee a World more at the leaſte. And therefore, for this once, I beſeech you (notwithſtanding your greate expectation of I knowe not what Volumes for an anſweare) content your good ſelfe, with theſe Preſentes, (pardon me, I came lately out of a Scriueners ſhop) and in lieu of many gentle Farewels, and goodly Godbewyes, at your departure: gyue me once againe leaue, to playe the Counſaylour a while, if it be but to iuſtifie your liberall Maſterſhippes, *Noſtri Cato maxime ſæcli*: and I coniure you by the Contents of the Verſes, and Rymes encloſed, and by al the good, and bad Spirites, that attende vpon the Authors themſelues, immediatly vpon the contemplation thereof, to abandon all other fooleries, and honour Vertue, the onely immortall and ſuruiuing Accident amongſt ſo manye mortall, and euer-periſhing Subſtaunces. As I ſtrongly pre-

ſume, ſo good a Texte, ſo clearkly handeled, by three ſo famous Doctours, as olde Maiſter Wythipole, and the other two bee, may eaſily, and will fully perſwade you, howſoeuer you tuſh at the fourths vnſutable Paraphraſe. But a worde or two, to your large, lauiſhe, laxatiue Letters, and then for thys time, Adieu. Of my credite, your doubtes are not ſo redoubted, as youre ſelfe ouer ſuſpiciouſly imagine; as I purpoſe ſhortely to aduize you more at large. Your hotte yron, is ſo hotte, that it ſtriketh mee to the hearte, I dare not come neare to ſtrike it: The Tyde tarryeth no manne, but manye a good manne is fayne to tarry the Tyde. And I know ſome, whych coulde be content to bee theyr own Caruers that are gladde to thanke other for theyr courte / ſie: But Beggars, they ſaye, muſte be no chooſers.

Your new-founded ἄρειονπαγον I honoure more, than you will or can ſuppoſe: and make greater accompte of the twoo worthy Gentlemenne, than of the two hundreth *Dioniſij Areopagitæ*, or the verye notableſt Senatours, that euer *Athens* dydde affourde of that number.

Your Engliſhe *Trimetra* I lyke better, than perhappes you will eaſily beleeue: and am to requite them wyth better, or worſe, at more conuenient leyſure. Marry, you muſt pardon me,

I finde not your warrant ſo ſufficiently good, and ſubſtauntiall in Lawe, that it can perſuade me, they are all, ſo preciſely perfect for the Feete, as your ſelfe ouer-partially weene, and ouer confidently auouche: eſpeciallye the thirde, whych hath a foote more than a Lowce (a wonderous deformitie in a righte and pure Senarie) and the ſixte, which is alſo in the ſame Predicament, vnleſſe happly one of the feete be ſawed off wyth a payre of Syncopes: and then ſhoulde the Orthographie haue teſtified ſo muche: and in ſteade of *Hēauēnlĭ Virgĭnāls*, you ſhould haue written, *Heaūnlĭ Virgnāls*: & *Virgnāls* againe in the ninth, & ſhould haue made a Curtoll of *Immĕrĭtō* in the laſte: being all notwithſtandyng vſuall, and tollerable ynoughe, in a mixte, and licentious Iambicke: and of two euilles, better (no doubte) the fyrſte, than the laſte: a thyrde ſuperfluous ſillable, thã a dull Spondee. Then me thinketh, you haue in my fancie ſomwhat too many Spondees beſide: and whereas Trochee ſometyme preſumeth in the firſte place, as namely in the ſecond Verſe, *Make thy*, whyche *thy*, by youre Maiſterſhippes owne authoritie muſte needes be ſhorte, I ſhall be faine to ſupplye the office of the Arte Memoratiue, and putte you in minde of a pretty Fable in Abſtemio the Italian, implying thus much, or rather thus little in effect.

A certaine lame man beyng inuited to a ſolempne Nuptiall Feaſte, made no more adoe, but ſate me hym roundlye downe foremoſte at the hygheſt ende of the Table. / The Maſter of the feaſt, ſuddainly ſpying his preſumption, and hanſomely remouing him from thence, placed me this haulting Gentleman belowe at the nether end of the bourd : alledging for his defence the common verſe : *Sedes nulla datur, præterquam ſexta Trochæo:* and pleaſantly alluding to this foote, which ſtanding vppon two ſyllables, the one long, the other ſhort, (much like, of a like, his gueſtes feete) is alwayes thruſt downe to the laſte place, in a true Hexameter, and quite thruſt out of doores in a pure and iuſt Senarie. Nowe Syr, what thinke you, I began to thinke with my ſelfe, when I began to reade your warrant firſt : ſo boldly, and venterouſly ſet down in ſo formall, and autentique wordes, as theſe, Preciſely perfit, and not an inch from the Rule? Ah Syrrha, and Ieſu Lord, thought I, haue we at the laſt gotten one of whom his olde friendes and Companions may iuſtly glory, *In eo ſolùm peccat, quòd nihil peccat:* and that is yet more exacte, and preciſe in his Engliſh Comicall Iambickes, than euer M. Watſon, himſelfe was in his Lattin Tragicall Iambickes, of whom M. Aſcham reporteth, that he would neuer to this day ſuffer his famous Abſolon to

come abrode, onely becauſe *Anapæſtus in Locis paribus*, is twice, or thrice vſed in ſteade of *Iambus*? A ſmall fault, ywiſſe, and ſuch a one in M. Aſchams owne opinion, as perchaunce woulde neuer haue beene eſpyed, no neither in *Italy*, nor in *Fraunce*. But when I came to the curious ſcanning, and fingering of euery foote, & ſyllable: Lo here, quoth I, M. Watſons *Anapæſtus* for all the worlde. A good horſe that trippeth not once in a iourney: and M. Immerito doth, but as M. Watſon, & in a manner all other *Iambics* haue done before him: marry he might haue ſpared his preface, or at ỹ leaſt, that ſame reſtrictiue, & ſtreight laced terme, Preciſely, and all had been well enough: and I aſſure you, of my ſelfe, I beleeue, no peece of a fault marked at all. But this is the Effect of warrantes and perhappes the Errour may rather procéede of his Maſter, M. Drantes Rule, than of himſelfe. Howſoeuer it is, the matter is not great, and I alwayes was, and will euer continue of this Opinion, *Pauca | multis condonanda vitia Virtutibus*, eſpecially theſe being no *Vitia* neither, in a common and licencious Iambicke. *Verùm iſta obiter, non quidem contradicendi animo, aut etiam' corrigendi mihi crede: ſed noſtro illo Academico, priſtinoq; more ratiocinandi.* And to ſay trueth, partely too, to requite your gentle courteſie in beginning to me, and noting I knowe

not what breache in your gorbellyed Maiſters Rules: which Rules go for good, I perceiue, and keepe a Rule, where there be no better in preſence. My ſelfe neither ſawe them, nor heard of them before: and therefore will neither praiſe them, nor diſpraiſe them nowe: but vppon the ſuruiewe of them, and farther conference, (both which I deſire) you ſhall ſoone heare one mans opinion too or fro. Youre ſelfe remember, I was wonte to haue ſome preiudice of the man: and I ſtill remaine a fauourer of his deſerued, and iuſt commendation. Marry in theſe poyntes, you knowe, Partialitie in no caſe, may haue a foote: and you remember mine olde Stoicall exclamation: Fie on childiſh affection, in the diſcourſing, and deciding of ſchoole matters. This I ſay, becauſe you charge me with an vnknowne authoritie: which for aught I know yet, may as wel be either vnſufficient, or faultie, as otherwiſe: and I dare more than halfe promiſe, (I dare not ſaye, warrant) you ſhall alwayes in theſe kinde of controuerſies, finde me nighe hande anſwerable in mine owne defence. *Reliqua omnia, quæ de hac ſuperſunt Anglicorum verſuum ratione, in aliud tempus reſeruabimus, ocioſum magis.* Youre Latine Farewell is a goodly braue yonkerly peece of work, and Goddilge yee, I am alwayes maruellouſly beholding vnto you, for your bountifull

Titles: I hope by that time I haue been reſident a yeare or twoo in Italy, I ſhall be better qualifyed in this kind, and more able to requite your lauiſhe, and magnificent liberalitie that way. But to let Titles and Tittles paſſe, and come to the very pointe in deede, which ſo neare toucheth my luſty Trauayler to the quicke, and is one of the prædominant humors ẏ raigne in our cõmon Youths: *Heus mi tu, bone proce, magne mulierculorum amator, egregie Pamphile, cum aliquando tandem, qui te manet, qui mulieroſos omnes, qui vniuerſum Fæminiſtarum ſectam,* Reſpice finem. And I ſhal then be content to appeale to your owne learned experience, whether it be, or be not, too too true: *quod dici ſolet à me ſæpe: à te ipſo nonnunq̃: ab expertis omnibus quotidie: Amare amarum: Nec deus, vt perhibent, Amor eſt, ſed amaror, & error: & quicquid in eandem ſolet ſententiam Empiricῶs aggregari. Ac ſcite mihi quidê Agrippa Ouidianam illam,* de Arte Amandi, *ἐπιγάφην, videtur correxiſſe, meritóq̃* de Arte Meretricandi, *inſcripſiſſe. Nec verò ineptè alius,* Amatores Alchumiſtis *comparauit, aureos, argenteoſq̃ montes, atq̃ fontes lepidè ſomniantibus, ſed interim miſerè immanibus Carbonum fumis propemodum occæcatis atq̃ etiam ſuffocatis: præterq̃ celebratum illum Adami Paradiſum, alium eſſe quendam prædicauit, ſtultorum quoq̃ Amatorumq̃ mirabilem*

Paradiſum : illum verè, hunc phantaſticè, fanaticeq beatorum. Sed hæc alias, fortaſſis vberiùs.

Credite me, I will neuer linne baityng at you, til I haue rid you quite of this yonkerly, & womanly humor. And as for your ſpeedy and haſty trauell : me thinks I dare ſtil wager al the Books & writings in my ſtudy, which you know, I eſteeme of greater value, than al the golde & ſiluer in my purſe, or cheſt, that you wil not, (and yet I muſte take heede, how I make my bargaine with ſo ſubtile and intricate a Sophiſter) that you ſhall not, I ſaye, bee gone ouer Sea, for al your ſaying, neither the next, nor the nexte weeke. And then peraduenture I may perſonally performe your requeſt, and beſtowe the ſweeteſt Farewell vpon your ſweetmouthed Maſhippe, that ſo vnſweete a Tong, and ſo ſowre a paire of Lippes can affoorde. And, thinke you I will leaue my *Il Pellegrino* ſo? No I trowe. My Lords Honor, the expectation of his friendes, his owne credite and preferment, tell me, he muſte haue a moſte ſpeciall care, and good regarde of employing his trauaile to the beſt./ And therefore I am ſtudying all this fortnight, to reade him ſuche a Lecture in Homers Odyſſes, and Virgils Æneads, that I dare vndertake he ſhall not neede any further inſtruction, in Maiſter Turlers Trauayler, or Maiſter Zuingers Methodus, Methodus Apo-

demica: but in his whole trauaile abroade, and euer after home, ſhall ſhewe himſelfe a verie liuelye and abſolute picture of Vlyſſes and Æneas. Wherof I haue the ſtronger hope he muſte needes proue a moſt capable and apt ſubiecte (I ſpeake to a Logician) hauing the ſelfe ſame Goddeſſes and Graces attendant vpon his body and mind, that euermore guided them, & their actions: eſpecially ỹ ones Minerua, and the others Venus: that is (as one Doctor expoundeth it) the pollitique head, and wiſe gouernement of the one; and the amiable behauiour, and gratious courteſie of the other: the two verye principall, and moſte ſingular Companions, of a right* Trauailer: and as perhaps one of oure ſubtile Logicians woulde ſaye, the two inſeparable, and indiuiſible accidents of the foreſaide Subiects. *De quibus ipſis, cæteriſq; omnibus artificis Apodemici inſtrumentis: imprimiſq; de Homerica illa, diuinaq; herba* (μῶλυ δὲ μιν καλέουσι *θεοί*) *qua Vliſſem ſuum Mercurius, aduerſus* Cyrcea *& pocula, & carmina, & venena, morboſq; omnes præmuniuit: & coram, vti ſpero, breui: & longè, vti ſoleo, copioſius: & fortaſſe etiam, aliquantò, quàm ſoleo, cum ſubtiliùs, tum verò Politicè, Pragmaticeq; magis. Interim tribus eris ſyllabis contentus, ac valebis.* Trinitie Hall, ſtil in my Gallerie. 23 Octob. 1579. In haſte.

Yours, as you knowe. G. H.

¶ THREE PROPER

and wittie, familiar Letters: lately paſſed betvveene tvvo V-niuerſitie men: touching the Earth-quake in Aprill laſt, and our Engliſh refourmed Verſifying

With the Preface of a well-willer to them both.

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Anno Domini. 1580.

Cum gratia & priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶TO THE CVRTEOVS

Buyer, by a VVellwiller of
the tvvo Authors.

CVrteous Buyer, (for I write not to the enuious Carper) it was my good happe, as I interpreate it, nowe lately at the fourthe or fifte hande, to bee made acquainted wyth the *three Letters following*, by meanes of a faithfull friende, who with muche entreaty had procured the copying of them oute, at *Immeritos* handes. And I praye you, interprete it for your good happe, ſo ſoone after to come ſo eaſily by them, throughe my meanes, who am onely to craue theſe twoo thinges at your handes, to thinke friendely of my friendly meaning, and to take them of me wyth this Preſumption, *In exiguo quandoque ceſpite latet lepus*: and many pretious ſtones, thoughe in quantitie ſmall, yet in qualitie and valewe are eſteemed for great. The firſt for a good familiar and ſenſible Letter, ſure liketh me verye well, and gyueth ſome hope of good mettall in the Author, in whome I knowe myſelfe

to be verye good partes otherwiſe. But ſhewe me, or *Immerito*, two Englyſhe Letters in Printe, in all pointes equall to the other twoo, both for the matter it ſelfe, and alſo for the manner of handling, and ſaye, wee neuer ſawe good Engliſhe Letter in our liues. And yet I am credibly certified by the foreſaide faithfull and honeſt friende, that himſelfe hathe written manye of the ſame ſtampe bothe to Courtiers and others, and ſome of them diſcourſing vppon matter of great waight and importance, wherein he is ſaid, to be fully as ſufficient and hable, as in theſe ſchollerly pointes of Learning. The whiche Letters and Diſcourſes I would very gladly ſee in Writing, but more gladly in Printe, if it might be obtayned. And at this time to ſpeake my conſcience in a worde of *theſe two following*, I eſteeme them for twoo of the rareſt, and fineſt Treaties, as wel for ingenious deuiſing, as alſo for ſignificant vttering, & cleanly conueying of his matter, that euer I read in this Tongue : and I hartily thanke God for beſtowing vppon vs ſome ſuch proper and hable men with their penne, as I hartily thanke the Author himſelfe, for vſing his pleaſaunte, and witty Talente, with ſo muche diſcretion, and / with ſo little harme, contrarye to the veine of moſte, whych haue thys ſingular conceyted grace in writing. If they had bene

of their owne ſetting forth, I graunt you they might haue beene more curious, but beeyng ſo well, and ſo ſufficiently done, as they are, in my ſimple iudgement, and hauing ſo many notable things in them, togither with ſo greate varietie of Learning, worth the reading, to pleaſure you, and to helpe to garniſhe our Tongue, I feare their diſpleaſure the leſſe. And yet, if they thinke I haue made them a faulte, in not making them priuy to the Publication: I ſhall be alwayes ready to make them the beſte amendes I can, any other friendly waye. Surely, I wiſhe them bothe hartilye wel in the Lord, and betake you and them to his mercifull gouernemente, hoping, that he will at his pleaſure conuerte ſuche good and diuine gifts as theſe, to the ſetting out of his own glory, and the benefite of his Churche.

This XIX. of
Iune. 1580.

(·.·)

Your, and their vnfayned friend, in the Lorde.

aprill, 1580.

Three proper wittie familiar Letters, lately paſſed betvvene tvvo Vniuerſitie men, touching the Earthquake in April laſt, and our Engliſh reformed Verſifying.

To my long approoued and ſingular good Frende, Maſter G. H.

Good Maſter H. I doubte not but you haue ſome great important matter in hande, which al this while reſtraineth your Penne, and wonted readineſſe in prouoking me vnto that, wherein your ſelfe nowe faulte. If there bee any ſuch thing in hatching, I pray you hartily, lette vs knowe, before al the worlde ſee it. But if happly you dwell altogither in *Iuſtinians* Courte, and giue your ſelfe to be deuoured of ſecreate Studies, as of all likelyhood you doe: yet at leaſt imparte ſome your olde, or newe Latine, or Engliſhe, Eloquent and Gallant Poeſies to vs, from whoſe eyes, you ſaye, you keepe in a manner nothing hidden. Little newes is here ſtirred: but that olde greate matter ſtill depending.

His Honoure neuer better. I thinke the *Earthquake* was alſo there wyth you (which I would gladly learne) as it was here with vs: ouerthrowing diuers old buildings and peeces of Churches. Sure verye ſtraunge to be hearde of in theſe Countries, and yet I heare ſome ſaye (I knowe not howe truely) that they haue knowne the like before in their dayes. *Sed quid vobis videtur magnis Philoſophis?* I like your late Engliſhe Hexameters ſo exceedingly well, that I alſo enure my Penne ſometime in that kinde: whyche I fynd indeede, as I haue heard you often defende in worde, neither ſo harde, nor ſo harſhe, that it will eaſily and fairely yeelde it ſelfe to our Moother tongue. For the onely, or chiefeſt hardneſſe, whych ſeemeth, is in the Accente: whyche ſometime gapeth, and as it were yawneth ilfauouredly, comming ſhorte of that it ſhould, and ſometime exceeding the meaſure of the Number, as in *Carpenter*, the middle ſillable being vſed ſhorte in ſpeache, when it ſhall be read long in Verſe ſeemeth like *a lame Goſling that draweth one legge after hir:* and *Heauen* being vſed ſhorte as one ſillable, when it is in verſe ſtretched out with a *Diaſtole*, is like *a lame Dogge that holdes vp one legge.* But it is to be wonne with Cuſtome, and rough words muſt be ſubdued with Vſe. For, why a Gods name may not we, as elſe the Greekes,

haue the kingdome of our owne Language, and meaſure our Accentes by the ſounde, reſeruing that Quantitie to the Verſe? Loe, here I let you ſee my olde vſe of toying in Rymes, turned into your artificial ſtraightneſſe of Verſe, by this *Tetraſticon*. I beſeech you tell me your fanſie without parcialitie.

See yée the blindfoulded prétie God, that feathered Archer,
Of Louers Miſeries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why, his Moother with a Veale hath coouered his Face?
Truſt me, leaſt he my Looue happely chaunce to beholde.

Seeme they comparable to thoſe two, which I tranſlated you *ex tempore* in bed, the laſt time we lay together in Weſtminſter?

That which I eate did I ioy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for thoſe many goodly matters leaft I for others.

I would hartily wiſh, you would either ſend me the Rules and Precepts of Arte, which you obſerue in Quantities, or elſe followe mine, that *M. Philip Sidney* gaue me, being the very ſame which *M. Drant* deuiſed, but enlarged with *M. Sidneys* own iudgement, and augmented with my Obſeruations, that we might both accorde and agree in one:

leaſte we ouerthrowe one an other, and be ouerthrown of the reſt. Truſte me, you will hardly beleeue what greate good liking and eſtimation Maiſter *Dyer* had of your *Satyricall Verſes*, and I, ſince the viewe thereof, hauing before of my ſelfe had ſpeciall liking of *Engliſhe Verſifying*, am euen nowe aboute to giue you ſome token, what, and howe well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you trueth, I minde ſhortely at conuenient leyſure, to ſette forth a Booke in this kinde, whiche I entitle *Epithalamion Thameſis*, whyche Booke, I dare vndertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the Inuention and manner of handling. For in ſetting forth the marriage of the Thames: I ſhewe his firſt beginning, and offſpring, and all the Countrey, that he paſſeth thorough, and alſo deſcribe all the Riuers throughout Englande, whyche came to this Wedding, and their righte names, and right paſſage, &c. A worke, beleeue me, of much labour, wherein notwithſtanding Maſter *Holinſhed* hath muche furthered and aduantaged me, who therein hath beſtowed ſingular paines, in ſearching oute their firſte heades and ſourſes: and alſo in tracing and dogging oute all their Courſe, til they fall into the Sea.

O Tite, ſiquid, ego,
Ecquid erit pretii?

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane*, being fully finiſhed (as I partelye ſignified in my laſte Letters) and preſentely to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche I praye you hartily ſend me with al expedition: and your frendly Letters, and long expected Iudgement wythal, whyche let not be ſhorte, but in all pointes ſuche, as you ordinarilye vſe, and I extraordinarily deſire. *Multum vale. Weſtminſter. Quarto Nonas Aprilis* 1580. *Sed, amabo te, Meum Corculum tibi ſe ex animo commendat plurimùm: iamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas ſuas reſponſi dediſſe. Vide quæſo, ne id tibi Capitale ſit: Mihi certè quidem erit, neq; tibi hercle impunè, vt opinor, Iterum vale, & quam voles ſæpè.*

Yours alwayes to commaunde,

IMMERITO.

Poſtſcripte.

I take beſt my *Dreames* ſhoulde come forth alone, being growen by meanes of the Gloſſe (running continually in maner of a Paraphraſe) full as great as my *Calendar*. Therin be ſome things excellently, and many things wittily diſcourſed of *E. K.*, and the pictures ſo ſingularly ſet forth, and purtrayed, as if *Michael Angelo* were there, he could (I think) nor amende the beſte, nor

reprehende the worſt. I know you woulde lyke them paſſing wel. Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and eſpecially of the ſundry Apoſtrophes therein, addreſſed you knowe to whome, muſt more aduiſement be had, than ſo lightly to ſende them abroade: howbeit, truſt me (though I doe neuer very well) yet in my owne fancie, I neuer dyd better: *Veruntamen te ſequor ſolum: nunquam verò aſſequar.*

A Pleaſant and Pitthy Familiar diſcourſe, of the Earthquake in Aprill laſt.

To my loouing frende, *M. Immerito.*

Ignor Immerito, after as many gentle Godmorrowes, as your ſelf, and your ſweet Harte liſteth: May it pleaſe your Maiſterſhippe to diſpenſe with a poore Oratour of yours, for breaking one principall graund Rule of our olde inuiolable Rules of Rhetorick, in ſhewing himſelfe ſomewhat too pleaſurably diſpoſed in a ſad matter: (of purpoſe, to meete with *A coople of ſhrewde wittie new marryed Gentlewomen*, which were more Inquiſitiue, than Capable of Natures works) I will report you a prettie conceited diſcourſe, that I had with them no longer agoe, than yeſternight, in a Gentlemans houſe, here in *Eſſex*. Where being in the company of certaine curteous Gentle-

men, and thoſe two Gentlewomen, it was my chaunce to be well occupyed, I warrant you, at Cardes (which I dare ſaye I ſcarcely handled a whole tweluemoonth before) at that very inſtant, that the Earth vnder vs quaked, and the houſe ſhaked aboue: beſides the moouing, and ratling of the Table, and fourmes, where wee ſat. Where vpon, the two Gentlewomen hauing continually beene wrangling with all the reſt, and eſpecially with my ſelfe, and euen at that ſame very moment, making a great loudė noyſe, and much a doo: Goode Lorde, quoth I, is it not wonderful ſtraunge that the delicate voyces of two ſo propper fine Gentlewoomen, ſhoulde make ſuch a ſuddayne terrible Earthquake? Imagining in good fayth, nothing in the world leſſe, than that it ſhoulde be any Earthquake in deede, and imputing that ſhaking to the ſuddayne ſturring, and remoouing of ſome cumberous thing or other, in the vpper Chamber ouer our Heades: which onely in effect moſt of vs noted, ſcarcely perceyuing the reſt, beeing ſo cloſely and eagerly ſet at our game, and ſome of vs taking on, as they did. But beholde, all on the ſuddayne there commeth, ſtumbling into the Parlour, the gentleman of the houſe, ſomewhat ſtraungely affrighted, and in a manner all agaſt, and telleth vs, as well as his Head and Tongue woulde giue him leaue, what

a woonderous violent motion, and ſhaking there was of all things in his Hall: ſenſibly and viſibly ſeene, as well of his owne ſelfe, as of many of his Seruauntes, and Neighbours there. I ſtraite wayes beginning to thinke ſome what more ſeriouſly of the matter: Then I pray you, good Syr, quoth I, ſend preſently one of your ſeruauntes farther into the Towne, to enquire, if the like hath happened there, as moſt likely is, and then muſt it needes be ſome Earthquake. Whereat the good fearefull Gentleman being a little recomforted, (as miſdoubting and dreading before, I knowe not what in his owne Houſe, as many others did) and immediately diſpatching his man into the Towne, wee had by and by certayne woord, that it was generall ouer all the Towne, and within leſſe than a quarter of an howre after, that the very like behappened the next Towne too, being a farre greater and goodlyer Towne. The Gentlewoomens hartes nothing acquaynted with any ſuch Accidentes, were maruellouſly daunted: and they, that immediately before were ſo eagerly, and greedily praying on vs, began nowe forſooth, very demurely, and deuoutely to pray vnto God, and the one eſpecially, that was euen nowe in the Houſe toppe, I beſeeche you hartily, quoth ſhee, let vs leaue off playing, and fall a praying. By my truely, I was neuer ſo ſcared

in my lyfe. Me thinkes it maruellous ſtraunge. What good Partener? Cannot you pray to your ſelfe, quoth one of the Gentlemen, but all the Houſe muſt heare you, and ringe Allin to our Ladyes Mattins? I ſee woomen are euery way vehement, and affectionate. Your ſelfe was liker euen nowe, to make a fraye, than to pray: and will you nowe needes in all haſt bee on both your knees? Let vs, and you ſay it, firſt diſpute the matter, what daunger, and terror it carryeth with it. God be prayſed, it is already ceaſed, and heere be ſome preſent, that are able cunningly, and clearkly to argue the caſe. I beſeeche you maſter, or myſtreſſe, moderate your zealous and deuoute Paſſion a while. And with that turning to me, and ſmiling a little at the firſt: Nowe I pray you, Maſter H. what ſay you Philoſophers, quoth he, to this ſuddayne Earthquake? May there not be ſome ſenſible Naturall cauſe thereof, in the concauities of the Earth it ſelfe, as ſome forcible and violent Eruption of wynde, or the like? Yes no doubt, ſir, may there, quoth I, as well, as an Intelligible Supernaturall: and peraduenture the great aboundance and ſuperfluitie of waters, that fell ſhortly after Michaelmas laſt, beeyng not as yet dryed, or drawen vp with the heate of the Sunne, which hath not yet recouered his full attractiue ſtrength and power, might miniſter ſome

occaſion thereof, as might eaſily be diſcourſed by Naturall Philoſophie, in what ſorte the poores, and ventes, and crannies of the Earth being ſo ſtopped, and fylled vp euery where with moyſture, that the windie Exhalations, and Vapors, pent vp as it were in the bowels thereof, could not otherwiſe get out, and aſcende to their Naturall Originall place. But the Termes of Arte, and very Natures of things themſelues ſo vtterly vnknowen, as they are to moſt heere, it were a peece of woorke to laye open the Reaſon to euery ones Capacitie.

I know well, it is we that you meane, quoth one of ỹ Gentlewomen (whom for diſtinction ſake, and bicauſe I imagine they would be loath to be named, I will hereafter call, Myſtreſſe *Inquiſitiua*, and the other, Madame *Incredula*: now I beſeeche you, learned Syr, try our wittes a little, and let vs heare a peece of your deepe Uniuerſitie Cunning. Seeing you Gentlewomen will allgates haue it ſo, with a good will, quoth I: and then forſooth, very ſolemnly pawſing a whyle, moſt grauely, and doctorally proceeded, as followeth.

The Earth you knowe, is a mightie great huge body, and conſiſteth of many diuers, and contrarie members, & vaines, and arteries, and concauities, wherein to auoide the abſurditie of *Vacuum*, moſt neceſſarily, be very great ſtore of ſubſtantiall matter,

and ſundry Accidental humours, & fumes, and ſpirites, either good, or bad, or mixte. Good they cannot poſſibly all be, whereout is ingendred ſo much bad, as namely ſo many poyſonfull, and venemous Hearbes, and Beaſtes, beſides a thouſand infectiue, and contagious thinges elſe. If they be bad, bad you muſt needes graunt is ſubiect to bad, and then can there not, I warrant you, want an Obiect, for bad to work vpon. If mixt, which ſeemeth moſt probable, yet is it impoſſible, that there ſhould be ſuch an equall, and proportionable Temperature, in all, and ſingular reſpectes, but ſometime the Euill (in the diuels name,) will as it were interchaungeably haue his naturall Predominaunt Courſe, and iſſue one way, or other. Which euill working vehemently in the partes, and malitiouſly encountering the good, forcibly toſſeth, and cruelly diſturbeth the whole: Which conflict indureth ſo long, and is foſtred with aboundaunce of corrupt putrified Humors, and ylfauoured groſſe infected matter, that it muſt needes, (as well, or rather as ill, as in mens and womens bodyes) bruſt out in the ende into one perillous diſeaſe or other, and ſometime, for want of Naturall voyding ſuch feuerous and flatuous Spirites, as lurke within, into ſuch a violent chill ſhiuering ſhaking Ague, as euen nowe you ſee the Earth haue. Which

Ague, or rather euery Fitte thereof, we ſchollers call groſſely and homely, *Terræ Motus*, a moouing, or ſturring of the Earth, you Gentlewomen, that be learned, ſomewhat more finely and daintily, *Terræ metus*, a feare and agony of the Earth: we being onely mooued, and not terrified, you being onely in a manner terrified, & ſcarcely mooued therewith. Nowe here, (and it pleaſe you) lyeth the poynt, and quiddītie of the controuerſie, whether our *Motus*, or your *Metus*, be the better, & more conſonant to the Principles and Maximes of Philoſophy? the one being manly, and deuoyde of dreade, the other womanniſh, and moſt wofully quiuering, and ſhiuering for very feare. In ſooth, I vſe not to diſſemble with Gentlewomen: I am flatly of Opinion, the Earth whereof man was immediately made, and not woman, is in all proportions and ſimilitudes liker vs than you, and when it fortuneth to be diſtempered, and diſſeaſed, either in part, or in whole, I am perſuaded, and I beleeue Reaſon, and Philoſophy will beare me out in it, it only mooueth with the very impulſiue force of the malady, and not trembleth, or quaketh for daſtardly feare.

Nowe, I beſeeche you, what think ye, Gentlewomen, by this Reaſon? Reaſon, quoth Madame *Incredula*: By my truly, I can neither picke out Rime, nor Reaſon, out of anything I haue hearde

yet. And yet me thinkes all ſhould be Goſpell, that commeth from you Doctors of Cambridge. But I ſee well, all is not Gould, that gliſtereth. In deede, quoth Miſtreſſe *Inquiſitiua*, heere is much adooe, I trowe, and little helpe. But it pleaſeth Maſter *H.* (to delight himſelfe, and theſe Gentlemen) to tell vs a trim goodly Tale of Robin-hood, I knowe not what. Or ſuer if this be Goſpell, I dowte, I am not in a good beleefe. Truſt me truly, Syr, your Eloquence farre paſſeth my Intelligence. Did I not tell you aforehand, quoth I, as muche? And yet would you needes preſume of your Capacities in ſuch profound myſteries of Philoſophie, and Priuities of Nature, as theſe be? The very thinking whereof (vnleſſe happily it be *per fidem implicitam*, in beleeuing, as the learned beleeue, And ſaying, It is ſo, by-cauſe it is ſo) is nighe enough, to caſte you both into a fitte, or two, of a daungerous ſhaking feauer, vnleſſe you preſently ſeeke ſome remedie to preuent it. And in earneſt, if ye wyll giue me leaue, vpon that ſmall ſkill I haue in Extrinſecall, and Intrinſecall Phyſiognomie, & ſo forth, I will wager all the money in my poore purſe to a pottle of Hyppocraſe, you ſhall both this night, within ſomwhat leſſe than two howers and a halfe, after ye be layed, Dreame of terrible ſtraunge Agues, and Agonyes as well in your owne prettie bodyes,

as in the mightie great body of the Earth. You are very merily diſpoſed, God be prayſed, quoth Miſtreſſe *Inquiſitiua*. I am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſurable. No doubt, but you are maruellous priuie to our dreames. But I pray you now in a little good earneſt, doo you Schollers thinke, that it is the very reaſon in deede, which you ſpake of euen now? There be many of vs, good Miſtreſſe, quoth I; of that opiniõ: wherin I am content to appeale to ỹ knowledge of theſe learned Gentlemen here. And ſome againe, of our fineſt conceited heades defend this Poſitiõ, (a very ſtraũge Paradox in my fancie:) ỹ the Earth hauing taken in too much drinke, & as it were ouer lauiſh Cups, (as it hath ſenſibly done in a maner all this Winter paſt) now ſtaggereth, & reeleth, & tottereth, this way and that way, vp & downe, like a drunken man, or wooman (when their Alebench Rhetorick cõmes vpon them, & ſpecially the moouing Patheticall figure *Pottypôſis*,) & therefore in this Forcible ſort, you lately ſawe, payneth it ſelfe to vomit vp againe, that ſo diſordereth, and diſquieteth the whole body within. And, forſoothe, a fewe new Contradictorie fellowes make no more of it, but a certaine vehement, and paſſionate neeſing, or ſobbing, or coffing, wherewithall they ſay, and as they ſay, ſay with great Phyſicall, and Naturall Reaſon, The

Earth in ſome place, or other, euer lightly after any great, and ſuddayne alteration of weather, or diet, is exceedingly troubled, and payned, as namely this very Time of the yeare, after the extreeme pynching colde of Winter, and agayne in Autumne, after the extreeme parching heate of Sommer. But ſhall I tell you, Miſtreſſe *Inquiſitiua?* The ſoundeſt Philoſophers in deede, and very deepeſt Secretaries / of Nature, holde, if it pleaſe you, an other Aſſertion, and maintayne this for truth: (which at the leaſt wiſe, of all other ſeemeth maruellous reaſonable, and is queſtionleſſe fartheſt off from Hereſie:) That as the Earth, vppon it, hath many ſtately, and boyſterous & fierce Creatures, as namely, Men and Women, and diuers Beaſtes, wherof ſome one is in maner continually at variaunce and fewde with an other, euermore ſeeking to be reuenged vpō his enimie, which eft ſoones breaketh forth into profeſſed and open Hoſtilitie: and then conſequently followe ſet battels, & mortall warres: wherin the one partie bendeth all the force of his Ordinance and other Martiall furniture againſt the other: ſo like wiſe within it too, it hath alſo ſome, as vengibly and frowardly bent, as for Example, Woormes, and Moules, and Cunnyes, and ſuch other valiauntly highminded Creatures, ẏ Sonnes and daughters of *Mars* & *Bellona* that nurriſh ciuill debate, and

contrarie factions amongſt them ſelues: which are ſeldome, or neuer ended too, without miſerable bloudſhed, and deadly warre: and then go me their Gunnes luſtily off, and the one diſchargeth his Peece couragiouſly at the other: and there is ſuch a Generall dub a dubbe amongſt them, and ſuch horrible Thundering on euery ſyde, and ſuche a monſtrous cruell ſhaking of one an others Fortes and Caſtels, that the whole Earth agayne, or at the leaſt, ſo much of the Earth, as is ouer, or neere them, is terribly hoyſed, and —— —— No more Ands or Ifs, for Gods ſake, quoth the Madame, and this be your great Doctorly learning. Wee haue euen Enoughe alreadie for our Money: and if you ſhoulde goe a little farther, I feare mee, you woulde make vs nyghe as cunning as your ſelfe: and that woulde bee a great diſgrace to the Uniuerſitie. Not a whitte, gentle Madame, quoth I, there be of vs, that haue greater ſtore in our bowgets, than we can well occupie our ſelues, and therefore we are glad as you ſee, when by the fauourable, & gratious aſpect of ſome bleſſed Planet, and ſpecially our Mercury, or your Venus, it is our good Fortune, to lighte on ſuch good friendes, as you, and ſome other good Gentlewomen be, that take pleaſure, & comfort in ſuch good things. Wherat Miſtreſſe *Inquiſitiua*, laughing right out, and beginning to demaunde

I know not what, (me thought ſhee made, as if it ſhould haue been ſome goodly plauſible Ieſt, wherat ſhee is, and takes her ſelfe prettily good :) Well, well, Master *H.* quoth the Gentleman of the houſe, now you have playde your part ſo cunningly with the Gentlewomen, (as I warrant you ſhall be remembred of *Inquiſitiua*, when you are gone, and may happely forget her: which I hope, Miſtreſſe *Incredula* will do ſometyme too, by hir leaue:) I pray you in earneſt, let vs men learne ſome thing of you too: and eſpecially I would gladly heare your Iudgement, and reſolution, whether you counte of Earthquakes, as Naturall, or Supernaturall motions. But the ſhorter, all the better. To whom I made anſwere, in effect, as followeth:

Maſter H^{s}. ſhort, but ſharpe, and learned Iudgement of Earthquakes.

TRuely Syr, vnder correction, and in my fancie: The Earthquakes themſelues I would ſaye are Naturall: as I veryly beleeue the Internall Cauſes thereof, are: I meane thoſe two Cauſes, which the Logicians call, the Materiall, and the Formall: Marry, the Externall Cauſes, which are the Efficient and Finall, I take rather of the two to

be ſupernaturall. I muſt craue a little leaue to laye open the matter.

The Materiall Cauſe of Earthquakes, (as is ſuperficially touched in the beginning of our ſpeache, and is ſufficiently prooued by Ariſtotle in ỹ ſecond Booke of his *Meteors*) is no doubt great aboundance of wynde, or ſtoare of groſſe and drye vapours, and ſpirites, faſt ſhut vp, & as a man would ſaye, empryſoned in the Caues, and Dungeons of the Earth : which winde, or vapors, ſeeking to be ſet at libertie, and to get them home to their Natural lodgings, in a great fume, violently ruſh out, and as it were breake priſon, which forcible Eruption, and ſtrong breath, cauſeth an Earthquake. As is excellently, and very liuely expreſſed of Ouid, as I remember, thus :

Vis fera ventorum cæcis incluſa cauernis,
Expirare aliquò cupiens luctataq; fruſtra
Liberiore frui cælo, cùm carcere Rima
Nulla foret, toto nec peruia flatibus eſſet,
Extentam tumefecit humum, ceu ſpiritus oris,
Tendere veſicam ſolet, and ſo foorth.

The formall Cauſe, is nothing but the very manner of this ſame Motion, and ſhaking of the Earth without: and the violent kinde of ſtriuing, and wraſtling of the windes, and Exhalations

within : which is, and muſt needes be done in this, or that ſort, after one faſhion, or other. Nowe, ſyr, touching the other two Cauſes, which I named Externall: The firſt immediate Efficient, out of all Queſtion, is God himſelfe, the Creatour, and Continuer, and Corrector, of Nature, and therefore Supernaturall : whoſe onely voyce carrieth ſuch a reuerend and terrible Maieſtie with it, that the very Earth againe, and higheſt Mountaines quake & tremble at the ſounde and noyſe thereof : the text is rife in euery mans mouth : *Locutus eſt Dominus & contremuit Terra:* howbeit, it is not to be gaineſayd, that is holden of all the auncient Naturall Philoſophers, and Aſtronomers, for the principall, or rather ſole Efficient, that the Influence, and heate of the Sunne and Starres, and ſpecially of the three ſuperior Planets, Saturne, Iupiter, and Mars, is a ſecondarie Inſtrumentall Efficient of ſuch motions.

The finall, not onely that the wynde ſhoulde recouer his Naturall place, than which a naturall reaſonable man goeth no farther, no not our excellenteſt profoundeſt Philoſophers themſelues : but ſometime alſo, I graunt, to teſtifie and denounce the ſecrete wrathe, and indignation of God, or his ſenſible puniſhment vppon notorious malefactours, or a threatning Caueat, and forewarning for the inhabitantes, or the like, depending

vppon a ſupernaturall Efficient Cauſe, and tending to a Supernaturall Morall End.

Which End, (for that I knowe is the very poynt, whereon you ſtande) albeit it be acknowledged Supernaturall and purpoſed, as I ſayd, of a ſupernaturall Cauſe, to whom nothing at all is impoſſible, and that can worke ſupernaturally, and myraculouſly without ordinarie meanes, and inferiour cauſes: yet neuertheleſſe is, we ſee, commonly performed, by the qualifying, and conforming of Nature, and Naturall things, to the accompliſhment of his Diuine and incomprehenſible determination. For being, as the olde Philoſophers call him, very Nature ſelfe, or as it hath pleaſed our later ſchoolemen to terme him, by way of deſtinction, *Natura Naturans*, he hath all theſe ſecondarie inferiour thinges, the foure Elementes, all ſenſible and vnſenſible, reaſonable and vnreaſonable Creatures, the whole world, and what ſoeuer is contayned in the Compas of the worlde, being the workmanſhip of his owne hands, and, as they call them, *Natura naturata*, euer pliable and flexible Inſtrumentes at his Commaundement: to put in execution ſuch Effectes, either ordinarie or extraordinarie, as ſhall ſeeme moſt requiſite to his eternall Prouidence: and now in theſe latter dayes, very ſeldome, or in manner neuer worketh any thing ſo myraculouſly and extraordinarily,

but it may ſenſibly appeare, he vſeth the ſeruice and Miniſterie of his Creatures, in the atcheeuing thereof. I denie not, but Earthquakes (as well as many other fearfull Accidentes in the ſame Number,) are terrible ſignes, and as it were certaine menacing forerunners, and forewarners of the great latter day, and therefore out of controuerſie the more reuerendly to be conſidered vppon: and I acknowledge conſidering the Euentes, and ſequeles, according to the collectiõ and diſcourſe of mans Reaſon, they haue ſeemed to Prognoſticate, and threaten to this, and that Citie, vtter ruyne and deſtruction: to ſuch a Country, a generall plague and peſtilence: to an other place, the death of ſome mightie Potentate or great Prince: to ſome other Realme or Kingdome, ſome cruell imminent warres; and ſundry the like dreadfull and particular Incidentes, as is notoriouſly euident by many olde and newe, very famous and notable Hiſtories to that effect. Which of all other the auncient Romaines, long before the Natiuitie of Chriſt, did moſt religiouſly or rather ſuperſtitiouſly obſerue, not without a number of ſolemne Ceremonies, and Holly-dayes for the nonce, euer after any Earthquake, making full account of ſome ſuch great rufull caſualtie or other, as other whyles fell out in very deede: and namely, as I remember, the yeare *Ante bellum Sociale*, which was one of

the lamentableſt, and miſerableſt warres, that Italy euer ſawe: and Plinie, or I knowe not well who, hath ſuch a ſaying: *Roma nunquam tremuit, vt non futurus aliquis portenderetur inſignis Euentus.*

But yet, notwithſtanding, dare not I aforehand preſume thus farre, or arrogate ſo much vnto my ſelfe, as to determine preciſely and peremptorily of this, or euery the like ſingular Earthquake, to be neceſſarily, and vndoubtedly a ſupernaturall, and immediate fatall Action of God, for this, or that ſingular intent, when as I am ſure, there may be a ſufficient Naturall, eyther neceſſarie or contingent Cauſe in the very Earth it ſelfe: and there is no queſtion, but the ſelfe ſame operation in *Genere* or in *ſpecie*, may at one tyme, proceeding of one Cauſe, and referred to one End, be preternaturall or ſupernaturall: at another tyme, proceeding of another, or the ſame Cauſe, and referred to an other End, but Ordinarie, and Naturall. To make ſhorte, I cannot ſee, and would gladly learne, howe a man on Earth, ſhould be of ſo great authoritie, and ſo familiar acquaintance with God in Heauen, (vnleſſe haply for the nonce he hath lately intertained ſome fewe choice ſingular ones of his priuie Counſell) as to be able in ſuch ſpecialties, without any iuſtifyable certificate, or warrant) to reueale hys incomprehen/ſible myſteries, and definitiuely to giue

ſentence of his Maieſties ſecret and inſcrutable purpoſes. As if they had a key for all the lockes in Heauen, or as if it were as cleare and reſolute a caſe, as the Eclipſe of the Sunne, that darkened all the Earth, or at the leaſt all the Earth in thoſe Countries, at Chriſtes Paſſion, happening altogether prodigiouſly and Metaphyſically in *Plenilunio*, not according to the perpetuall courſe of Nature, in *Nouilunio*: in ſo much that *Dioniſius Areopagita*, or ſome other graund Philoſopher, vpon the ſuddayne contemplation thereof, is reported in a certain Patheticall Ecſtaſie to haue cryed out, *Aut rerum Natura patitur, aut Mundi machina deſtruetur:* as my minde giueth me, ſome of the ſimpler and vnſkilfuller ſort, will goe nye to doe vpon the preſent ſight, and agony of this Earthquake. Marry the Errour I graunt is the more tollerable, though perhappes it be otherwhiles (and why not euen nowe,) a very preſumptuous Errour in deede, ſtanding only vpon theſe two weake and deceitful groundes, Credulitie and Ignoraunce: if ſo be inwardly (not onely in Externall ſhewe, after an Hypocriticall and Phariſaicall manner) it certainly doo vs good for our reformation, and amendment, and ſeeme to preache vnto vs, *Pœnitentia agite* (as in ſome reſpect euery ſuche ſtraunge and rare Accident may ſeeme :) how Ordinarie,

and Naturall ſo euer the Cauſe ſhall appeare otherwiſe to the beſt learned: eſpecially, as the Earthquake ſhall be knowne to endure a longer, or a ſhorter Tyme, or to be more or leſſe generall, in more, or fewer places. Which two differences, touching the quantitie of Tyme, and Place, after I had a little more fully proſecuted, alledging certaine particular Examples thereof, howe in ſome places, huge Caſtels, in ſome Townes, in ſome great and mightie Cities, in ſome Shires and Seigniories, and Prouinces, in ſome whole Countryes, and Regions haue been perillouſly mooued and ſhaken therewith: in one place, a long time together: in an other place, not ſo long, or at ſeuerall and parted times: in another, very ſhort, as God be thanked here euen nowe: and finally by the way, ſhewing a thirde and moſt notable difference of all, (as well for the preſent or imminent terrour and daunger, as otherwiſe) by the ſundry *ſpecies*, and formes which Ariſtotle, Plinie, and other Meteorologicians haue ſet downe of Experience, as they haue heard, or read, or ſeen the earth to quake, to ſturre, and hoyſe vp Houſes, Walles, Towers, Caſtelles, Churches, Minſters, whole Townes, whole Cities, whole Prouinces without farther harme: to ruinate and ouerthrowe, and deſtroy ſome: to yawne and gape, and open lyke a graue, and conſequently

to ſwallow vp and deuour other: and ſometime alſo to drinke vp whole riuers, and mightie bigge running waters withall, or to chaunge and alter their common woonted courſe ſome other way: to ſinke and fall downewards: to caſt out and vomitte vp either huge vaſte heapes, as it were Mountaines of Earth, or large Ilandes in the mayne Sea, neuer remembred, or ſeen before: or great ouer flowing waters, and fountaynes: or hotte ſcalding ſulphurous lakes: or burning ſparkles and flames of fire: to make a horrible hiſſing, gnaſhing, ratling, or ſome like woonderfull ſtraunge noyſe, (which all Effectes are credibly reported, and conſtantly auouched, of our moſt famous & beſt allowed Philoſophers) a fewe ſuch particularities, and diſtinctions, compendiouſly and familiarly courſed ouer. The good Gentleman gaue me hartily, as appeared, very great thankes, and tolde me plainly, he neuer, either read, or heard halfe ſo much of Earthquakes before: confeſſing withall, that he yeelded reſolutely to my opinion: that an Earthquake might as well be ſuppoſed a Naturall Motion of the Earth, as a preternaturall, or ſupernaturall ominous worke of God: and that he thought it hard, and almoſt impoſſible, for any man, either by Philoſophie, or Diuinitie, euermore to determine flatly the very certaintie either way. Which alſo in

concluſion was the verdit, and finall reſolution of the greater and ſager part of the Gentlemen preſent: & namely of an auncient learned common Lawyer, that had been Graduate, and fellow of a Colledge in Cambridge, in Queene *Maries* / dayes. Who tooke vpon him, to knit vp the matter, & as he ſaid determine the controuerſie, with the authoritie of all the naturall Philoſophers, old or newe, Heathen or Chriſtian, Catholique or Proteſtant, that euer he read, or heard tell of. There Phyſickes, quoth he, are in euery mans hands: they are olde enough to ſpeake for them ſelues, and wee are young enough to turne our Bookes. They that haue Eyes and Tongues, let them ſee, and reade. But what ſay you nowe, quoth I, to the ſtaying and quieting of the Earthe, beeing once a moouing? May it not ſeeme a more myraculous worke, and greater wonderment, that it ſhoulde ſo ſuddainely ſtaye againe, being mooued, than that it ſhould ſo ſuddainely mooue, beyng quiet and ſtill? Mooue or turne, or ſhake me a thing in lyke order, be it neuer ſo ſmall, and leſſe than a pynnes Head, in compariſon of the great mightie circuite of the Earth, and ſee if you ſhall not haue much more a doo to ſtaye it preſently, beeing once ſturred, than to ſturre it at the very firſt. Whereat the Gentleman ſmyling, and looking merrily on the Gentlewoomen, heere

is a ſchoole poynt, quoth he, that by your leaues, I beleeue will poaſe the better ſcholler of you both. But is it not more than tyme, thynke ye, wee were at Supper? And if you be a hungered, Maiſter *H.* you ſhall thanke no body but your ſelfe, that haue holden vs ſo long with your profounde and clerkly diſcourſes, whereas our manner is to ſuppe at the leaſt a long howre before this tyme. Beyng ſet, and newe occaſion of ſpeeche miniſtered, our Supper put the Earthquake in manner out of our myndes, or at the leaſtwiſe, out of our Tongues: ſauing that the Gentlewoomen, nowe and then pleaſauntly tyhying betweene them ſelues, eſpecially Myſtreſſe Inquiſitiua, (whoſe minde did ſtill runne of the drinking, and Neeſing of the Earth,) repeated here, and there, a broken peece of that, which had been already ſayde before Supper. With deepe iudgement no doubt, and to maruellous great purpoſe, I warrant you after the manner of woomen Philoſophers and Diuines.

And / this ſummarily in Effect was our yeſternyghtes graue Meteorologicall Conference, touching our Earthquake here in the Country: which being in ſo many neighbour Townes, and Villages about vs, as I heare ſay of this morning, maketh me preſuppoſe, the like was wyth you alſo at London, and elſewhere farther of. And then forſoothe,

muſt I deſire Maiſter *Immerito*, to ſend me within a weeke or two, ſome odde freſh paulting threehalfe-pennie Pamphlet for newes : or ſome Balductum Tragicall Ballet in Ryme, and without Reaſon, ſetting out the right myſerable, and moſt wofull eſtate of the wicked, and damnable worlde at theſe perillous dayes, after the deuiſers beſt manner : or whatſoeuer elſe ſhall firſt take ſome of your braue London Eldertons in the Head. In earneſt, I could wiſhe ſome learned, and well aduized Uniuerſitie man, woulde vndertake the matter, and beſtow ſome paynes in deede vppon ſo famous and materiall an argument. The generall Nature of Earthquakes by definition, and the ſpeciall diuerſitie of them by diuiſion, beyng perfectly knowen (a thing ſoone done) and a complete Induction of many credible and autenticall, both olde and newe, diuine and prophane, Greeke, Lattine, and other Examples, (with diſcretion, and iudgement, compyled and compared togither) being conſiderately and exactly made, (a thing not ſo eaſily done) much no doubt myght be alledged too or fro, to terrifie or pacifie vs, more or leſſe. If it appeare by generall Experience, and the foreſayde Hiſtoricall Induction of particulars, that Earthquakes, *ſine omni exceptione*, are ominous, and ſignificatiue Effectes, as they ſay of Comets, and carry euer ſome Tragicall and horrible matter

with or after them: as eyther deſtruction of Townes and Cities, or decay of ſome mightie Prince, or ſome particular, or generall plague, warre, or the lyke, (*vt ſupra*) whatſoeuer the Materiall, or Formall cauſe be, Naturall, or ſupernaturall, (howbeit for myne owne part I am reſolued, as wel for the one, as for the other, that theſe two I ſpeake of, both Matter and Fourme, are rather Naturall in both, than otherwiſe) it concerneth vs, vpon the vewe of ſo Effectuall and ſubſtaunciall euidence, to conceiue ſeriouſly, and reuerently of the other two Cauſes: the firſt, ſupreme Efficient, whoſe Omnipotent Maieſtie hath nature ſelf, and all naturall Creatures at commaundement: and the laſt finall, which we are to iudge of as aduiſedly, and prouidently, as poſſibly we can, by the conſideration, & compariſon of Circumſtances, the tyme when: the place where: the qualities, and diſpoſitions of the perſons, amongſt whom ſuch, and ſuch an Ominous token is giuen. Leaſt happily through ouer great credulitie, and raſhneſſe, we miſtake *Non cauſam pro cauſa*, and ſophiſtically be entrapped *Elencho Finiū.* Truely, I ſuppoſe, he had neede be an excellent Philoſopher, a reaſonable good Hiſtorian, a learned Diuine, a wiſe diſcrete man, and generally, ſuch a one as our Doctor *Still*, & Doctor *Byng* are in Cambridge, that ſhoulde ſhew

himſelfe accordingly in this argument, and to the iudgement and contentation of the wiſeſt, perfourme it exactly. My ſelfe remember nothing to the contrarie, either in Philoſophie, or in Hiſtories, or in Diuinitie either, why I may not ſafely & lawfully ſubſcribe to the iudgement of the noble Italian Philoſopher, and moſt famous learned Gentleman, whileſt he liued, Lord of *Mirandola*, and Erle of *Concordia*, Counte *Ioannes Franciſcus Picus*, in my opinion, very conſiderately, and partly Philoſophically, partly Theologically ſet downe, in in the ſixt Chapter of his ſixt Booke, againſt Cogging deceitfull Aſtrologers, and Southſayers, *De rerum Prænotione, pro veritate Relligionis, contra Superſtitioſas vanitates.* In which Chapter, (if happely you haue not read it already,) you ſhall finde many, but ſpecially theſe three notable places, moſt effectuall and directly pertinent to the very purpoſe. The firſt more vniuerſall. *Naturæ opere fieri non poteſt, vt Oſtentis, vt Monſtris magni iſti, ſeu dextri, ſeu ſiniſtri euentus portendantur, & ab aliqua pendeant proxima cauſa, quæ & futura etiam proferat. Impoſtura Dæmonum, vt id fiat, videri poteſt. Sed & plæraq; non monſtroſa, / non prodigioſa per ſeſe, pro monſtris tamen, & portentis, haberi poſſunt, & ſolent à quibuſdam, quibus Rerum Natura non ſatis comperta eſt, cauſarum enim ignoratio, noua in re Admirationem*

parit. Propter quam, philoſophari homines cæpiſſe, in exordijs primæ philoſophiæ ſcribit Ariſtoteles. Wherein thoſe two ſeuerall points, *Impoſtura Dæmonum*, and *Ignoratio cauſarum*, are no doubt maruellous probable, and moſte worthy bothe preſentlye to bee noted nowe, and more fully to be diſcuſſed hereafter: appearing vnto me the verie right principall Cauſes of ſo manye erroneous opinions, and fantaſticall ſuperſtitious dreames in this, and the like behalfe.

The ſeconde more ſpeciall, as it were hitting the white indeede, and cleauing the Pinne in ſunder.

Idem in Terræmotibus etiam, quod in fulguribus, fulminibuſq interpretandis, obſeruauit Antiquitas. Cùius Rei liber, Græco eloquio, nuper ad manus peruenit, in Orpheum relatus Autorem: ſed perabſurdum nimis, vt quod frequentiſſimè fit, pro vario terræ anhelitu, pro ventorum violentia, vaporumq conductione, (marke you that?) *ex eo rerum futurarum ſignificationem petere, quorum nec effectus eſſe poſſunt, nec cauſa, præterq forte mortis inferendæ illis, qui fulmen exceperit, aut qui terrarum hiatu perierit. Sed nec ab eadem proxima deduci cauſa poſſunt, à qua & futuræ pendeant res, vt ſupra deductum eſt.*

And then ſhortly after, the thirde, moſte agreeable to the ſeconde, as flatlye determining

on my ſide, and as directlye concluding the ſame poſition as may be.

Nec ſanè Orpheus ille, ſi tamen Orpheus fuit, vllam affert omninò cauſam, cur quiſpiam ex terræ motibus, vrbium, hominum, religionum euenta præſagire poſſit. Solùm vano narrat arbitrio: ſi terræ contigerit motus, nocti, ſi æſtate, ſi hyeme, ſi aurora, ſi interdiu, quid portendatur: Quæ certè, & ſaniore poſſunt arbitrio refelli, & Experientiæ teſtimonio, vt arbitror, non ſecus irrideri, ac ſupra Tagis portenta irriſimus, Haruſpicinæ Autoris.

A moſte excellent ſounde Iudgement in my conceit: and ful well beſeeming ſo Honorable and admirable a Witte, as out of Queſtion, *Picus Mirandula* had: who being yet ſcarcely thirty yeeres of age, for his ſingularitie in al kind of knowleege, as wel diuine as prophane, was in Italy and France, as Paulus Iouius reporteth, ſurnamed Phœnix, as the odde, and in effecte the onely ſingular learned man of Europe: and to make ſhorte: ſuch a one, in moſte reſpectes, as I woulde wiſhe nowe to be tempering with this newe notorious incident: ſtaying my ſelfe in the meane while vpon this probable and reaſonable *Interim* of his: and preferring it before al the friuolous coniecturall Allegations, and ſurmiſes, that oure counterfaite, and reaſonleſſe *Orphei* oppoſe to the contrarye. But, Ieſu, what is all this

to Maſter Immerito? Forſoothe I knowe not by what miſchaunce, theſe miſerable balde odious three halfepenny fellowes, alas, a company of ſilly beetleheaded Aſſes, came into my minde, that wil needes be ſturring, and taking on in euerye ſuch rare and vnaccuſtomed euent, as if they ſawe farther in a Milſtone, than all the worlde beſides, whereas euerie man, that hathe but halfe an eye in his head, ſeeth them to be more blinde, than anye Buzzarde, or Bayarde, *Scribimus indocti doctiq; Poemata paſſim*, and ſurely, as the worlde goeth nowe in Englande, rather the firſte, for aught I ſee, than the laſte. *O interim miſeras Muſas, & miſerabiles.* Where the faulte ſhoulde reſt, *viderint Oculi, atq; capita Reip. Mihi quidem iſthic, neq; ſeritur admodùm, neq; metitur. Non valdè mea nouos Bibliotheca libros deſiderat, ſeipſa, id eſt, quos habet, veteribus contenta eſt. Quid plura? Tu vale, mi Immerito, atq; ita tibi perſuade, Aliquid eſſe eum, qui iſtorum longe eſt diſſimilimus, quos Typographi noſtri habent venales maxime.* Commende mee to thine owne good ſelfe, and tell thy dying Pellicane, and thy Dreames from me, I wil nowe leaue dreaming any longer of them, til with theſe eyes I ſee them forth indeede: And then againe, I imagine your *Magnificenza*, will holde vs in ſuſpenſe as long for your nine Engliſhe *Commœdies*, and your Latine *Stemmata Dudleiana*:

whiche two ſhal go for my money, when all is done: eſpeciallye if you woulde but beſtow one ſeuennights polliſhing and trimming vppon eyther. Whiche I praye thee hartily doe, for my pleaſure, if not for their ſake, nor thine owne profite. My *Schollers Loue, or Reconcilement of contraries*, is ſhrunke in the wetting: I hadde purpoſed to haue diſpatched you a Coppie thereof, long ere this: but, no remedie, hitherto it hath alwayes gone thus with me: Some newe occaſion, or other, euer carrieth me from one matter to another, & will neuer ſuffer me to finiſhe eyther one or other. And truly, *Experto crede*, it is as true a Verſe as euer was made, ſince the firſt Verſe that euer was made: *Pluribus intentus minor eſt ad ſingula ſenſus*: whiche my *Anticoſmopolita*, thoughe it greeue him, can beſte teſtifye, remayning ſtill as we ſaye, *in ſtatu, quo*, and neither an inche more forward, nor backewarde, than he was fully a twelue-month ſince in the Courte, at his laſte attendaunce vppon my Lorde there. But the Birde that will not ſing in Aprill, nor in May, maye peraduenture ſing in September: and yet me thinkes, *Sat cito, ſi ſat bene*, if I coulde ſteale but one poore fortnight, to peruſe him ouer afreſhe, and coppy him out anewe. Whiche I hope in God to compaſſe ſhortly. But I beſeech you, what Newes al this while at Cambridge? That was

wont to be euer one great Queſtion. What? *Det mihi Mater ipſa bonam veniam, eius vt aliqua mihi liceat Secreta, vni cuidam de eodem gremio obſequentiſſimo filio, reuelare: & ſic paucis habeto. Nam alias fortaſſe pluribus: nunc non placet, non vacat, moleſtum eſſet.* *Tully* and *Demoſthenes* nothing ſo much ſtudyed, as they were wonte: *Liuie*, and *Saluſt* poſſiblye rather more, than leſſe: *Lucian* neuer ſo much: *Ariſtotle* muche named, but little read: *Xenophon* and *Plato*, reckned amongeſt Diſcourſers, and conceited Superficiall fellowes: much verball and ſophiſticall iangling: little ſubtile and effectuall diſputing: noble and royall Eloquence, the beſt and perſuaſibleſt Eloquence: no ſuch Orators againe, as redheadded Angelles: An exceeding greate difference betweene the countenaunces, and portes of thoſe, that are braue and gallaunt, and of thoſe, that are baſely, or meanly apparelled: betwene the learned and vnlearned, *Tully*, and *Tom Tooly*, in effect none at all.

Matchiauell a great man: *Caſtilio* of no ſmall reputation: *Petrarch*, and *Boccace* in euery mans mouth: *Galateo* and *Guazzo* neuer ſo happy: ouer many acquainted with *Vnico Aretino:* The French and Italian when ſo highly regarded of Schollers? The Latine and Greeke, when ſo lightly? The *Queene Mother* at the beginning,

or ende of euerye conference: many bargaines of Mounſieur: *Shymeirs* a noble gallant fellowe: all inquiſitiue after Newes, newe Bookes, newe Faſhions, newe Lawes, newe Officers, and ſome after newe Elementes, and ſome after newe Heauens, and Helles to. Turkiſhe affaires familiarly knowen: Caſtels buried in the Ayre: muche adoe, and little helpe: Iacke would fain be a Gentlemanne: in no age ſo little ſo muche made of, euery one highly in his owne fauour, thinking no mans penny, ſo good ſiluer as his own: Something made of Nothing, in ſpite of Nature: Numbers made of Ciphars, in ſpite of Arte: Geometricall Proportion ſeldome, or neuer vſed, Arithmeticall ouer much abuſed: Oxen and Aſſes (notwithſtanding the abſurditie it ſeemed to *Plautus*) draw both togither in one, and the ſame Yoke: *Concluſio ferè ſequitur deteriorem partem.* The Goſpell taughte, not learned: Charitie key colde: nothing good, but by Imputation: the Ceremoniall Lawe, in worde abrogated: the Iudiciall in effecte diſannulled: the Morall indeede abandoned: the Lighte, the Lighte in euery mans Lippes, but marke me their eyes, and tell me, if they looke not liker Howlets, or Battes, than Egles: as of olde Bookes, ſo of auntient Vertue, Honeſtie, Fidelitie, Equitie, newe Abridgementes: euery day freſhe ſpan newe Opinions: Hereſie

in Diuinitie, in Philoſophie, in Humanitie, in Manners, grounded muche vpon hereſay : Doctors contemned: the Text knowen of moſte, vnderſtood of fewe : magnified of all, practiſed of none : the Diuell not ſo hated, as the Pope : many Inuectiues, ſmall amendment : Skill they ſay controlled of Will: and Goodneſſe maſtered of Goods: but Agent, and Patient muche alike, neither Barrell greatly better Herring: No more adoe aboute Cappes and Surpleſſes: Maiſter *Cartwright* nighe forgotten: The man you wot of, conformable, with his ſquare Cappe on his rounde heade: and Non-reſident at pleaſure : and yet Non-reſidents neuer better bayted, but not one the fewer, either I beleeue in Acte, or I beleeue in Purpoſe. A nũber of our preachers ſibbe to French Souldiors, at the firſt, more than Men, in the end leſſe than Women. Some of our pregnanteſt and ſooneſt ripe Wits, of *Hermogenes* mettall for al the world : Olde men and Counſailours amongſt Children : Children amongſt Counſailours, and olde men : Not a fewe dubble ſacred Tani, and chaungeable Camelions : ouer manye Claw-backes and Pickethankes : Reedes ſhaken of euerie Wind : Iackes of bothe ſides : Aſpen leaues : painted Sheathes, and Sepulchres : Aſſes in Lions ſkins: Dunglecockes: ſlipperye Eles: Dormiſe: I bluſh to thinke of ſome, that weene themſelues as fledge

as the reſte, being God wot, as kallowe as the reſt: euery yonker to ſpeake of as politique, and as great a Commonwealths man as Biſhoppe *Gardner*, or Doctor *Wutton* at the leaſt: as if euerie man nowe adayes hauing the framing of his own Horoſcope, were borne in *decimo cœli domicilio*, and had al the Wit, Wiſedome, and Worſhippe in the world at commaundement. *Sed heus in aurem: Meminiſti quod ait Varro? Omnes videmur nobis eſſe belli, feſtiui, ſaperdæ, cùm ſumus Canopi: Dauid, Vliſſes*, and *Solon*, fayned themſelues fooles and madmen: our fooles and madmen faine thẽſelues *Dauids*, *Vliſſes*, and *Solons:* and would goe nigh to deceiue the cunningeſt, and beſt experienced *Metapoſcopus* in a country: It is pity faire weather ſhould euer do hurt, but I know what peace and quietnes hath done with ſome melancholy pickſtrawes in the world: as good vnſpoken as vnamẽded. And wil you needes haue my Teſtimoniall of your olde Controllers new behauior? A buſy and dizy heade, a brazen forehead: a ledden braine: a woodden wit: a copper face; a ſtony breaſt: a factious and eluiſh heart: a founder of nouelties: a confounder of his owne, and his friends good gifts: a morning bookeworm, an afternoone maltworm: a right Iuggler, as / ful of his ſleights, wyles, fetches, caſts of Legerdemaine, toyes to mocke Apes withal,

odde ſhiftes, and knauiſh practizes, as his ſkin can holde. He often telleth me, he looueth me as himſelfe, but out lyar out, thou lyeſt abhominably in thy throate. Ieſu, I had nigh hand forgotten one thing that ywis ſomtime I think often ynough vpon: Many Pupils, Iacke-mates and Hayle fellowes wel met, with their Tutors, and by your leaue, ſome too, becauſe forſooth they be Gentlemen, or great heires, or a little neater or gayer than their fellowes, (ſhall I ſay it for ſhame? beleeue me, tis too true) their very own Tutors. *Ah mala* Licentia, *ab initio nō fuit ſic. Stulta eſt omnis iuuenilis* Doctrina, *ſine virili quadam* Diſciplina. *Quaſi verò pauperioribus duntaxat pueris, ac non multò magis generoſæ, atq nobili Iuuentuti conueniat, priſtinæ illius Inſtitutionis, atque Educationis ſeueritas, & ingenuæ, & prudentis, & eruditæ, & cum Tutoris perſonæ, tum pupillo, etiam ipſi perquam accomodatæ. Vſque quæque* ſapere oportet: *id erit telum accerrimum. Cætera færè, vt olim: Bellum inter Capita, & membra continuatum:* δοκοσοφία *publicis defenſa ſcholis, priuatis confirmata parietibus, omnibus locis oſtentata,* Scire tuum *nihil eſt, niſi tè ſcire, hoc ſciat alter. Plurimi paſſim ſit* Pecunia, Pudor *parui penditur: Nihili habentur* Literæ: *Mihi crede,* credendum nulli: *O amice,* amicus nemo. *Quid tu interim? Quomodo te inquies, geris? Quomodo? Optimum*

eſt aliena frui inſania. Video: taceo, rideo: Dixi. Et tamen addam, quod ait Satyricus ille:

Viuendum eſt rectè, tum propter plurima, tum his
Præcipuè cauſis, vt linguas Mancipiorum Contemnas.

E meo municipio, Poſtridiè quàm ſuperiores de Terræmotu *ſermones haberentur, id eſt, ni fallor, Aprilis ſeptimo, Veſperi.*

With as manye gentle Goodnightes, as be letters in this tedious Letter.

Noſti manum tanquam tuam.

POSTSCRIPTE.

This Letter may only be ſhewed to the two odde Gentlemen you wot of. Marry I would haue thoſe two to ſee it, as ſone as you may conueniently.

Non multis dormio: non multis ſcribo: non cupio placere multis.

Alij alios numeros laudant, præferunt, venerantur:
Ego ferè apud nos, ferè apud vos Trinitatem.

Verbum ſapienti ſat: noſti cætera: & tres Charities habes ad vnguem.

A Gallant familiar Letter, containing an Anſwere to that of *M. Immerito*, vvith ſundry proper examples, and ſome Precepts of our Engliſh reformed Verſifying.

To my very friend *M. Immerito.*

SIgnor Immerito, to paſſe ouer youre needleſſe complaint, wyth the reſidue of your preamble (for of ỹ Earthquake I preſuppoſe you haue ere this receyued my goodly diſcourſe) and withall to let my late Engliſhe Hexametres goe as lightlye as they came: I cannot chooſe, but thanke and honour the good Aungell, whether it were Gabriell or ſome other that put ſo good a notion into the heads of thoſe two excellent Gentlemen *M. Sidney*, and *M. Dyer*, the two very Diamondes of hir Maieſties Courte for many ſpeciall and rare qualities: as to helpe forwarde our new famous enterpriſe for the Exchanging of Barbarous and Balductum Rymes with Artificial Verſes: the one being in manner of pure and fine Goulde, the other but counterfet and baſe yl-fauoured Copper. I doubt not but their liuelie example, and Practiſe, wil preuaile a thouſand times more in ſhort ſpace, than the dead Aduertizement and perſuaſion of *M. Aſcham* to the ſame Effecte: whoſe *Scholemaiſter* notwith-

ſtanding I reuerence in reſpect of ſo learned a Motiue. I would gladly be acquainted with *M. Drants* Proſodye, and I beſeeche you, commende me to good *M. Sidneys* iudgement, and gentle *M. Immeritos* Obſeruations. I hope your nexte Letters, which I daily expect, wil bring me in farther familiaritie & acquaintance with al three. Mine owne Rules and Precepts of Arte, I beleeue wil fal out not greatly repugnant, though peraduenture ſomewhat different: and yet am I not ſo reſolute, but I can be content to reſerue the Coppying out and publiſhing therof, vntil I haue a little better conſulted with my pillowe, and taken ſome farther aduize of *Madame Sperienza*. In the meane[tyme], take this for a general Caueat, and ſay I haue reuealed one great myſterie vnto you: I am of Opinion, there is no one more regular and iuſtifiable direction, eyther for the aſſured, and infallible Certaintie of our Engliſhe Artificiall Proſodye particularly, or generally to bring our Language into Arte, and to frame a Grammar or Rhetorike thereof: than firſt of all vniuerſally to agree vpon one and the ſame Ortographie, in all pointes conformable and proportionate to our Common Natural Proſodye: whether *Sir Thomas Smithies* in that reſpect be the moſt perfit, as ſurely it muſt needes be very good: or elſe ſome other of profounder Learning,

& longer Experience, than *Sir Thomas* was, ſhewing by neceſſarie demonſtration, wherin he is defectiue, wil vndertake ſhortely to ſupplie his wantes, and make him more abſolute. My ſelfe dare not hope to hoppe after him, til I ſee ſomething or other, too or fro, publickely and autentically eſtabliſhed, as it were by a generall Counſel, or acte of Parliament: and then peraduenture, ſtanding vppon firmer grounde, for Companie ſake, I may aduenture to do as other do. *Interim*, credit me, I dare geue no Preceptes, nor ſet downe any *Certaine General Arte:* and yet ſee my boldeneſſe, I am not greatly ſquaimiſhe of my *Particular Examples*, whereas he that can but reaſonably ſkil of the one, wil giue eaſily a ſhreude geſſe at the other: conſidering that the one fetcheth his original and offſpring from the other. In which reſpecte, to ſay troth, *we Beginners* haue the ſtart, and aduantage of our Followers, who are to frame and conforme both their Examples and Precepts, according to that Preſident which they haue of vs: as no doubt *Homer* or ſome other in *Greek*, and *Ennius*, or I know not who elſe in *Latine*, did preiudice, and ouerrule thoſe, that followed them, as well for the quantities of ſyllables, as number of feete, and the like: their onely Examples going for current payment, and ſtanding in ſteade of Lawes, and

Rules with the poſteritie. In ſo much that it ſeemed a ſufficient warrant (as ſtill it doth in our Common Grammar Schooles) to make τῑ in τιμὴ, and *ū*, in *Vnus* long, becauſe the one hath τίμὴ δ' ἐκ δίος ἐστὶ, and the other, *Vnus homo nobis*, and ſo conſequently in the reſt. But to let this by-diſputation paſſe, which is already ſo throughly diſcourſed and canuaſſed of the beſt Philoſophers, and namely *Ariſtotle*, that poynt vs, as it were with the forefinger, to the *very fountaines and head ſpringes* of Artes, and Artificiall preceptes, in the *Analilitiques* and *Metaphyſikes:* moſt excellently ſet downe in theſe *foure Golden Termes*, the famouſſeſt Termes to ſpeake of in all *Logique* and *Philoſophie*, ἐμπειρία, ἱστορια, ἄισθησις ἐπαγωγὴ: ſhall I nowe by the way ſende you a *Ianuarie gift* in *Aprill:* and as it were ſhewe you a *Chriſtmas Gambowlde* after *Eaſter?* Were the manner ſo very fine, as the matter is very good, I durſt preſume of an other kinde of *Plaudite* and Gramercie, than now I will: but being as it is, I beſeeche you, ſet parcialitie aſide, and tell me your maiſterſhips fancie.

A New Yeeres Gift to my old friend Maiſter

George Bilchaunger: In commendation of three most precious Accidentes, *Vertue*, *Fame*, and *Wealth*: and finally of the fourth, *A good Tongue.*

VErtue ſendeth a man to *Renowne*, *Fame* lendeth *Aboundaunce*,
Fame with Aboundaunce maketh a man thriſe bleſſed and happie.
So the Rewarde of Famous Vertue makes many wealthy,
And the Regard of Wealthie Vertue makes many bleſſed:
O bleſſed Vertue, bleſſed Fame, bleſſed Aboundaunce,
O that I had you three, with the loſſe of thirtie Comencementes.
Nowe farewell *Miſtreſſe*, whom lately I loued above all,
Theſe be my three bonny laſſes, theſe be my three bonny Ladyes,
Not the like *Trinitie* againe, ſaue onely the Trinitie above all:
Worſhip and Honour, firſt to the one, and then to the other.
A thouſand good leaues be for euer graunted *Agrippa.*

For ſquibbing and declayming againſt many fruitleſſe
Artes, and Craftes, deuiſde by the *Diuls and Sprites*, for a torment,
And for a plague to the world: as both *Pandora*, *Prometheus*,
And that curſed *good bad Tree*, can teſtifie at all times.
Meere Gewegawes and Bables, in compariſon of theſe.
Toyes to mock Apes, and Woodcockes, in compariſon of theſe.
Iugling caſtes and knicknackes, in compariſon of theſe.
Yet behinde there is one thing, worth a prayer at all tymes,
A good Tongue, in a man's Head, *A good Tongue* in a Woomans.
And what ſo precious matter, and foode for a good Tongue,
As bleſſed Vertue, bleſſed Fame, bleſſed Aboundance.

L'Enuoy.

Maruell not, what I meane to ſend theſe Verſes at Euenſong:
On *Neweyeeres* Euen, and Oldyeeres End, as a *Memento*:

Truſt me, I know not a ritcher Iewell, newiſh or oldiſh,
Than bleſſed Vertue, bleſſed Fame, bleſſed Abundaunce,
O bleſſed Vertue, bleſſed Fame, bleſſed Aboundaunce,
O that you had theſe three, with the loſſe of *Fortie Valetes.*

He that wiſheth, you may liue to ſee a hundreth Good Newe yeares, euery one happier, and merrier, than other.

Now to requite your *Blindfolded pretie God*, (wherin by the way I woulde gladly learne why, *Thē*, in the firſt, *Yĕ* in the firſt, and thirde, *Hĕ*, and *My*, in the laſt, being ſhorte, *Mē*, alone ſhould be made longer in the very ſame) Imagin me to come into a goodly Kentiſhe *Garden* of your old Lords, or ſome other Noble man, and ſpying a floriſhing Bay Trée there, to demaunde *ex tempore*, as followeth: Thinke vppon Petrarches

Arbor vittorioſa, tiromfale,
Onor d'Imperadori, e di Poete:

and perhappes it will aduaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher: at the leaſt if any thing can be added / to the loftineſſe of his conceite, whō gentle Miſtreſſe *Roſalinde*, once

reported to haue all the *Intelligences* at commaundement, and an other time, Chriſtened her,

Segnior Pegaſo.

Encomium Lauri.

WHat might I call this Tree? *A Laurell?* O bonny Laurell:

Needes to thy bowes will I bow this knee, and vayle my bonetto:

Who, but thou, the renowne of Prince, and Princely *Poeta*:

Th' one for Crowne, for Garland th' other thanketh *Apollo*.

Thrice happy *Daphne*: that turned was to the *Bay Tree*,

Whom ſuch ſeruauntes ſerue, as challenge ſeruice of all men.

Who chiefe Lorde, and King of Kings, but th' *Emperour* only?

And *Poet* of right ſtampe, ouerawith th' *Emperour* himſelfe.

Who, but knowes *Aretyne*, was he not halfe Prince to the Princes.

And many a one there liues, as nobly minded at all poyntes.

Now Farewell *Bay Tree*, very Queene, and Goddeſſe of all trees,

Ritcheſt perle to the Crowne, and fayreſt Floure to the Garland.
Faine wod I craue, might I ſo preſume, ſome farther aquaintaunce,
O that I might? but I may not: woe to my deſtinie therefore.
Truſt me, not one more loyall ſeruaunt longes to thy Perſonage,
But what ſayes *Daphne*? *Non omni dormio*, worſe lucke:
Yet Farewell, Farewell, the Reward of thoſe, that I honour:
Glory to *Garden*: Glory to *Muſes*: Glory to *Vertue*.

Partim Ioui, & Palladi,
Partim Apollini & Muſis.

But ſeeing I muſt needes bewray my ſtore, and ſet open my ſhoppe wyndowes, nowe I pray thee, and coniure thee by all thy amorous Regardes, and Exorciſmes of Loue, call a Parliament of thy Senſible, & Intelligible powers together, & tell me, in Tom Trothes earneſt, what *Il fecondo, & famoſo Poeta*, Meſſer Immerito, ſayth to this bolde Satyriall Libell lately deuiſed at the inſtaunce of a certayne worſhipfull Hartefordſhyre Gentleman, of myne olde acquayntaunce: *in Gratiam quorundam Illuſtrium* Anglofrancitalorum, *hic & vbique*

apud nos volitantium. Agedùm verò, noſti homines, tanquam tuam ipſius cutem.

Speculum | Tuſcaniſmi.

Since *Galateo* came in, and *Tuſcaniſme* gan vſurpe,
Vanitie aboue all: Villanie next her, Statelynes Empreſſe.
No man, but Minion, Stowte, Lowte, Plaine, ſwayne, quoth a Lording:
No wordes but valorous, no workes but woomaniſh onely.
For life Magnificoes, not a beck but glorious in ſhew,
In deede moſt friuolous, not a looke but Tuſcaniſh alwayes.
His *cringing ſide necke*, *Eyes glauncing*, *Fiſnamie ſmirking*,
With *foreſinger kiſſe*, and braue *embrace to the footewarde*.
Largebelled Kodpeaſd Dublet, vnkodpeaſed halfe hoſe,
Strait to the dock, like a ſhirte, and cloſe to the britch, like a diueling.
A little Apiſh Flatte, cowched faſt to the pate, like an Oyſter,
French Camarick Ruffes, deepe with a witneſſe, ſtarched to the purpoſe.
Euery one A per ſe A, his termes, and braueries in Print,

Delicate in ſpeach, queynte in araye: conceited in all poyntes:
In Courtly guyles, a paſsing ſingular odde man,
For Gallantes a braue Myrrour, a Primeroſe of Honour,
A Diamond for nonce, a fellowe pereleſſe in England.
Not the like *Diſcourſer* for Tongue, and head to be found out:
Not the like *reſolute Man*, for great and ſerious affayres,
Not the like *Lynx*, to ſpie out ſecretes, and priuities of States.
Eyed, like to *Argus*, *Earde*, like to *Midas*, *Noſd*, like to *Naſo*,
Wingd, like to *Mercury*, fittſt of a Thouſand for to be employde,
This, nay more than this doth practiſe of *Italy* in one yeare.
None doe I name, but ſome doe I know, that a peece of a tweluemonth
Hath ſo perfited outly, and inly, both body, both ſoule,
That none for ſenſe, and ſenſes, halfe matchable with them.
A *Vulturs ſmelling*, *Apes taſting*, *ſight* of an *Eagle*,
A *ſpiders touching*, *Hartes hearing*, *might* of a *Lyon*.
Compoundes of wiſedome, witte, prowes, bountie, behauiour,

All gallant Vertues, all qualities of body and ſoule:
O thrice tenne hundreth thouſand times bleſſed and happy,
Bleſſed and happy *Trauaile*, *Trauailer* moſt bleſſed and happy.
Penatibus Hetruſcis laribuſque noſtris Inquilinis.

Tell me in good ſooth, doth it not too euidently appeare, that this Engliſh Poet wanted but *a good patterne* before his eyes, as it might be ſome delicate, and choyce elegant Poeſie of good *M. Sidneys*, or *M. Dyers* (ouer very *Caſtor*, & *Pollux* for ſuch and many greater matters) when this trimme geere was in hatching: Much like ſome *Gentlewooman*, I coulde name in England, who by all Phiſick and Phyſiognomie too, might as well haue brought forth all goodly faire children, as they / haue now ſome ylfauored and deformed, had they at the tyme of their *Conception*, had in ſight, the amiable and gallant beautifull Pictures of *Adonis*, *Cupido*, *Ganymedes*, or the like, which no doubt would haue wrought ſuch deepe impreſſion in their fantaſies, and imaginations, as their children, and perhappes their Childrens children too, myght haue thanked them for, as long as they ſhall haue Tongues in their heades.

But myne owne leyſure fayleth me: and to ſay troth, I am lately become a maruellous great

ſtraunger at myne olde *Miſtreſſe Poetries*, being newly entertayned, and dayly employed in our Emperour *Iuſtinians ſeruice* (ſauing that I haue alreadie addreſſed a certaine pleaſurable and Morall Politique Naturall mixte deuiſe, to his moſt Honourable Lordſhippe, in the ſame kynde, wherevnto my next Letter, if you pleaſe mee well, may perchaunce make you priuie:) marrie nowe, if it lyke you in the meane while, for varietie ſake, to ſee howe I taſke a young Brother of myne, (whom of playne Iohn, our Italian Maiſter hath Chriſtened his *Picciolo Giouanni-battiſta*,) Lo here (and God will) a peece of hollydayes exerciſe. In the morning I gaue him this *Theame* out of *Ouid*, to tranſlate, and varie after his beſt faſhion.

Dum fueris fœlix, multos numerabis Amicos,
Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.
Aſpicis, vt veniant ad candida tecta columbæ?
Accipiat nullas ſordida Turris Aues?

His tranſlation, or rather Paraphraſe before dinner, was firſt this:

I.

Whilſt your Bearnes are fatte, whilſt Cofers ſtuffd with aboundaunce,
Freendes will abound: If bearne waxe bare, then adieu ſir a Goddes name.

See ye the Dooues? they breede, and feede in gorgeous Houſes: [Houſes.
Scarce one Dooue doth loue to remaine in ruinous

And then forſooth this: to make proofe of his facultie in Pentameters too, affecting a certaine *Rithmus* withall.

2.

Whilſt / your Ritches abound, your friends will play the *Placeboes*.
If your wealth doe decay, friend, like a feend, will away,
Dooues light, and delight in goodly fairetyled houſes:
If your houſe be but olde, Dooue to remoue be ye bolde.

And the laſt and largeſt of all, this:

3.

If ſo be goods encreaſe, then dayly encreaſeth a goods friend.
If ſo be goods decreaſe, then ſtraite decreaſeth a goods friend.
Then God night goods friend, who ſeldome prooueth a good friend,
Giue me the goods, and giue me the good friend, take ye the goods friend.
Douehouſe, and Louehouſe, in writing differ a letter,
In deede ſcarcely ſo much, ſo reſembleth an other an other.

Tyle me the Doouehouſe trimly, and gallant, where the like ſtorehouſe?
Fyle me the Doouehouſe: leaue it vnhanſome, where the like poorehouſe?
Looke to the Louehouſe: where the reſort is, there is a gaye ſhowe:
Gynne port, and mony fayle: ſtraight ſports and Companie faileth.

Beleeue me, I am not to be charged with aboue one, or two of the Verſes: and a foure or fiue wordes in the reſt. His afternoones *Theame* was borrowed out of him, whō one in your Coate, they ſay, is as much beholding vnto, as any Planet, or Starre in Heauen is vnto the Sunne: and is quoted as your ſelf beſt remember, in the Gloſe of your October.

Giunto Aleſſandro ala famoſa tomba
Del fero Achille, ſoſpirando diſſe,
O fortunato, che ſi chiara tromba
Trouaſti.

Within an houre, or there aboutes, he brought me theſe foure luſtie Hexameters, altered ſince not paſt in a worde, or two.

Noble *Alexander*, when he came to the tombe of *Achilles*,
Sighing ſpake with a bigge voyce: O thrice bleſſed *Achilles*,

That ſuch a Trump, ſo great, ſo loude, ſo glorious haſt found,
As the renowned, and ſurprizing *Archpoet Homer*.

Vppon the viewe whereof, Ah my Syrha, quoth I, here is a gallant exerciſe for you in deede: we haue had a little prettie triall of you[r] *Latin* and *Italian* Tranſlation: Let me ſee now I pray, what you can doo in your owne Tongue: And with that, reaching a certaine famous Booke, called the newe / *Shephardes Calender*: I turned to *Willyes* and *Thomalins Emblemes*, in *Marche*: and bad him make them eyther better or worſe in Engliſh verſe. I gaue him an other howres reſpite: but before I looked for him, he ſuddainely ruſhed vpon me, and gaue me his deuiſe, thus formally ſet downe in a faire peece of Paper.

1. *Thomalins Embleme.*

Of Honny, and of Gaule in Loue there is ſtore,
The Honny is much, but the Gaul is more.

2. *Willyes Embleme.*

To be wize, and eke to Loue,
Is graunted ſcarce to God aboue.

3. *Both combined in one.*

Loue is a thing more fell, and full of Gaule, than of Honny,

And to be wize, and Loue, is a worke for a God,
or a Goddes peere.

With a ſmall voluntarie Supplement of his owne, on the other ſide, in commendation of hir moſt gratious, and thrice excellent Maieſtie:

Not the like *Virgin* againe, in Aſia, or Afric, or
Europe,
For Royall Vertues, for Maieſtie, Bountie, Behauiour.
Raptim, vti vides.

In both not paſſing a worde, or two, corrected by mee. Something more I haue of his, partly that very day begun, and partly continued ſince: but yet not ſo perfitly finiſhed, that I dare committe the viewe and examination thereof, to *Meſſer Immeritoes* Cenſure, whom after thoſe ſame two incomparable and myraculous Gemini, *Omni exceptione maiores*, I recount and chaulk vppe in the Catalogue of our very principall Engliſhe *Ariſtarchi*. Howbeit, I am nigh halfe perſwaded, that in tyme (*ſiquidem vltima primis reſpondeant*) for length, bredth, and depth, it will not come far behinde your *Epithalamion Thameſis*: the rather, hauing ſo fayre a preſident, and patterne before his Eyes, as I warrant him, and he preſumeth to haue of that: both *Maſter Collinſhead*, and *M. Holliſhead* too, being togither

therein. But / euer, & euer, me thinkes your great Catoes, *Ecquid erit pretij*, and our little Catoes, *Res age quæ proſunt*, make ſuche a buzzing, & ringing in my head, that I haue little ioy to animate, & encourage either you or him to goe forward, vnleſſe ye might make account of ſome certaine ordinarie wages, or at the leaſt-wiſe haue your meate, and drinke for your dayes workes. As for my ſelfe, howſoeuer I haue toyed, and trifled heretofore, I am nowe taught, and I truſte I ſhall ſhortly learne, (no remedie, I muſt of meere neceſſitie giue you ouer in the playne fielde) to employ my trauayle, and tyme wholly, or chiefely on thoſe ſtudies and practizes, that carrie as they ſaye, meate in their mouth, hauing euermore their eye vppon the Title *De pane lucrando*, and their hand vpon their halfpenny. For, I pray now, what ſaith M. Cuddie, *alias* you know who, in the tenth *Æglogue* of the forefaid famous new Calender?

Piers, I haue piped erſt ſo long with payne,
That all myne Oten reedes been rent, and wore,
And my poore Muſe hath ſpent hir ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſſe gayne.
Such pleaſaunce makes the Graſhopper ſo poore,
And ligge ſo layde, when winter doth her ſtrayne.

The Dapper Ditties, that I woont deuize,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleaſure, I a ſclender prize.
I beate the buſhe, the birdes to them doe flye,
What good thereof to Cuddy can ariſe?

But Maſter *Collin Cloute* is not euery body, and albeit his olde Companions, *Maſter Cuddy* and *Maſter Hobbinoll* be as little beholding to their *Miſtreſſe Poetrie*, as euer you wiſt: yet he peraduenture by the meanes of hir ſpecial fauour, and ſome perſonall priuiledge, may happely liue by *dying Pellicanes*, and purchaſe great landes, and Lordſhippes, with the money, which his *Calendar* and *Dreames* haue and will affourde him. *Extra jocum*, I like your *Dreames* paſſingly well: and the rather, bicauſe they ſauour of that ſingular extraordinarie veine and inuention, which I euer fancied moſte, and in a maner admired onelye in *Lucian*, *Petrarche*, *Aretine*, *Paſquill*, and all the moſt delicate and fine conceited Grecians and Italians: (for the Romanes to ſpeake of, are but verye Ciphars in this kinde:) whoſe chiefeſt endeuour, and drifte was, to haue nothing vulgare, but in ſome reſpecte or other, and eſpecially in *liuely Hyperbolicall Amplifications*, rare, queint, and odde in euery pointe, and as a man woulde ſaye, a degree or two at the leaſte, aboue the reache,

and compaſſe of a common Schollers capacitie. In whiche reſpecte notwithſtanding, as well for the ſingularitie of the manner, as the Diuinitie of the matter, I hearde once a Diuine, preferre *Saint Johns Reuelation* before al the verieſt *Mætaphyſicall Viſions*, & iollyeſt conceited *Dreames* or *Extaſies*, that euer were deuiſed by one or other, howe admirable, or ſuper excellēt ſoeuer they ſeemed otherwiſe to the worlde. And truely I am ſo confirmed in this opinion, that when I bethinke me of the verie notableſt, and moſte wonderful Propheticall, or Poeticall Viſion, that euer I read, or hearde, me ſeemeth the proportion is ſo unequall, that there hardly appeareth anye ſemblaunce of Compariſon: no more in a manner (eſpecially for Poets) than doth betweene the incomprehenſible Wiſedome of God, and the ſenſible Wit of Man. But what needeth this digreſſion between you and me? I dare ſaye you wyll holde yourſelfe reaſonably wel ſatiſfied, if youre *Dreames* be but as well eſteemed of in Englande, as *Petrarches Viſions* be in Italy: which I aſſure you, is the very worſt I wiſh you. But, ſee, how I haue the Arte *Memoratiue* at commaundement. In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*: howbeit by good chaunce, I haue nowe ſent hir home at the laſte, neither in better nor worſe caſe, than I founde hir. And muſt you of neceſſitie

haue my iudgement of hir in deede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al iudgement if your *Nine Comædies*, whereunto in imitation of *Herodotus*, you giue the names of the *Nine Muſes* (and in one mans fanſie not vnworthily) come not neerer *Arioſtoes Comædies*, eyther for the fineneſſe of plauſible Elocution, or the rareneſſe of Poetical Inuention, then that *Eluiſh Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioſo*, which notwithſtanding, you wil needes ſeeme to emulate, and hope to ouergo, as you flatly profeſſed yourſelf in one of your laſt Letters. Beſides that you know, it hath bene the vſual practiſe of the moſt exquiſite and odde wittes in all nations, and ſpecially in *Italie*, rather to ſhewe, and aduaunce themſelues that way, than any other: as namely, thoſe three notorious dyſcourſing heads, *Bibiena*, *Machiauel*, and *Aretine* did, (to let *Bembo* and *Arioſto* paſſe) with the great admiration, and wonderment of the whole countrey: being in deede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of Witte and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with *Ariſtophanes* and *Menander* in Greek, or with *Plautus* and *Terence* in Latin, or with any other, in any other tong. But I wil not ſtand greatly with you in your owne matters. If ſo be the *Faerye Queene* be fairer in your eie than the *Nine Muſes*, and *Hobgoblin* runne away with the Garland from *Apollo*: Marke what I ſaye, and

yet I will not ſay that I thought, but there an End for this once, and fare you well, till God or ſome good Aungell putte you in a better minde.

And yet, bicauſe you charge me ſomewhat ſuſpitiouſlye with an olde promiſe, to deliuer you of that iealouſie, I am ſo farre from hyding mine owne matters from you, that loe, I muſte needes be reuealing my friendes ſecreates, now an honeſt Countrey Gentleman, ſometimes a Scholler: At whoſe requeſt, I beſtowed this pawlting bungrely Rime vpon him, to preſent his Maiſtreſſe withall. The parties ſhall bee nameleſſe: ſauing, that the Gentlewoman's true, or counterfaite Chriſten name, muſt neceſſarily be bewrayed.

¶ To / my good Miſtreſſe *Anne*: the very lyfe of my lyfe, and onely beloued Miſtreſſe.

Entle *Miſtreſſe Anne*, I am plaine by nature:
I was neuer ſo farre in loue with any creature.
Happy were your ſeruant, if hee coulde bee ſo Anned,
And you not vnhappy, if you ſhoulde be ſo manned.

I loue not to gloze, where I loue indeede,
Nowe God, and good *Saint Anne*, ſende me good ſpeede.
Such goodly Vertues, ſuch amiable Grace,
But I muſt not fall a prayſing: I want Time and Place.
Oh, that I had mine olde Wittes at commaundement:
I knowe, what I coulde ſay without controlement:
But let this ſuffice: thy deſertes are ſuche:
That no one in this world can loue thee too muche.
My ſelfe moſte vnworthy of any ſuche fælicitie,
But by imputation of thy gratious Curteſie.
I leaue to loue the Muſes, ſince I loued thee,
Alas, what are they, when I thee ſee?
Adieu, adieu pleaſures, and profits all:
My Hart, and my Soule, but at one bodyes call.
Woulde God, I might ſaye to hir: My hart-roote is thine:
And, (ô Pleaſure of Pleaſures) Thy ſweet-hart-roote mine.
Nowe I beſeeche thee by whatſoeuer thou loueſt beſte,
Let it be, as I haue ſaide, and, Soule, take thy reſte.

By the faith of true Loue, and by my trueſt Truely,
Thou ſhalt neuer putte forth thy Loue to greater Vſurie.
And for other odde neceſſaries, take no care,
Your ſeruaunts *Dæmonium* ſhall ridde you of that feare.
I ſerue but two Saints, *Saint Penny* and *Saint Anne*,
Commende this I muſte, commaunde that I canne.
Nowe, ſhall I be plaine? I pray thee euen moſt hartily,
Requite Loue, with Loue: and farewell moſt hartily.

Poſtſcripte.

I But once loued before, and ſhee forſooth was a *Suſanne:*
But the Heart of a *Suſanne*, not worth the Haire of an *Anne*:
A *Sus* to *Anne*, if you can any Latine, or Pewter:
Shee Fleſh, hir Mother Fiſh, hir Father a verye Newter.
I woulde once, and might after, haue ſpedde a Gods name:
But, if ſhe coye it once, ſhe is none of my Dame.
Nowe I praye thee moſte hartily, Thrice gentle *Miſtreſſe Anne*,
Looke for no long ſeruice of ſo plaine a manne.

And yet I aſſure thee, thou ſhalt neuer want any ſeruice,
If my ſelfe, or my S. Penny may performe thy wiſhe.
And that once againe, (full loath) I take my leaue of thy ſweete harte,
With as many louing Farewels, as be louing pangs in my heart.

He that longeth to be thine ovvne inſeparably, for euer and euer.

God helpe vs, you and I are wiſely employed, (are wee not?) when our Pen and Inke, and Time, and Wit, and all runneth away in this goodly yonkerly veine: as if the world had nothing elſe for vs to do: or we were borne to be the only *Nonproficients* and *Nihilagents* of the world. *Cuiuſmodi tu nugis, atq; nænijs, niſi vnâ mecum (qui ſolemni quodam iureiurando, atq; voto obſtringor, relicto iſto amoris Poculo, iuris Poculum primo quoq; tempore exhaurire) iam tandem aliquando valedicas, (quod tamen, vnum tibi credo τῶν ἀδυνάτων videbitur) nihil dicam amplius, Valeas. E. meo municipio. Nono Calendas Maias.*

But hoe I pray you, gentle ſirra, a word with you more. In good ſooth, and by the faith I beare to the Muſes, you ſhal neuer haue my ſubſcriptiõ or conſent (though you ſhould charge

me wyth the authoritie of fiue hundreth Maiſter *Drants*,) to make your *Carpēnter* our *Carpĕnter*, an inche longer, or bigger, than God and his Engliſhe people haue made him. Is there no other Pollicie to pull down Ryming, and ſet vppe Verſifying, but you muſt needes correcte *Magnificat*, and againſte all order of Lawe, and in deſpite of Cuſtome, forcibly vſurpe, and tyrannize vppon a quiet companye of wordes, that ſo farre beyonde the memorie of man, haue ſo peaceably enioyed their ſeueral Priuiledges and Liberties, without any diſturbance, or the leaſte controlement: What? Is Horaces *Ars Poetica* ſo quite out of our Engliſhe Poets head, that he muſte haue his Remembrancer, to pull hym by the ſleeue, and put him in mind, of, *Penes vſum, & ius, & norma loquendi?* Indeed I remēber, who was wont in a certaine brauerie, to call our *M. Valanger*, Noble *M. Valanger*. Elſe neuer / heard I any that durſt preſume ſo much ouer the Engliſhe, (excepting a fewe ſuche ſtammerers, as haue not the maſterie of their owne Tongues) as to alter the Quantitie of any one ſillable, otherwiſe, than oure common ſpeache and generall receyued Cuſtome woulde beare them oute. Woulde not I laughe, thinke you, to heare *Meſſer Immerito* come in baldely with his *Maiēſtie*, *Royaltie*, *Honēſtie*, *Sciēnces*, *Facūlties*, *Excēllent*, *Tauērnour*, *Manfūlly*, *Faith-*

fūlly, and a thouſand the like, in ſteade of *Maiĕſtie*, *Royăltie*, *Honĕſtie*, and ſo forth? And trowe you anye coulde forbeare the byting of his Lippe, or ſmyling in his Sleeue, if a iolly fellowe, and greate Clarke, (as it might be your ſelfe,) reading a fewe Verſes vnto him, for his owne credite and commendation, ſhould nowe and then, tell him of, *bargāīneth*, *follōwing*, *harrōwing*, *thorōūghly*, *Trauāīlers*, or the like, in ſteade of, *bargaĭneth*, *follŏwing*, *harrŏwing*, and the reſte? Or will *Segnior Immerito*, by cauſe, may happe, he hath a fat-bellyed Archedeacon on his ſide, take vppon him to controll Maiſter Doctor *Watſon* for his *All Trauaĭlers*, in a Verſe ſo highly extolled of Maſter *Aſcham*, or Maiſter *Aſcham* himſelfe, for abuſing *Homer*, and corrupting our Tongue, in that he ſaith:

Quite throūghe a Door flĕwe a ſhafte with a braſſe head.

Nay, haue we not ſomtime, by your leaue, both the Poſition of the firſte, and Dipthong of the ſeconde, concurring in one, and the ſame ſillable, which neuertheleſſe is commonly & ought neceſſarily to be pronounced ſhort? I haue nowe ſmall time, to bethink me of many examples. But what ſay you to ỹ ſecond in *Merchaūndiſe*? to the third in *Couenaŭnteth*? & to the fourth in *Appurtenaŭnces*? Durſt you aduēture to make any of them long

either in Proſe, or in Verſe? I aſſure you I I knowe who dareth not, and *ſuddăinly* feareth the diſpleaſure of all true Engliſhmen if he ſhould. Say you *ſuddāīnly*, if you liſte: by my *certaĭnly*, and *certaĭnty*, I wil not. You may perceiue by the *Premiſſes*, (which very worde I would haue you note by the waye to) the Latine is no rule for vs: or imagine aforehande, (bycauſe you are like to proue a great Purchaſer, / and leaue ſuch ſtore of money, and poſſeſſions behinde you) your *Execūtors* will deale *fraudulĕntly*, or *violĕntly* with your *ſuccĕſſour*, (whiche in a maner is euery mans caſe) and it will fall oute a reſolute pointe: the third in *Execūtores*, *frauḍulēter*, *violēter*, and the ſeconde in *Succēſſor*, being long in the one, and ſhorte in the other: as in ſeauen hundreth more: ſuche as, *diſcīple*, *recīted*, *excīted*: *tenĕment*, *orătour*, *laudăble*: & a number of their fellowes are long in Engliſh, ſhort in Latine: long in Latine, ſhort in Engliſh. Howbeit, in my fancy, ſuch words, as *violently*, *diligently*, *magnificently*, *indifferently*, ſeeme in a manner reaſonably indifferent, and tollerable either waye, neither woulde I greately ſtande with him, that tranſlated the Verſe,

Cur mittis violas? vt me violentius uras?

Why ſend you violets? to burne my poore hart vĭolēntly.

Marry ſo, that being left common for verſe, they are to be pronounced ſhorte in Proſe, after the manner of the Latines, in ſuche wordes as theſe, *Cathedra*, *Volucrēs*, *mediocres*, *Celebres*.

And thus farre of your *Carpēnter*, and his fellowes, wherin we are to be moderated, and ouerruled by the vſuall, and common receiued ſounde, and not to deuiſe any counterfaite fantasticall Accent of oure owne, as manye, otherwiſe not vnlearned haue corruptely and ridiculouſlye done in the Greeke.

Nowe for your *Heauen*, *Seauen*, *Eleauen*, or the like, I am likewiſe of the ſame opinion: as generally in all words elſe: we are not to goe a little farther, either for the *Proſody*, or the *Orthography*, (and therefore your imaginary *Diaſtole* nothing worthe) then we are licenced and authoriſed by the ordinarie vſe, & cuſtome, and proprietie, and Idiome, and, as it were, Maieſtie of our ſpeach: which I accounte the only infallible and ſouueraine Rule of all Rules. And therefore hauing reſpecte therevnto, and reputing it Petty Treaſon to reuolt therefro: dare hardly eyther in the *Proſodie*, or in the *Orthography* either, allowe them two ſillables in ſteade of one, but woulde as well in Writing, as in Speaking, haue them vſed, as *Monoſyllaba*, thus: *heavn*, *ſeavn*, *a leavn*, as Maiſter *Aſcham*

in his *Toxophilus* doth *Yrne*, commonly written *Yron:*

Vp to the pap his ſtring did he pull, his ſhafte to the harde yrne.

Eſpecially the difference ſo manifeſtly appearing by the Pronunciation, betweene theſe twoo, *a leavn a clocke* and *a leaven of Dowe*, whyche *lea-ven* admitteth the *Diaſtole* you ſpeake of. But ſee, what abſurdities thys yl fauoured *Orthographye*, or rather *Pſeudography*, hathe ingendred: and howe one errour ſtill breedeth and begetteth an other. Haue wee not, *Mooneth*, for *Moonthe: ſithence*, for *ſince: whileſt*, for *whilſte: phantaſie*, for *phanſie*: *euen*, for *evn: Diuel* for *Divl: God hys wrath*, for *Goddes wrath:* and a thouſande of the ſame ſtampe: where in the corrupte *Orthography* in the moſte, hathe beene the ſole, or principall cauſe of corrupte Proſodye in ouer many:

Marry, I confeſſe ſome wordes we haue indeede, as for example, *fayer*, either for beautifull, or for a *Marte: ayer*, bothe *pro aere*, and *pro hærede*, for we ſay not *Heire*, but plaine *Aire* for him to (or elſe *Scoggins Aier* were a poore ieſt) which are commonly, and maye indifferently be vſed eyther wayes. For you ſhal as well, and as ordinarily heare *fayer*, as *faire*, and *Aier as Aire*,

and bothe alike: not onely of diuers and ſundrye perſons, but often of the very ſame: otherwhiles vſing the one, otherwhiles the other: and ſo *died*, or *dyde: ſpied*, or *ſpide: tryed*, or *tride: fyer*, or *fire: myer*, or *myre:* with an infinyte companye of the ſame ſorte: ſometime *Monoſyllaba*, ſometime *Polyſyllaba.*

To conclude both pointes in one, I dare ſweare priuately to your ſelfe, and will defende publiquely againſte any, it is neither Hereſie, nor Paradox, to ſette downe, and ſtande vppon this aſſertion, (notwithſtanding all the Preiudices and Preſumptions to the contrarie, if they were tenne times as manye moe) that it is not, either Poſition, or Dipthong, or / Diaſtole, or anye like Grammer Schoole Deuice, that doeth, or can indeede, either make long or ſhort, or encreaſe, or diminiſh the number of Sillables, but onely the common allowed, and receiued *Proſodye* taken vp by an vniuerſall conſent of all, and continued by a generall vſe, and Cuſtome of all. Wherein neuertheless I grant, after long aduiſe, & diligent obſeruation of particulars, a certain Vniform Analogie, and Concordance, being in proceſſe of time eſpyed out. Sometime this, ſometime that, hath been noted by good wits in their *Analyſes*, to fall out generally alyke: and as a man woulde ſaye, regularly in all, or moſte wordes: as Poſition, Dipthong, and the like: not

as firſte, and eſſentiall cauſes of this, or that effecte, (here lyeth the point) but as Secundarie and Accidentall Signes of this, or that Qualitie.

It is the vulgare, and naturall Mother *Proſodye*, that alone worketh the feate, as the onely ſupreame Foundreſſe, and Reformer of Poſition, Dipthong, Orthographie, or whatſoeuer elſe: whoſe Affirmatiues are nothing worth, if ſhe once conclude the Negatiue: and whoſe *ſecundæ intentiones* muſt haue their whole allowance and warrante from hir *primæ*. And therefore in ſhorte, this is the verie ſhorte, and the long: Poſition neither maketh ſhorte, nor long in oure Tongue, but ſo farre as we can get hir good leaue. Peraduenture, vppon the diligent ſuruewe, and examination of Particulars, ſome the like Analogie and Uniformity, might be founde oute in ſome other reſpecte, that ſhoulde as vniuerſally and Canonically holde amongſt vs, as Poſition doeth with the Latines and Greekes. I ſay, (peraduenture,) bycauſe, hauing not yet made anye ſpeciall Obſeruation, I dare not preciſely affirme any generall certaintie: albeit I preſume, ſo good and ſenſible a Tongue, as ours is, beeyng wythall ſo like itſelfe, as it is, cannot but haue ſomething equipollent, and counteruaileable to the beſt Tongues, in ſome one ſuch kinde of conformitie, or other. And this forſooth is all the Artificial Rules and

Precepts, you are like to borrowe of one man at this time.

Sed amâbo te, ad Corculi tui delicatiſſimas Literas, prope diem, quã potero accuratiſſimè; tot interim illam exquiſitiſſimis ſalutibus, atq; ſalutationibus impertiens, quot habet in Capitulo, capillos ſemiaureos, ſemiargenteos, ſemigemmeos. Quid quæris? Per tuam Venerem altera Roſalindula eſt: eamq; non alter, ſed idem ille, (tua, vt ante, bona cum gratia) copioſè amat Hobbinolus. O mea Domina Immerito, mea belliſſima Collina Clouta, multò plus plurimùm ſalue, atq; vale.

You knowe my ordinarie *Poſtſcripte*: you may communicate as much, or as little, as you liſt, of theſe Patcheries, and fragments, with the two Gentlemen: but there a ſtraw, and you loue me: not with any elſe, friend or foe, one, or other: vnleſſe haply you haue a ſpecial deſire to imparte ſome parte hereof, to my good friend *M. Daniel Rogers*: whoſe curteſies are alſo regiſtred in my Marble booke. You knowe my meaning.

Noſti manum & ſtylum.

G.

II.

LETTER-BOOK OF GABRIEL HARVEY.

1573-80.

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NOTE.

Mr. Edward John Long Scott, M.A., has recently published, through the Camden Society, the "Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey, A.D. 1573-1580. Edited from the original MS., Sloane 93, in the British Museum" (1884, pp. xviii, 191). Few will doubt that it was a pious (literary) duty to print this MS. in full. Nevertheless, equally few will gainsay that it is a *farrago*, wherein chaff much more abounds than grain. Its main interest lies in the long—unconscionably long—letters addressed by Harvey to Dr. John Young, Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and the friend of Edmund Spenser (see our new Life of Spenser, Vol. I. of his Life and Works), on the denial of a 'grace for his degree. It is now a very small matter; but it bulked largely at the time, and these Letters about it are indirectly of value for the light shed over the then academic life—a period that covered Spenser's residence in Cambridge. Other Letters circle around the same centre. They yield biographic *bits*, but have no claim to be reproduced from the Camden Society volume as part of Harvey's 'Works.' I limit myself herein to Harvey's Letters to Spenser. They are lively and characteristic, but permanently interesting only as having been addressed to the Poet of Poets. These Letters follow here as in right sequence with the preceding. In Notes and Illustrations to the Works of Nashe (Vol. VI.) I give such gleanings from these noticeable Letters as elucidate and illustrate that Writer's allusions—including full quotations from Harvey's vindication of his sister, whose story was so mercilessly caricatured by Nashe. See also the Memorial-Introduction in the present volume. G.

LETTERS FROM HARVEY TO SPENSER.

I. To his very unfrendly frende that procurid ỹ edition of his ſo ſlender and extemporall deviſes.*

* With reference to this heading it appears that Spenser having obtained possession of some of Harvey's compositions, had got them printed, with a dedication to Edward (afterwards Sir) Dyer. The following is given as title-page and dedication in one—

[To the right worshipfull gentleman
And famous courtier
Master Edwarde Diar,
In a manner oure onlye Inglishe poett.
In honour of his rare qualityes
And noble vertues,
Quodvultdeus Benevolo
J. W.

Commendith the
Edition of his frendes
Verlayes, together with certayne other
Of his poeticall devises;
And, in steade of a Dedicatorye Epistle,
Præsentith himself, and the uttermost
Of his habilitye and value,
To his good worshippes
Curtuous and favorable likinge,
This first of August, 1580.

1. The Verlayes. 2. The Millers Letter.
3. The Dialogue. 4. My Epistle to Imerito.

The Verlayes;
My Letter to Benevolo
The Schollers Loove;
The Millers Letter;
The Dialogue.—p. 89.]

Mr. Scott explains that the words 'Quod vult Deus' are

Magnifico Signor Benevolo, behoulde what millions of thankes I recounte unto you, and behoulde how highely I eſteeme of your good Maſterſhipps overbariſh and exceſſive curteſy, firſt in publiſhing abroade in prynte to the uſe or rather abuſe of others, and nowe in beſtowing vppon myſelfe a miſſhapin illfavorid freſhe copy of my precious poems, as it were, a pigg of myne owne ſowe. (Truſte me, there ar ſundry weighty and effectuall cauſes why I ſhould accounte it the very greatiſt and notabliſte diſcourteſy in good erneſte that ever heretofore was offerid me by either frende or foe: and truly there never happenid any on thinge unto me that did ever diſorder and diſtraute the power of my mynde ſo mutche.) Alaſſe they were hudlid, and as you know bunglid upp in more haſte then good ſpeede, partially at the urgent and importune requeſt of a honeſt goodnaturid and worſhipfull yonge gentleman who I knewe, beinge privy to all circumſtaunces, and very affectionate towards me or anye thinge of my dooinge, would for the tyme accept of them accordinglye: eſſpecially conſidering they were the very firſt rimes in effect

written in the margin against the word 'Benevolo,' and that they seem to have been intended (by J. W.—whoever he was) as an alternative expression for 'Benevolo.' 'Benevolo' is alternated with 'Immerito' by Gabriel for Spenser.—G.

that euer he peruſid of mine in Ingliſhe : and ſo I remember I then excuſſid the matter, terming them my fine Verlayes, and firſt experiments in that kinde of fingeringe and goodly wares. It is Italian curteſye to give a man leave to bee his own carver. And nowe forſoothe, as a mighty peece of worke not of mine own voluntarile election, which might have choſen a thouſand matters both more agreable to my perſon and more acceptable to others, but they muſte needs in all haſte no remedye to ſett to ſale in Bartholomewe and Stirbridge fayer, with what lack ye Gentlemen? I pray you will you ſee any freſhe newe bookes? Looke, I beſeeche you, for your loove and buie for your moonye. Let me yet borrowe on crackd groate of your purſe for this ſame ſpan new pamflett. I wiſſe he is an Univerſity man that made it, and yea highlye commendid vnto me for a greate ſcholler. I marry, good ſyr, as you ſaye, ſo it ſhould appeare in deede by his greate worke: by my faye he hath taken very ſoare paynes, beſhrowe my hart elſe. What? Will iij^{d} fetche it? I will not ſteeke to beſtowe ſo mutch in exhibition uppon the Univerſity. Doiſt thou ſmyle to reade this ſtale and beggarlye ſtuffe in writinge that thy eares have ſo often lothid and ſo diſdaynefully abhorrd in the ſpeakinge? Am not I as ſuer as of the ſhirte or gowne on my backe to heare and putt up theſe

and twentye ſuch odious ſpeaches on both ſides of my hede before on fayer day be quite over paſte, and nowe I beſeech your Benivolenza what more notorious and villanous kind of iniurye could have bene deuiſed againſte me by the mortalliſt enemy I have in this world? Beſides, if peradventure it chaunce to cum once owte whoe I am, (as I can hardly conceive howe it can nowe poſſibely be wholye kept in, I thanke your good mothers eldiſt ungracious ſonne) nowe, good Lorde, howe will my right worſhipfull and thriſevenerable maſters of Cambridge ſcorne at the matter? Tell me in good ſoothe, as thou art an honeſt gentleman, doiſt thou not verelye ſuppoſe I ſhalbe utterlye diſcredditid and quite diſgracid for ever? Is it not a thinge neerelye impoſſible ether ſtill to mainetayne or againe to recoover that præiudiced opinion of me amongſte them, that heretofore, by means of good fortune and better frendes and I knowe not what caſualtye elſe, was conceavid? What greater and more odious infamye for on of my ſtandinge in the Univerſitye and profeſſion abroade then to be reckonid in the Beaderoule of Ingliſh Rimers, eſſpecially beinge occupied in ſo baſe an obiecte and handelinge a theame of ſo ſlender and ſmall importance? Canſt thou tell me or doiſt thou nowe begin to imagin with thyſelfe what a wunderfull and exceedinge diſplea-

ſure thou and thy Prynter have wroughte me? In good faythe, I feare me it will fall oute, to be the greatiſt diſcurteſye on thy parte and the moſt famous diſcreddit on mine that ever was procurid by a frende towards his frend. If they hade bene more than excellentlye dun, flowinge, as it were, in a certayne divine and admirable veyne, ſo that a good fellowe moughte well have ſaide, Did you ever reade ſo gallant paſſionate geere in Ingliſhe? What greate notable fame or creddit, I pray you, could they worke me, beinge ſtill to bee reputid but for fine and phantaſticall toyes, to make the beſt of them? Nowe, beinge on the contrarie ſide ſo farr otherwiſe, as all the worlde ſeithe, and I muſt needs confeſſe, howſoever it pleaſith your delicate Maſterſhipp to beſtowe a delicate liverye uppon them, and chriſten them by names and epithites, nothinge agreable or appliante to the thinges themſelves (purpoſinge of all likehood to give me that as a plaſter for a broakin pate), what other fruite is hereby reapid unto me, but dis-pleaſure of my worſhipfulliſt deariſt frendes; malitious and infamous ſpeaches of my profeſſid and ſecrett enemyes: contempte and diſdayne of my punyes and underlings? finally what but diſlikinge, murmuring, whiſperinge, open or cloaſe quippinge, notorious or auricular iybinge on every hande? In faythe, you have ſhowid me a very

frendly and gracious touche, I beſhrowe your kyinde harteroote for your labour. Howbeit perforce I muſt nowe be conſtraynid (the wounde being ſo far paſt all remedy and incurrable) to make a vertu of neceſſity as many poore honeſt men have dun before me, and if not ſufficiently contente to ſatiſfie myne owne phanſye (which is ſimplye unpoſſible) yet to countenaunce oute the matter as eaſely as I can: ſetting the beſt and impudentiſt face of it that I can borrowe here amongſt my acquayntaunce in Cambridge, havinge none ſuch of myne owne. And herein onlye to ſaye trothe and to be playne, thou maiſt make me ſum litle peece of amendes if ſo be your maſter-ſhippes worſhipp woulde deign the vouteſafynge me by the next carrier that cummith downe to Sterbridge fayr ether ſo reaſonable quantity of your valorous and invincible currage or at the leſte the clippings of your thriſhonorable muſta-chyoes and ſubboſcoes to overſhadow and to coover my bluſhinge againſt that tyme. I beſeech your goodlineſſe lett this ilfavorid letter ſuffize for a dutifull ſollicitor and remembrer in that behaulfe (and eſſpecially in the other œconomicall matter you wott of for the very greatiſt parte and higheſt poynte of all my thoughtes at this preſente) without farther acquayntinge my benefactours and frendes with theſe pelting ſcholaſtical ſutes and I

præſume of our oulde familiaritye ſo much that I ſuppoſe it needleſſe extraordinarilye to procure any noblemans petitory or commendatorye letters in any ſutch private reſpectes. For the on I hope in the heavens my chin will on day be ſo favorable and bountifull unto me by meanes of ſum hidden celeſtiall influence of the planettes and namely a certayne proſperous and ſecrete aſpecte of Iupiter as to miniſter ſuperabundant matter of ſufficient requitall to add a certayne moſt reverende venerable ſolemne grace to my Præſidentſhipp when it cummes: and as for the other it were but loſt labour to reiterate the ſelfeſame promiſſes and warrants that were ſo fully and reſolutely determined uppon at our laſt meeting, and ſhall as largely and aſſuredly be perfourmid at the place and feaſte appointid. In the meanwhile I knowe you may for your habilitye and I truſt you will of your gentlenes affourde me ſo much of your ſtoare ether wayes as ſhall reaſonabely ſerve to be imployed on ſo available and neceſſary uſes. Rather then fayle, I requeſte you moſt hartelye lett me borrow them both vpon tolerable vſurye; I can forthwith give you my obligation for repayment of the principalls with the loane made in as forcible and ſubſtantiall manner as you or your lernid counſell can beſt deviſe.

Marry, on this condition, that your worſhip will be ſo good and favorable maſter unto me as give me leave to covenant and indent with you aforehand that you would vouteſafe to ſuffer your ſelfe ſolemnely to be bownde in like obligation that nether this miſerable letter nor my foreſayd obligation (according to the uſuall manner of this age and your owne late Præſident) be now or hereafter putt oute in print by you or yours, your advice or advices, procurement or procurements, labour or labours, meane or meanes, ſollicitation or ſollicitations, motion or motions, or ſuch like, by what name or names, title or titles, appellative or appellatives, ſubſtantive or ſubſtantives, worde or wordes, ſo ever they have bene, bee or may be callid, termid, ſpecified, declarid, or denominate, &c. In good erneſte, and to leave thes ſame ſtale tarreeres, you knowe full well that woulde doutleſſe and in very deede go to mar all and kutt off cleane all poſſible hope of recoovery if ether the on or the other by ſum unluckye accident ſhould ſo infortunately miſcarry as to lighte uppon ſum other men's fingers, and ſo conſequently cum to farther ſcaming.

And then ſum circumſtances over præciſely examinid and aggravatid according to ſum men's pleaſurable humors, eſpecially this laſt moſt neceſſary diſcourſe of taking the paringes of thye

muſtachioes to loane, it would iumpe fall owte with me in reſpecte of y^e^ former poems and this wofull letter with the obligation, as M. Carlill wrote once in a peece of Ariſtotle his Politiques, as I remember, touchinge Grouchius Newe Correction of Paionius tranſlation—"Grouchius Paionium dum corrigere voluit depravavit." And ſo, contrary to our rule and maxime in bothe lawes, thou ſhouldiſt "afflictionem addere afflicto cum ſit potius ipſius miſeriæ miſerandum," accordinge to the charitable and fatherly gloſſe of Innocentius tertius. You ſee nowe what homely and ridiculous ſtuffe I ſtill ſende abroade amongſte my frendes, accordinge to my wontid manners, rather deſiringe continuaunce of entier frendſhipp and ould acquayntaunce by familiar and good fellowlye writinge then affecting the commendation of an eloquente and oratorlike ſtile by over curious and ſtatelye enditinge. To be ſhorte, I woulde to God that all the ilfavorid copyes of my nowe proſtituted deviſes were buried a greate deale deeper in the centre of the erthe then the height and altitude of the middle region of the verye Engliſh Alpes amountes unto in your ſhier. And as for this paultinge letter I moſt affectionatelye praye the, mi beſt belovid Immerito, retourne it me back againe for a token, faſt incloſid in thye verye next letters all to be torne and halfied in as manye and as ſmall peeces

and filters as ar the motes in the Sonne. Thus recommendinge my foreſaid obligation when it cumeth to your gentle worſhipps favorable and ſecrett tuition, I moſt humblye and ſerviceablelye, after my dutifull manner, take my leave of your Excellencyes ſeete and betake your gracious Maſterſhippe with all your right worſhipfull and honorable poſyes to the mightye protection of the Hyyeſt. Into whoſe handes withall I comende myſelfe and myne owne goodly deviſes, conſideringe that (de facto) it will nowe no otherwiſe be, the ſtarres and your moſt provident wiſdum ſo diſpoſinge, to whoſe invincible and fatall reſolutions I humble and ſubmitt my ſelfe. From Cambridge in haſt; where, bycauſe we have no other newes that thou greatelye regardiſte, I will not ſteeke to participate with the thus mutch of my private eſtate, that in a thouſande reſpectes I am no leſſe behouldinge to the perſon you wotte of, myne ould benefactour and reverend frende, then this goodly fayer daye is unto the ſun, beinge the 10 of this preſent, and as bewtifull a ſunnye daye as cam this ſummer—1579.

G. H., as affectionate towards your Maſterſhipp as ever heretofore, conditionallye that nether this palting letter nor that tell tale obligation cum forthe in printe.

Alias, in ſteade of the oulde G. H. reade

Grandis Hoſtis, as you redd once in my Greate Oſtiſſes parlour, Grandis Hoſtis.

The foreſayed obligation.

Noverint univerſi et univerſæ per præſentes, etc., me G. H. de Cambridge in comitatu eodem, Maſter of Arte, teneri et firmiter obligari E. S. de London in comitatu Middleſex, gentleman, in cii crinibus ſterling, de ſua propria berda ſolvendis ſeu numerandis eidem E. S. de London, &c., aut ſuo vel ſuis certo vel certis atturnato vel atturnatis, hæredi vel hæredibus, executori vel executoribus, &c., ſeorſum vel diviſim ad placitum eiuſdem E. S. de London, &c., in forma ſubſcripta, viz., in feſto Annunciationis beatæ Mariæ Virginis proxime futuro xxv. in feſto Paſche tunc proximo ſequente xxv. in feſto beati S. Johannis Baptiſtæ tunc proximo ſequente xxv. in feſto vulgariter nuncupato feſto Omnium Sanctorum xxvii. et ſic de feſto in feſtum, &c., viz. in quolibet feſto trium feſtorum priorum xxv., et tunc in ultimo, viz. in feſto Omnium Sanctorum xxvii. quouſque dicti cii. crines ſterling de ſua propria berda, plenarie et totaliter ſic perſolvantur ſeu numerentur. Ad quas quidem ſolutiones, ſeu numerationes et quamlibet earum (ut præmittitur) bene et fideliter in forma prædicta faciendas, ſolvendas, ſeu numerandas, obligo me aut meum certum vel certos atturnatum vel at-

turnatos, hæredem vel hæredes, executorem vel executores, &c.

The Condicion of this obligation
(which haply my yunge Italianate Seignior and French Monſieur will objecte).

What thoughe Italy, Spayne and Fraunce raviſſhed with a certayne glorious and ambitious deſier (your gallantſhipp would peradventure terme it zeale and devotion) to ſett oute and advaunce ther owne languages above the very Greake and Lattin, if it were poſſible, and ſtandinge altogither uppon termes of honour and exquiſite formes of ſpeaches, karriinge a certayne brave, magnificent grace and maieſtye with them, do ſo highly and honorablely eſteeme of their countrye poets repoſing on greate parte of their ſovraigne glory and reputation abroade in the worlde in the famous writings of their nobbliſt wittes? What though you and a thouſand ſuch nurriſhe a ſtronge imagination amongſt yourſelves that Alexander, Scipio, Cæſar, and moſt of ower honorabliſt and worthyeſt captaynes had never bene that they were but for pore blinde Homer? What thoughe it hath univerſally bene the practiſſe of the flooriſhingiſt States and moſt politique commonwelthes from whence we borrowe our ſubſtantialliſt and moſt materiall præceptes and examples of wiſe and

conſiderate governement, to make ȳ very moſt of ther vulgare tunges, and togither with their ſeignioryes and dominions by all meanes poſſible to amplifye and enlarge them, deviſinge all ordinarye and extraordinarye helpes, both for the poliſſhinge and refininge them at home, and alſoe for the ſpreddinge and diſperſinge of them abroad? What though Il Magnifico Segnior "Immerito" Benivolo hath notid this amongſt his politique diſcourſes and matters of ſtate and governemente that the moſt couragious and valorous minds have evermore bene where was moſt furniture of eloquence and greatiſt ſtoare of notable orators and famous poets? What a goddes name paſſe we what was dun in ruinous Athens or decayid Roome a thouſand or twoe thouſande yeares agoe? Doiſt thou not overſenſibely perceive that the markett goith far otherwiſe in Inglande wherein nothinge is reputid ſo contemptible, and ſo baſelye and vilelye accountid of as whatſoever is taken for Ingliſhe, whether it be handſum faſſhions in apparrell, or ſeemely and honorable in behaviour, or choiſe wordes and phraſes in ſpeache or anye notable thinge elſe in effecte that ſavorith of our owne cuntrye, and is not ether merely or mixtely outlandiſhe? Is it not cleerer than the ſonne at noonedayes that oure moſt excellent Ingliſh treatises, were they never ſo eloquentlye contrivid in proſe,

or curiouſly deviſed in meeter, have ever to this daye, and ſhall ever hereafter, be ſibb to arithmetericians, or marchantes counters, which nowe and then ſtande for hundreds and thouſand, by and bye for odd halfpens or fa[r]thinges and otherwhiles for very nihils? Hath your monſieurſhipp ſo ſoone forgottin our long Weſtminſter conference the verie laſt Eſter terme touchinge certain odd peculiar qualities, appropriate in a manner to Ingliſhe heddes, and eſpeciallye that ſame worthy and notorious *βριτανικὴν ξηλοτυπίαν*, that Eraſmus prettily playeth withall in a certayne gallant and brave politique epiſtle of his, written purpoſely to an Ingliſh gentleman, a courtier, to inſtructe him howe he mighte temporize, and courte it beſt here in Inglande? Is not this the principall fundation and grande maxim of our cuntry pollicy, not to be over haſty in occupying a mans talent, but to be very chary and circumſpect in opening himſelfe and revealinge his gifts unto others? Is it not on of the higheſt pointes of our Ingliſh experiencid wiſdum, and, as a man would ſaye, the very profoundiſt myſtery of our moſt deepe and ſtayd hedds, to have every on in continuall ielouzye, leſt he ſitt over neere there ſchirtes or have familiar inſighte in ther commendable and diſcommendable qualityes? Doth not ſilence cover and conceale many a want, and is it not both an eaſier and far

ſurer way to maynetayne and nurriſh the opinion of a mans excellency · by noddinge and countenauncinge oute the matter ether with tunge or penne withoute theſſame diſcourſing vagaries after a certayne ſolemne manner then by ſpeakinge or writinge to purchiſſe creddit? Eſſpecially in Ingliſhe where Ingliſhe is contemid or in meeter where meeter goith a begginge? And canſt thou tell me nowe, or doiſt thou at the laſt begin to imagin with thy ſelfe what a wonderfull and exceeding diſpleaſure thou and thy prynter have wroughte me, and howe peremptorily ye have preiudiſhd my good name for ever in thruſtinge me thus on the ſtage to make tryall of my extemporall faculty, and to play Wylſons or Tarletons parte. I ſuppoſe thou wilt go nighe hande ſhortelye to ſende my lorde "of Lycſters, or my lorde of Warwickes," Vawſis, or my lord Ritches players, or ſum other freſhe ſtarteupp comedanties unto me for ſum newe deviſed interlude, or ſum mallconceivid comedye fitt for the Theater, or ſum other paintid ſtage whereat thou and thy lively copeſmates in London maye lawghe ther mouthes and bellyes full for pence or twoepence apeece? By cauſe peradventure thou imagineſt Unico Aretino and the pleaſurable Cardinall Bibiena, that way eſſpecially attraynid to be ſo ſingularly famous. And then perhappes not

longe after uppon newe occaſion (an God will) I muſt be M. Churchyards and M. Eldertons ſucceſſours tooe, and finally cronycled for on of the moſt notorious ballat makers and Chriſtmas carollers in the tyme of Her Maieſtyes reigne. Extra iocum. In good troothe, and by the fayth of a moſt faythful frende, I feare me exceedinglye thou haſte alreddy hazardid that that will fall owte to your greatiſt . . . Cætera deſunt (pp. 58—68).

2. ANOTHER LETTER OF HARVEY TO SPENSER.

A thouſande recomendations preſuppoſid vnto your good wiſdum, and twiſe as many to your goodly worſhipp. I certified your goodlines the laſt weeke as well bi letters as by my factour in that behalfe, M. Umphrye, howe litle corne was ſhaken in ỹ late greate outragious tempeſt you wott of; and nowe forſoothe approachith ỹ ſolemne and grand feaſte of Pennycoſte, I wiſſe a greater plague than ỹ former, and farr more terrible privately unto my purſe then that other publickly præiudiciale agaynſte my good name. And may it pleaſe your good Maſterſhipp to heare all? Marry, Syr, the very worſt and moſt vnlookid for newes is yit behinde. Forſoothe my poore ſelfe for want of a better muſt be fayne to

ſupply ŷ roome of a greater Clarke and play Il Segnor Filoſofes parte uppon the Comencemente ſtage. A moſt ſuddayne and ſtrange reſolution in all reſpectes. O that I were a compounde of all the ſciences as well ſpeculative as active and ſpecially thoſe that conſiſt in a certaine practicall diſcourſe ether of ſpeach or reaſon (notwithſtanding ther exceſſiue vanitye) that the ilfavorid coniurer Agrippa ſo furiouſly and outragiouſly cryeth oute vppon. It were a fitt of freneſis moria I ſuppoſe to wiſhe ŷ morall and philoſophicall wiſdum of Socrates, ŷ divine notions and conceites of Plato, ŷ ſuttle and intricate acumen of Ariſtotle, ŷ brave eloquence of Tully, ŷ gallant pronunciation of Hortenſius, and ſo forthe, after ŷ manner of theſſame greate learnid ſchollariſſimi ſcholares that rowle ſo trimly in there antiquityes, whereas we knowe not for certainty whether any ſutch creatures and apotheoſes were ever in the worlde or noe, or, if peradventure they were, who ſeeith not they muſt needes be rotten above a hundrith thouſande ages agone, not ſo mutch as the leſt ſignification of an ould ilfauorid tumbe or any peece of a ruſtye monumente remaining behinde to helpe colour the matter. But would to God in heaven I had awhile for there ſake the profounde lerninge of M. Duffington, the myſticall and ſupermetaphiſicall philoſophy of Doctor Dee,

the rowlinge tongue ether of M. Williamſon, ouer fine Cambridge barber, or of Miſtriſſe Truſtemetrulye, mye Welche oſtiſſe, the trim lattin phraſes and witty proverbes of him that built Caius College and made Londinenſis Booke de Antiquitate, ỹ audacity of my cuntryman M. Atturnye and Clarke of ouer towne, and laſtly, the diſputative appetite of Doctor Buſbye, with the like affectionate zeale to the Commencement groates and afternoone ſeavenaclocke dinnars, which perſons according to ther ſeverall quality do all ſtill flooriſhe and karry the creddit at this daye. Kunninge would nowe be, I perceive, no burden, and eloquence, if a man had it, were more worth then a crackd teſterne in his purſe or a payer of tatterid venetias in his preſſe. Had it not nowe bene a point of wiſdom to have layed vpp againſt a deere yeare? And to have furniſſhed myſelfe a yeare or twoe ſince of ſutch neceſſary howſehowlde proviſion as is requiſite at ſuch a droute? Good Eloquence and gentle Philoſophy, and ye loove me pittye my caſe and helpe me this once, and I will never be aſſuredlye hereafter ſoe farr to ſeeke agayne. Ye have holpen ſum I knowe owte of the ſame place to fayer riches and good mariages and I knowe not what ſecrett likinge elſe: I beſeech ye nowe extende your favorable curteſyes thus far towards me as to afforde me on tolerable

oration, and twoe or three reaſonable argumentes, and lett me aloane agoddes name to ſhifte for the other myſelfe. I am not to trouble ye often: goodnowe be a litle compaſſionate this once. I have no other meanes or ſtaye in the whole worlde to repoſe my affiaunce in, being heggid in on everyſide with ſo many pore bankerupte neyghbours, that ar a greate deale reddier, Godd wott, to borrowe abroade of every on then to lende at home to any on. And yet have I on ſuer frende as harde as the world goith (I meane my familiar, the Pheere of that which attendid vppon M. Phaer in Kylgarran Foreſt when he tranſlatid Virgils Æneidos) [by his familiar it is moſt likely he menith his paper booke], that never yet faylid me at a pinche; peradventure he would not greately ſteek to ſhewe me a taſte of his office and "diſburſe" ſumthinge for me if I could aſſure him once to ſett a good ſurlye countenaunce on the matter and face it oute luſtelye as ſum other good fellowes doe. The wante whereof is the ſpecialliſt defecte that he comonly reprehendith in me. And therefore here I am moſt humbely to requeſt your good Maſterſhippes favorable adviſe howe I mighte beſt attayne that ſame excellent vertue and moſt divine prædominante qualitye which I nowe ſpeake of. The only vertue in effecte in the whole criſſecroſſe rowe

ether of morall or intellectuall vertues that nowe adayes karrieth meate in the mowthe. The reſt in a manner ar owte of faſſhion and overſtale for ſo queynte and queaſye a worlde: your delicacy would haply have delighted your ſelf in overturning ŷ proverbe upſyedowne and terminge them more artificiallye, mowthe without meate. I knowe a wiſe and worſhipfull gentleman that giveth this for on of his poſyes, O Temperantia Dea: That is no commencement poſye, when ypocraſſe and marchepane and all ower apothecary delicacyes runne a begginge. O Dearum dea impudentia would fitt ſum of our turnes amongſt a number of ſingular odd deviſes and emblemes where in he excellithe and ſerve our purpoſe a greate deale better. The worſe ilfauorid lucke his that muſt ether putt upp his pipes and helpe to furniſhe upp a dum ſhowe, or elſe goe a borrowinge or begginge where it is that wantith a certayne thinge ſo neceſſarilye behoovefull: in very deede the ſoverayne ladye and ſupreme goddeſſe of vertues and in a manner the only foundriſſe and defendreſſe as well of the theoricks as practicks in all ſciences and profeſſions, and namely the very mother and nurſe of our moſt myſticall and proſondiſt morall naturall and ſupernaturall philoſophy. And herein only to ſay trothe and to be playne thyſelfe mayeſt make me on

generall grande amendes for all the particular petite iniuryes and deſpites that ever thou haſt ether trechrouſly deviſed or ungraciouſly practiſed againſt me to this daye if ſo be your good maſterſhipps worſhipp would deygne the vouteſafinge me by the nexte London karrier that comith downe to Midſomer fayer, ether ſum reaſonable quantity and portion of your valorous and invincible currage, or at the leſtewiſe the clyppinges of your thriſe honorable muſtachyoes and ſubboſcoes, to overſhaddowe and cover my bluſhinge agaynſte that tyme.) I beſeech your gallantſhipp lett this ſtammringe letter ſuffize for a dutifull ſollicitour and rememberer in that behalfe (and eſſpecially in the other oeconomicall matter you wott of, the very greatiſt parte and higheſt poynte of all my thoughtes at this præſente notwithſtandinge ỹ reſidue ar as you ſee) withoute farther acquayntinge my benefactours and frendes with theſe peltinge ſchollaſticall ſutes. I præſume of our owlde familiarity ſo mutch that I ſuppoſd it needles extraordinarily to procure any noblemans petitory or comendatory letters in any ſutch private reſpectes. For the on I hope in the heavens my chin will on daye be ſo favorable and bountifull vnto me by meanes of ſum hidden cæleſtiall influence of the planets, and namely, a certayne proſperous and ſecrete aſpecte of Iupiter, as bothe

to miniſter ſuperabundant matter of ſufficient requitall; and to add a certayne ſolemne venerable grace to my moſt reverend Regenteſhipp when it cumes in actum. And as for the other, in my fanſye it were but loſt labour to reiterate the ſelfeſame promiſſes and warrantes that were ſo fully and reſolutely determined uppon at ower laſt meetinge; and ſhall as largely and aſſuredly be perfourmid at ỹ place and feaſte appointid. In ỹ meane ſpace I knowe you maye for your hability, and I præſume you will of your gentlenes, affourde me ſo mutch of your ſtoare other wayes as ſhall reaſonablely ſerve to be imployed on ſo avayleable and neceſſary uſes. Rather then fayle, I requeſt you moſt humbly let me borrowe them bothe vppon tolerable uſurye. I am forthwith to give you my obligation for repayment of the principalls with the loane at the daye appoyntid, contrived in as forcible and ſubſtantiall manner as your ſelfe or your lernid counſell can beſt deviſe. Marry on this generall condition that your worſhip wilbe ſo good and favorable Maſter unto me as give me leave to covenant and indente with you aforehande that you vouteſafe to ſuffer yourſelfe to be bownde in like obligation that nether this miſerable letter nor my foreſayde obligation (according to the uſuall accuſtomid manner of this prægnant age, and the late noto-

rious præſident of a frende of ouers that publiſhethe abroade every childiſh ridiculous toye, which I ſhall never forgett, beinge ſo utterlye beyounde all exſpectation and likehood) be nowe or hereafter wholye or by peecemeale ſeverally by themſelves or iointlye with ſum other pamflett copied oute or putt forthe in prynte by you or youers, youer advice or advices, procurement or procurements, labour or labours, meane or meanes, ſollicitation or ſollicitations, motion or motions, permiſſion or permiſſions, or ſutche like, by what name or names, title or titles, appellative or appellatives, ſubſtantive or ſubſtantives, worde or wordes, ſo ever they have bene, bee or may be callid, termid, ſpecified, denominate or declarid, &c. Not forgetting youer ould Autenticall Rule, that you were wunt to ſaye you lernid firſt of ower Maſter Rydge, Cautela ſuperabundans non nocet. Extra iocum, and to leave theſſame ſtale karreeres you knowe fullwell it woulde ſuerly quite mare all, and utterly diſcredditt me for ever beyonde all poſſible hope of recoverye if either the on or the other by ſum unlucky accident ſhould ſo unfortunately miſkarrye, as but once to lighte uppon ſum other mens delicate fingers, and ſo conſequentlye cum to farther ſkanninge. And then ſum circumſtaunces over præciſely examined and aggravatid accordinge to

ſum mens pleaſurable humors, eſſpecially this laſte moſt neceſſary diſcourſe of takinge they wott not what to loane, it would iumpe fall oute with me, in reſpecte of ſum former matters, and this wofull letter with the telltale obligation, as M. Carleile wrote once in a peece of Ariſtotle (his politiques, as I remember), towchinge Growchius newe correction of Perionius' tranſlation: Grouchius Perionium dum corrigere voluit, depravavit. And ſo contrary to the gentle and pitifull maxime in both lawes, thoue ſhouldiſt afflictionem addere afflicto; cum ſit potius ipſius miſeriæ miſerandum, accordinge to ŷ charitable and fatherly gloſſe of Innocentius Tertius. You ſee howe the burnt childe dreadith fier; and he that once ſmartid for Nifilles and ſum prætendid overſightes will not lightely incurr the leaſt ieopardy, ſeeme the offence never ſo pardonable, and his defence never ſo reaſonable and effectuall. I beſeeche you in good erneſt, have ſpeciall regarde to the præmiſſes, and whatſoever I comunicate privately with yowe or howe merrely ſo ever I write unto you, lett it be Mum to all the world beſide, and reckonid in ſecretis non revelandis.

You ſee I reteyne my accuſtomid manner in ſendinge ſtill abroade amongſt my frendes ſuch homelye ridiculous ſtuffe as I was wonte, and as my pen is yet beſt acquayntid withall; rather

deſiringe continuaunce of entier frendſhipp and owlde acquayntaunce by familiar and good fellowly writinge, then aſſeſſinge the comendation of an eloquent and oratorlike ſtyle by overcurious and ſtatelye enditinge. In deede it makith no matter howe a man wrytith untoe his frends ſo he wryte frendlye; other præceptes of arte ſtile and decorum, and I know not what, ar to be reſervid for an other place. And truly in my conceyte where argumente of gravity and matter of importaunce is wantinge, ỹ more conceited toyes and deviſes all the better. What are letters amongſt frendes but familiar diſcourſes and pleaſante conference? and what Stoick or Eremite will bar them of any merriments and ieſtes that are not ether merely undecent or ſimple unhoneſt?

Thanke my good Maſters of Cambridge for this apologye. You knowe I was not wonte to truble myſelf or others greately with any ſutch kindes ether of maydenlye excuſes or ſchollarlye defence. But ſince all things ar becum haynous and ſcandalous, at every man's pleaſure, it ſtandith us poore ſowles in hande to anſwer for ower ſelves as well as ower ſilly wittes and ſimple tunges will give us leave.

God be prayſid the thinges themſelves for the greater parte ar not ſo offenſive to queſy conſciences, but they are as defenſive againſt cavillinge

obiections. Thus commendinge and recomendinge mye poore ſutes with ȳ foreſayd obligation when it cummes to your gentle worſhippes favorable conſideration and ſecrett tuition, I moſt humbely and ſerviceablely after my oulde dutifull manner take my leave at your Excellency's feete and betake your gratious Maſterſhipp with all your worſhippful and honorable poſyes to ȳ mighty protection of ȳ higheſt.

From my chamber the daye after mye victorye. But ſee a fitt of my arte memorative. I had quite forgotte the odd embrodered token that M. Pumfrittes man deliverid me from your good Maſterſhipp the other daye. Ower courtinge manner is nowe to give the choyce of a thouſand thankes for every gewegawe; and ſumtymes tooe for very neere Nifilles as it were only pro forma tantum. Go tooe then, ſeinge thankes, to ſpeake præciſely, ar but wordes (pp. 70—77).

3. A THIRD LETTER OF HARVEY TO SPENSER.

Concerninge ȳ cheefiſt generall poynte of your Maſterſhippes lettere, youerſelfe are not ignorant that ſchollars in ower age are rather nowe Ariſtippi then Diogenes: and rather active then contemplative philoſophers: covetinge above alle thinges

under heaven to appeare ſomwhat more then ſchollars if themſelves wiſte howe; and of all thinges in the worlde moſt deteſtinge that ſpitefull malicious proverbe, of greatiſt Clarkes, and not wiſeſt men. The date whereof they defende was exſpired when Dunſe and Thomas of Aquine with the whole rablement of ſchoolemen were abandonid ower ſchooles and expellid the Univerſitye. And nowe of late forſoothe to helpe countenaunce owte the matter they have gotten Philbertes Philoſopher of the Courte, the Italian Archebyſſhoppes brave Galatro, Caſtiglioes fine Cortegiano, Bengalaſſoes Civil Inſtructions to his Nephewe Seignor Princiſca Ganzar: Guatzoes newe Diſcourſes of curteous behaviour, Iouios and Raſſellis Emblemes in Italian, Paradines in Frenche, Plutarche in Frenche, Frontines Stratagemes, Polyenes Stratagemes, Polonica, Apodemica, Guigiandine, Philipp de Comines, and I knowe not howe many outlandiſhe braveryes beſides of the ſame ſtampe. Shall I hazarde a litle farther: and make you privy to all our privityes indeede. Thou knoiſt Non omnibus dormio et tibi habeo non huic. Ariſtotles Organon is nighhand as litle redd as Dunses Quodlibet. His oeconomicks and politiques every on oath by rote. You can not ſtepp into a ſchollars ſtudye but (ten to on) you ſhall litely finde open ether Bodin de Republica or Le Royes Expoſition vppon Ariſtotles

Politiques or ſum other like Frenche or Italian Politique Diſcourſes.

And I warrant you ſum good fellowes amongſt us begin nowe to be prettely well acquayntid with a certayne parlous byoke callid, as I remember me, Il Principe di Niccolo Macchiavelli, and I can peradventure name you an odd crewe or tooe that are as cuninge in his Diſcorſi ſopra la prima Deca di Livio, in his Hiſtoria Fiorentina, and in his Dialogues della Arte della Guerra tooe, and in certayne gallant Turkiſhe Diſcourſes tooe, as Univerſity men were wont to be in their parva Logicalia and Magna Moralia and Phyſicalia of both ſortes; verbum intelligenti ſat; you may eaſily coniecture ȳ reſt yourſelfe; eſſpecially being on that can as ſoone as an other ſpye lighte at a little whole. But, howeſoever, moſt of us have exſpired the ſettinge downe, or rather ſettinge upp of this concluſion towchinge the exſpiringe of the foreſayde date as a moſt neceſſary Univerſitye principle and mayne foundation of all our credditt abroade; me thinkes ſtill for ſum ſpeciall common welthe affayres and many particular matters of counſell and pollicye, beſides daylye freſhe newes and a thouſande both ordinary and extraordinary occurrents and accidents in the worlde, we ar. yet (notwithſtanding all and ſingular the præmiſes) to take inſtructions and advertiſements at your lawiers

and courtiers handes, that ar continuallye better traynid and more livelye experiencid therein, then we univerſity men ar or poſſibely can be, or elſe peradventure when we ſhall ſtande moſt in our owne conceites we maye haply deceyve and disgrace ower ſelves moſt, and in ſum bye matters when we leaſte thinke of it, committ greater errors, and more fowly overſhoote ower ſelves then we be yet aware of or can coniecturally imagin. For my ſelfe, I recounte it on ſoveragne poynte of my feylicitye in genere and ſum particular contentement of mynde that I have ſutch an odd frende in a corner, ſo honeſt an yuthe in ŷ city, ſo trew a gallant in ŷ courte, ſo towarde a lawier, and ſo witty a gentleman, that both can ſufficiently for his rare pregnancy in conceyte, and will gladlye for his ſingular forwardnes in courteſye—I wuld fayne ende this periode, were it not that a certayne extraordinary paſſion, and on ſuddayne moſt effectuall conceyte will needes curtoll it of in ŷ midſte. And nowe, good ſyr, you get nott halfe a worde more of me towchinge this article, ſavinge my ould coolinge carde, Item, a litle to abate your Maſterſhippes currage that, as we grante you ŷ ſuperioritye in ſum ſpeciall particularityes concerning ower owne cuntrye, ſo you muſt needes acknowledge us your maſters in all generall poyntes of governement, and the great archepollycyes of

all ould and newe common welthes. As for thoſe other particulars you write of concerning my private eſtate, and namely, mye commencement matters, when I am better reſolvid my ſelfe you ſhall heare more. In the meane, I craue pardon (pp. 78—81).

4. A FURTHER LETTER OF HARVEY TO SPENSER.

As many and as fewe ſ̃alutations as you liſte. Will you beleeve me? Your laſtweekes letter, or rather bill of complaynte was deliverid me at myne hoſtiſſes by the fyerſyde, beinge faſteheggid in rownde abowte on every ſide with a company of honeſt good fellowes, and at that tyme reaſnable honeſt quaffers. I firſt runned it over curſorilye to my ſelfe, and ſpyinge the argument ſo generall (ſavinge in on pointe onlye, where I layed a ſtrawe), and withall ſo fittinge the humor of that crewe, after a ſhorte preface to make attention, began to pronounce it openly in the audience of the whole aſſemblye in ſutch ſorte as the brave orator Aeschines is reportid on a tyme to have redd owte with a wonderfull grace (in the hearinge of ỹ Rodians, amongſt whome he then ſoiornid,) that noble oration of Demoſthenes in defend of Cteſiphon.

Shall I be playne with you? It was ſolemely agreeid uppon, that the letter for the manner of the enditinge was very handſſomly penid and full of many proper conceiptes, but ŷ argumentes whereuppon ŷ libell of complaynte ſtudd, were definitively condemnid, as unſufficient. To be ſhorte, ower finall reſolution was, that an anſwer ſhould incontinently be contrived amongſt us all, ſavinge that on was to be diſpenſid withall, to playe the ſecretarye. The matter moſt ſpecially concerninge me, I toulde them I was contente to beare twoe partes, and to playe bothe a quarter anſwerer and whole ſecretarye. My ſervice being accepted of, ŷ firſt began, as followith :—

Sir, yower newe complaynte of ŷ newe worlde is nye as owlde as Adam and Eve, and full as ſtale as ŷ ſtaliſt faſſhion that hath bene in faſſhion ſince Noes fludd. You crie oute of a falſe and trecherous worlde, and therein ar paſſinge eloquent and patheticall in a degree above the higheſt. Nowe I beſeeche you, Syr, did not Abell live in a falſe and trecherous worlde, that was ſo villanouſlye and cruelly murtherid of his owne very brother? Na, did not ould Grandſier himſelfe live in a falſe and trecherous worlde, that was ſo ſuttellye and fraudulently putt beſide ſo incomparablely ritche and goodlye poſſeſſion as Paradiſe was?

The ſtoryes to this effecte—Tower of Babel,

Sodome—ar notoriouſlye knowne; there be infinite thouſands of examples to proove that the firſt men in ŷ worlde were as well ower maſters in villanye as ether predeceſſours in tyme or fathers in conſanguinitye. Lett us not be ſo iniurious to remaender antiquitye as to deprive ŷ fardiſt of, of his due commendation, nether muſt we be ſo parcially affectionate towards any as, againſt ower owne conſciences, to conceale theſe notorious and infamous trecheryes. (Undowtidlye the very worlde itſelfe millions of yeares before the Creation was predeſtinate to be a ſchoolehowſe and ſhopp of all villanyes, and even then I ſuppoſe the ilfauoritid ſprites and divells that nowe ſo truble and infecte the world were a deviſinge and premeditatinge thoſe infinite ſeverall kindes and varietyes of wickednes, that immediately after the Creation and ever ſince they have ſo baſely blowne abroade and ſo cuninglye plantid in everye quarter and corner of the worlde.

The fyer is a queynte ſubtile element beyonde the reatche and capacity of our diviniſt and moſt myſticall philoſophers (I excepte not Hermes himſelfe, whom they terme ŷ very perfectiſte philoſopher nexte unto God himſelfe), and I knowe not by what extraordinarye and ſecret meanes ŷ knowledge thereof ſhoulde deſende into the intelligible and reaſonable parte, but by the miniſtry

and mediation of owtewarde and externall ſences, and be cabaliſtically conveyid over from age to age; which biinge utterlye abſurde (for who ever ſawe or felte the verye pure firye element unleſſe it were perchaunce Prometheus or ſum like imaginarye wonder of the worlde?) why maye not that which they call fyer for any thinge that is certainely knowne to the contrarye be the very local place and ſeatte of Hell, where is ſutch horrible fierworkes and ſutch continual burninge flames as both the formiddiſte Catholique divines and moſt excellent profane writers threaten againſt the wickid? or at leſtewiſe why maye it not be a certayne exceſſive and everlaſtinge heate, proceedinge from the whott breathes of ſo many divelliſhe fierye ſprites and ſcaldinge feindes, as ar there inhabitinge, and bye a forcible burninge influence inflaminge the alreddye furious and boylinge minds of tyrants and whott impatient divelliſh fellowes (wherwith the fowre partes of the worlde are nowe ſett on fier, and which finallye according to the moſt auncient divine oracles and fatall deſtinyes muſt neceſſarilye conſume and deſtroye all) to all kinde of colerick paſſions, extreame outrages and horrible crueltyes as well for pleaſure as revenge or otherwiſe? And then, as for the aier or winde, not the profondiſt philoſopher that ever wrote to this daye can tell me or dare undertake to determine what

it is. Maye it not be, trowe you, a compounde of aierye, wyndie, raynie, ſnowye, froſtye, coulde, whott, fayre, fowle, howlſum, contagious caulme and bluſteringe tempeſtuous ſprites? repleniſhinge everye place where it entrith (and it enterith at all aventure in every place beinge not allreddie fulfilled with ſum other corpulent bodye) with diverſitye of like qualities and effectes, and whirlinge into every mans eares infinite blaſtes of aierye conceiptes, and levityes, ſutch as light women and fantaſticall heddes ar puffid upp withall; and ſpecially diverſe frantick herittiques that ar the fonders and ring-leaders of newfanglid opinions and vayne ridiculous ſectes? I will not deſier you to creddit magicians but even ower beſt and moſt allowid philoſophers themſelves to go forwarde with the reſte, grante there be innumerable legions of wateriſhe and earthlye ſprytes. And who can tell but the erthe itſelfe maye be a compacte and condenſate bodye of the groſſer and quarrier ſorte of them? And ſo the water, both lande and water bendinge themſelves and all the power they can make ſo ſpitefullye and diveliſhlye againſt the heavens, and ſo cunninglye bewitchinge there inhabitants with a certayne ſuperſtitious and incredible admiration of there comodityes and treaſures for the cumpaſſinge and obteyninge whereof ſo many trecherous and villanous practiſes ar dayly and howerlye putt in

execution. Sure I am fierye, aerye, watriſhe and erthely divels ar ŷ onlye abſolute monarches of ŷ worlde, if they be not ŷ very worlde itſelf, and have amongſt them a moſt ſovrayne and predominate regimente over all elements if they be not the very elementes themſelves. And on thing maketh me vehementlye ſuſpecte that the phyſicians and philoſophers imaginid no leſſe but durſte not ſo flatly utter it, in that they howlde it as a naturall principle in there phyſickes, that ŷ elementes ar not mixte and compounde, but pure and ſimple, and as a man woulde ſaye bodyes, whereas to ſpirituall thinkinge and in naturall reaſon they ſenſibelye appear very compoundes. What marvell nowe (conſideringe the præmiſſes and per conſequences what maye [be] inferd of the præmiſſes) thowghe the world from the very begininge to this daye, and manelye at this daye (as everye age hath allwayes complaynid of the preſent age) hath ever bene and ſtill remainithe ſo maliciouſlye ſett and ſo ungraciouſelye diſpoſid beinge ever ſince the Creation and ſhall alwayes continue thorowhowte and on every ſide ſo throngid and invironid in and cumpaſſid with ſuch infinite huge oſtes of miſerable wickid creatures, and moſte ſubtle enemyes, that knowe as well ther owne advantage and where the ſhooe pinchith us moſt, as the begger knowith his diſhe?

The next complayninge of the foremans tædious diſcourſe, and withall tellinge me I had ŷ beſt office that was ſo thoroughly employed, wente forwarde in this wiſe:

Give me leave, Syr, to run a good longe courſe in ſo large a feylde.

You make a wonderfull greate matter of it, that reaſon, contrarye to all reaſon and ŷ cuſtom of former ages is forcibely conſtraynid to yeelde her obedience, and to be in a manner vaſſal unto appetite. See, I beſeech you, howe you overſhoote yourſelfe and miſtake the matter, in beinge over credulous to beleeve whatſoever is unadviſedly committid to writinge. Here is righte a newe comedye for him that were delightid with overthwarte and contrary Suppoſes. You ſuppoſe the firſt age was the goulde age. It is nothinge ſoe. Bodin defendith the goulde age to flouriſhe nowe, and owr firſt grandfathers to haue rubbid thorowghe in the iron and braſen age at the beginninge when all thinges were rude and unperfitt in compariſon of the exquiſite fineſſe and delicacye, that we ar growen unto at theſe dayes. You ſuppoſe it a fooliſh madd worlde, wherein all thinges ar overrulid by fanſye. What greater error? All thinges elſe ar but troble of minde and vexation of ſpiritt. Untill a mans fanſye be ſatisfied, he wantith his moſt ſoveraigne contentement, and cannot never

be at quiet in himſelfe. You ſuppoſe moſt of theſe bodily and ſenſual pleaſures ar to be abandonid as unlawfull and the inwarde contemplative delightes of the minde more zelouſly to be imbracid as moſt commendable. Good Lord, you a gentleman, a courtier, an yuthe, and go aboute to revive ſo owlde and ſtale a bookiſhe opinion, deade and buried many hundrid yeares before you or I knewe whether there were any worlde or noe! You are ſuer the ſenſible and ticklinge pleaſures of the taſtinge, feelinge, ſmellinge, ſeinge, and hearinge ar very recreative and delectable indeede. Your other delightes proceedinge of ſum ſtrange mellancholy conceites and ſpeculative imaginations diſcourſid at large in your fanſye and brayne ar but imaginarye and fantaſticall delightes, and but for names ſake might as well and more trulye be callid the extremiſt labours and miſerabeliſte torments under the ſunne. You ſuppoſe us ſtudents happye, and thinke the aire præferrid that breathithe on thes ſame greate lernid philoſophers and profonde clarkes. Would to God you were on of theſe men but a ſennighte. I dowbte not but you would ſweare ere Sundaye nexte, that there were not the like wofull and miſerable creaturs to be fownde within ŷ cumpas of the whole world agayne. None ſo injurious to themſelves, ſo tyranous to there ſervantes, ſo

niggardlye to ther kinsfolkes, ſoe rigorrous to ther acquayntance, ſoe unprofitable to all, ſo untowarde for the common welthe, and ſo unfitt for the worlde, meere bookeworms and verye idolles, the moſt intolerable creatures to cum in any good ſociable cumpanye that ever God creatid. Looke them in the face: you will ſtraytewayes affirme they are the dryeſt, leaniſt, ill-favoriddeſt, abiectiſt, baſe-minddiſt carrions and wretcheckes that ever you ſett your eie on. To be ſhorte, and to kutt off a number of ſutch bye ſuppoſes, your greatiſt and moſt erronious ſuppoſe is that Reaſon ſhould be miſtriſſe and Appetite attend on her ladiſhips perſon as a pore ſervante and handmayden of hers. Nowe that had bene a probable defence and plauſible ſpeache a thouſande yeares ſince. There is a variable courſe and revolution of all thinges. Summer gettith the upperhande of wynter, and wynter agayne of ſummer. Nature herſelfe is changeable, and moſt of all delightid with vanitye; and arte, after a ſorte her ape, conformith herſelfe to the like mutabilitye. The moone waxith and wanithe; the ſea ebbith and flowith; and as flowers ſo ceremonyes, lawes, faſhions, cuſtoms, trades of livinge, ſciences, deviſes, and all thinges elſe in a manner flooriſhe there tyme and then fade to nothinge. Nothing to ſpeake of ether ſo reſtorative and comfortable

for delighte or beneficiall and profitable for uſe, but beinge longe togither enioyed and continued at laſte ingenderith a certayne ſatietye, and then it ſoone becumeth odious and lothſum. So it ſtandith with mens opinions and iudgmentes in matters of doctrine and religion. On fortye yeares the knowledge in the tunges and eloquence karrieth the creddite and flauntith it owte in her ſattin dobletts and velvet hoſes. Then exſpirith the date of her bravery, and everye man havinge enoughe of her, philoſophy and knowledge in divers naturall morall matters, muſt give her the Camiſade and beare ỹ ſwaye an other while. Every man ſeith what ſhe can doe. At laſt cumith braverye and iointith them bothe.

Anemographia. Not the greatiſt clarke and profondiſt philoſopher that ever was in the worlde can tell the certayne cawſe of the windes? What can they be but huge legions and millions of inviſible tumultuous and tempeſtuous ſpirittes? What cauſe can there be in the erthe of ſuch blowinge and blufteringe in everye place, be the qualityes and diſpoſitions otherwiſe never ſo repugnant and contrarye? What matter ſo everlaſtinge and endles?

Melancholye ſprites ingender melancholye paſſions in men, affections colerick, colericke paſſions &c. Mens bodyes ar diſpoſed and qualified

accordinge to the ſpiritts that have the predominant regiment over them, and all philoſophye ſaith that the temperature and diſpoſition [and] inclination of the mindes followythe the temperature and compoſition of the bodye. Galen, &c.

Cuſtomarye and cabaliſticall by tradition.

Cætera deſunt.

III.

FOVRE LETTERS, AND CERTAINE SONNETS.

1592.

NOTE.

For the exemplar of 'Foure Letters' (4to) I am indebted to the British Museum. Mr. J. Payne Collier reprinted this in his (so-called) Yellow Series, with even more than his ordinary inaccuracy. See Memorial-Introduction for the relation of the present book to Nashe.—G.

FOVRE LETTERS,

and certaine Sonnets:

Eſpecially touching Robert Greene,
and other parties,
by him abuſed:

But incidently of diuers excellent perſons,
and ſome matters of note.

To all courteous mindes that will voutchſafe the reading.

Il Vostro Malignare Non Giova Nulla.

LONDON
Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe,
1592.

The particular Contents.

A Preface to Courteous mindes.
A Letter to M. Emmanuell Demetrius: with a Sonnet annexed.
A Letter to M. Chriſtopher Bird.
A Letter to euery fauourable or indifferent Reader.
An other Letter to The-same: extorted after the reſt.
Greenes Memoriall: or certaine Funerall Sonnets.
Two Latine Epitaphes: the one of M. Greene: the other of M. John Haruey.
A Sonnet of M. Spencer to M. Doctor Haruey.

To all Courteous Mindes,

that will Vouchſafe the Reading.

MAY *I craue pardon at this inſtant, as well for enditinge, that is vnwoorthy to be publiſhed, as for publiſhing, that was vnworthy to be endited: I wil hereafter take preciſe order, either neuer to importune you more, or to ſollicite you for more eſpeciall cauſe. I was firſt exceeding loath to penne, that is written: albeit in mine owne enforced defence, (for I make no difference betwene my deereſt frendes and my ſelfe:) and am now much loather to diuulge, that is imprinted: albeit againſt thoſe, whoſe owne Pamflets are readier to condemne them, then my Letters forwarde to accuſe them. Vile actes would in ſome reſpectes, rather be concealed, then recorded: as the darkneſſe of the Night better fitteth the nature of ſome vnlucky birdes, then the brightneſſe of the day: and* Heroſtratus, *in a villanous brauery, affectinge a*

moſt-notorious, & monſtrous Fame, was in the cenſure of the wiſeſt Iudgmentes, rather to be ouerwhelmed in the deepeſt pitt of Obliuion, then to enioy any relique, or ſhadow of his owne deſperate glory. But Greene *(although pitifully blaſted, & how woefully faded?) ſtill flouriſheth in the memory of ſome greene wits, wedded to the wantonneſſe of their owne fancy, and inamored vppon euery new-fangled toy: and* Pierce Pennyleſſe *(although the Diuels Oratour by profeſſion, and his Dammes Poet by practiſe) in ſuch a fluſh of notable good fellowes, cannot poſſibly want many to reade him: enough to excuſe him: a few to commende him: ſoome to beleue him; or to credite any, that tickeleth the right veine, and feedeth the riotous humour of their licentious vanity. To ſtop the beginning, is no bad purpoſe: wher the end may proue pernitious, or perillous. Venome is venome, and will infect: when the Dragons Head ſpitteth poiſon, what miſchiefe may lurke in the Dragons tail? If any diſtreſſe be miſerable, diffamation is intollerable: eſpecially to mindes, that would rather deſerue iuſt commendation, then be any way blemiſhed with vniuſt ſlaunder. They that vſe to ſpeake well of other: and endeuour to do well themſelues: (the defectes of diſhability are not to be imputed to endeuour) would be ſory to heare amiſſe, without cauſe of complaint, or ſuſpition: and he that like a Lacedemonian, or Romane, accounteth Infamy worſe*

then death, would be loath to emproue his courage, or to employ his patience, in digeſtinge the peſtilent Bane of his life. That is doone, cannot de facto *be vndone: but I appeale to Wiſedome, how diſcreetely; and to Iuſtice, how deſeruedly it is done: and requeſt the one, to do vs reaſon, in ſhame of Impudency: and beſeech the other to do vs right, in reproach of Calumny. It was my intention, ſo to demeane my ſelfe in the whole, and ſo to temper my ſtile in euery part: that I might neither ſeme blinded with affection, nor enraged with paſſion: nor partiall to frend, nor preiudiciall to enemy: nor iniurious to the worſt, nor offenſiue to any: but mildly & calmely ſhew, how diſcredite reboundeth vpon the autors: as duſt flyeth back into the wags Eyes, that will nedes be puffing it vp. Which if I haue altogether attained, without the leaſt ouerſight of diſtempered phraſe, I am the gladder: if failed in ſome few incident termes, (what Tounge, or Pen may not ſlipp in heat of diſcourſe?) I hope, a little will not greatly breake the ſquare, either of my good meaning with humanity, or of your good acceptation with indifferency. Fauour, is a courteous Reader, & a gratious Patron: and no man loueth fauour wher it is to be loued; or honoureth it, where it is to be honoured, more affectionatly, then I: yet here I neither deſire fauour toward louingeſt frend: nor wiſh disfauour toward ſpiteſulleſt foe: but onely requeſt reaſon toward both:*

and ſo briefly recommend both to your foreſaid Indifferency: as to an equall ballance of vpright Iudgement. London: this 16. *of September.*

Your thankeful dettour G. H.

The Firſt Letter.

To the worſhipfull, my very good frend M. Emmanuell Demetrius, *at his houſe by the Church in Lime-ſtreete in London.*

MASTER DEMETRIUS, I earneſtly commend this bearer, M. Doctor *Haruey*, my good frend, vnto you: being a very excellent generall Scholler. Who is deſirous of your acquaintance and friendſhip, eſpecially for the ſight of ſome of your antiquities & monuments: and alſo for ſome conference touching the ſtate of forraine countries: as your leiſure may conueniently ſerue. You ſhall aſſuredly find the Gentleman very honeſt, and thankefull: and me ready to reacquite your courteſie and fauour to him ſo ſhewen, in that I poſſibly may. And ſo with the remembrance of my harty recommendations, with like thankes for your two letters of forreine newes, receiued the laſt weeke: I com-

mitte you to the Protection of the Almighty. Walden this 29. of Auguſt 1592.

Your louing frend Chriſtopher Bird.

In ſteed of other nouels, I ſende you my opinion, in a plaine, but true Sonnet, vpon the famous new worke, intituled, *A Quippe for an vpſtart Courtier;* or, forſooth, *A quaint Diſpute betweene Veluet-breeches, and Cloth-breeches:* as fantaſticall and fond a Dialogue, as I haue ſeene: and for ſome particulars, one of the moſt licentious, and intollerable Inuectiues, that euer I read. Wherein the leawd fellow, and impudent rayler, in an odious and deſperate moode, without any cauſe, or reaſon; amongſt ſondry other perſons notoriouſly deffamed, moſt ſpitefully and villanouſly abuſeth an auncient neighbour of mine, one *M. Haruey*, a right honeſt man of good reckoninge; and one that aboue twenty yeres ſince bare the chiefeſt office in Walden with good credite: and hath mainetained foure ſonnes, in *Cambridge* and elſe where, with great charges: all ſufficiently able to aunſweare for themſelues: and three, (in ſpite of ſome few *Greenes*) vniuerſally well reputed in both Vniuerſities, and through the whole Realme. Whereof one returning ſicke from *Norwich* to *Linne*, in Iuly laſt, was paſt ſence of any ſuch malicious iniury, before the publication of that

vile Pamphlet. *Liuor poſt fata quieſcat: & benè à ſingulis audiant, qui omnibus volunt benè.*

A due Commendation of the Quipping Autor.

Greene *the Connycatcher, of this Dreame the Autor,*
For his dainty deuiſe, deſerueth the hauter.
A rakehell: A makeſhift: A ſcribling foole:
A famous bayard in Citty, and Schoole.
Now ſicke, as a Dog: and euer braineſick:
Where ſuch a rauing, and deſperate Dick?
Sir reuerence, A ſcuruy Maſter of Art,
Aunſweared inough with a Doctors fart.
He ſcornes other Aunſweare: and Enuy ſalutes
With ſhorteſt vowels, and with longeſt mutes.
For farther triall, himſelf he referres
To proofe, and ſound iudgement, that ſeldome erres.
Now good Robin-good-fellow, and gentle Greene-ſleeues,
Giue him leaue to be quiet, that none aggreeues.

Miſerrima Fortuna, quæ caret inimico./

The Second Letter.

To my louing frend, Maiſter Chriſtopher Bird of Walden.

MAISTER *Bird*, in the abſence of M. *Demetrius*, I deliuered your letter vnto his wife, whome I found very courteous. My next buſineſſe was to enquire after the famous Author: who was reported to lye dangerouſly ſicke in a ſhoemakers houſe near Dow-gate: not of the plague, or the pockes, as a Gentleman ſaide, but of a ſurfett of pickle herringe and renniſh wine, or as ſome ſuppoſe, of an exceeding feare. For in his extreameſt want, he offered ten, or rather then faile twenty ſhillinges to the printer (a huge ſom with him at that inſtant) to leaue out the matter of the three brothers: with confeſſion of his great feare to be called *Coram* for thoſe forged imputations. A conſcious mind, and vndaunted hart, ſeldome dwell together: hee was not the firſt, that bewrayed, & puniſhed his owne guiltines, with bluſhing for ſhame, or trembling for dread, or drouping for woe. Many can heape miſery inough vppon their owne heads: and neede no more penalty, but, their owne contrition, and the Cenſure of other. I would not wiſhe a ſworne enimie to bee more baſely valued, or more vilely

reputed, then the common voice of the cittie eſteemeth him, that ſought Fame by diffamation of other, but hath vtterly diſcredited himſelfe: and is notoriouſly grown a very prouerbe of Infamy, and contempt. I little delight in the rehearſall of ſuch paltrye: but who like *Elderton* for Ballating: *Greene* for pamphletting: both, for goodfellowſhip, and bad conditions? Rayling was the Ypocras of the drunken rimeſter: and Quipping the Marchepane of the madde libeller. They ſcape faire, that go ſcot-free in ſuch ſawcy / reckoninges: I haue knowne ſome, read of many, and heard of more, that wantonly quipped other & ſoundly nipped themſelues. The hoatteſt bloud of choller may be cooled: and as the fierceſt fury of wild-fire, ſo the fierceſt wild-fire of Fury, conſumeth it ſelfe. Howbeit a common miſchiefe would be preuented: and it generally concerneth all, and particularly behoooueth euery one, to looke about him, when he heareth the belles ringing backward, and ſeeth the fire running forward: and beholdeth euen Death in perſon, ſhooting his peremptory boltes. You vnderſtand me without a Gloſſe: and here is matter inough for a new ciuill war, or ſhall I ſay for a new Troyan ſiedge, if this poore Letter ſhould fortune to come in print. I deale directly: and will plainly tell you my fancy, if *Titius* continue to vpbraid *Caius* with euery thing & nothing.

I neither name Martin-mar-prelate: nor ſhame Papp wyth a hatchet: nor mention any other, but *Elderton*, and *Greene*: two notorious mates, & the very ringleaders of the riming, and ſcribbling crew. But *Titius*, or rather *Zoilus* in his ſpitefull vaine, will ſo long flurt at *Homer*: and *Therſites*, in his peeuiſh moode, ſo long fling at *Agamemnon*: that they wil become extremely odious & intollerable to all good Learning, and ciuill Gouernement: and in attempting to pull downe, or diſgrace other without order, muſt needes finally ouerthrow themſelues without relief. Oratours haue challenged a ſpeciall Liberty: and Poets claimed an abſolute Licence: but no Liberty without boundes: nor any Licence without limitation. Inuectiues by fauour haue bene too bolde: and Satyres by vſurpation too-preſumptuous: I ouerpaſſe *Archilochus*, *Ariſtophanes*, *Lucian*, *Iulian*, *Aretine*, and that whole venemous and viperous brood, of old & new Raylers: euen *Tully*, and *Horace* otherwhiles ouer / reched: and I muſt needs ſay, Mother Hubbard, in heat of choller, forgetting the pure ſanguine of her ſweete Feary Queene, wilfully ouer-ſhot her malcontented ſelfe: as elſewhere I haue ſpecified at larg, with the good leaue of vnſpotted friendſhipp. Examples in ſome ages doe exceeding much hurt. *Saluſt*, and *Clodius* learned of *Tully*, to frame artificiall Declamations,

& patheticall Inuectiues againſt *Tully* himſelfe, and other worthy members of that moſt-floriſhing State: if mother Hubbard in the vaine of *Chawcer*, happen to tel one Canicular tale: father *Elderton*, and his ſonne *Greene*, in the vaine of *Skelton*, or *Scoggin*, will counterfeit an hundred dogged Fables, Libles, Calumnies, Slaunders, Lies for the whet-ſtone, what not, & moſt curriſhly ſnarle, & bite where they ſhould moſt kindly fawne, and licke. Euery priuate exceſſe is daungerous: but ſuch publike enormities, incredibly pernitious, and inſuportable: and who can tell, what huge outrages might amount of ſuch quarrellous, and tumultuous cauſes? Honour is precious: worſhip of value: Fame inualuable: they perillouſly threaten the Commonwealth, that goe-about to violate the inuiolable partes thereof. Many will ſooner looſe their liues, then the leaſt Iott of their reputation. Lord, what mortall feudes, what furious combats, what cruell bloudſhed, what horrible ſlaughterdome haue bene committed, for the point of Honour, and ſome few Courtly cerimonies? Though meaner perſons do not ſo highly ouerpriſe their credite; yet who taketh not diſcourteſie vnkindly, or ſlaunder diſpleaſingly? For mine owne part, I am to make an vſe of my aduerſaries abuſe: and will endeuour to reforme any default, where of I may iuſtly, or probably be

empeached. Some Emulation hath already done me good: both for ſupply of great imperfections: / & for encreaſe of ſmall perfections. I haue, and who hath not, found it better, to be tickled & ſtinged of a buſy ennemy, then to be coyed, & lulled of an idle frend. *Plutarch* is grauely wiſe: and *Macchiauell* ſubtilly politike: but in either of them, what ſounder, or finer piece of cunning, then to reape commodity by him, that ſeeketh my diſpleaſure: & to play vpon the aduauntage of his detection of my infirmities? Other cauilling, or mote-ſpying Malice confoundeth it ſelfe: & I continue my accuſtomed ſimplicity, to aunſwere vanity with ſilence: though peraduenture not without daunger of inuiting a newe iniury, by intertaining an old. Patience hath trained mee to pocket-vp more hainous indignities: & euen to digeſt an age of Iron. They that can doe little, muſt be contented to ſuffer much. My betters neede not take it grieuouſly, to be taunted or reproched in that booke, where Saint Peter, & Chriſt himſelfe are Lucianically & ſcoffingly alleadged: the one for begging, the other for graunting A fooliſh boone: (pretended euer ſince the fatall deſtiny of the gentle crafte). Some men wil haue their ſwinge, & their bugges-woordes, though it be againſt all Gods-forbid: & what Ceſars might, or Catoes integrity, or what Saints

deuotion can ſtop ſuch mouths? yet neither themſelues the better: nor other the woorſe: that depend not on their allowance, but rely on their owne iuſtification: and deſire to confute their impudency not with words, but with deeds. Howbeit I am not to preiudice my Brother aliue: or to ſmoother the wrong, offered to my Brother deceaſed: or to tollerate the leaſt diffamation of my good Father, whome no illwiller could euer touch with any diſhoneſty, or diſcredite in any ſort. Nothing more deere, or ineſtimable, then a mans good name: & albeit I contemne ſuch pelting iniuries, vainely deuiſed againſt / my ſelfe, yet am I not to neglecte ſo intollerable a wrong, ſo notoriouſly publiſhed againſt them. There is law for deſperateſt out-lawes: & order for moſt diſorderly fellowes. They that cannot gouerne themſelues, muſt bee ruled by other; and pay for their folly. Whiles I was thus, or to like effecte, reſoluing with my ſelfe, and diſcourſing with ſome ſpeciall frendes: not onely writing vnto you: I was ſuddainely certified, that the king of the paper ſtage (ſo the Gentleman tearmed *Greene*) had played his laſt part, & was gone to *Tarleton*: whereof I proteſt, I was nothing glad, as was expected, but vnfainedly ſory; aſwell becauſe I could haue wiſhed, he had taken his leaue with a more charitable farewell: as alſo becauſe I was

depriued of that remedy in Law, that I entended againſt him, in the behalfe of my Father, whoſe honeſt reputation I was in many dueties to tender. Yet to ſome conceited witt, that could take delight to diſcouer knaueries, or were a fitte perſon to augment the hiſtory of Conny-catchers: O Lord, what a pregnant occaſion were here preſented, to diſplay leaud vanity in his liuely coullours, & to decipher the very miſteries of that baſe Arte? Petty Cooſeners are not woorth the naming: he they ſay, was the Monarch of Croſbiters, and the very Emperour of ſhifters. I was altogether vnacquainted with the man, & neuer once ſaluted him by name: but who in London hath not heard of his diſſolute, and licentious liuing; his fonde diſguiſinge of a Maſter of Arte with ruffianly haire, vnſeemely apparell, and more vnſeemelye Company: his vaineglorious and Thraſonicall brauinge: his piperly Extemporizing, and Tarletonizing; his apiſhe counterfeiting of euery ridiculous, and abſurd toy: his fine cooſening of Iuglers, and finer iugling with cooſeners: hys villainous cogging, and foiſting; his monſtrous ſwearinge, and / horrible forſwearing; his impious profaning of ſacred Textes: his other ſcandalous, and blaſphemous rauinge: his riotous and outragious ſurfeitinge; his continuall ſhifting of lodginges: his plauſible muſteringe, and banquet-

inge of royſterly acquaintaunce at his firſt comminge; his beggarly departing in euery hoſtiſſes debt; his infamous reſorting to the Banckſide, Shorditch, Southwarke, and other filthy hauntes: his obſcure lurkinge in baſeſt corners: his pawning of his ſword, cloake, and what not, when money came ſhort; his impudent pamphletting, phantaſticall interluding, and deſperate libelling, when other cooſening ſhifts failed: his imployinge of Ball (ſurnamed cuttinge Ball) till he was intercepted at Tiborne, to leauy a crew of his truſtieſt companions, to guarde him in daunger of Arreſtes: his keping of the foreſaid Balls ſiſter, a ſorry ragged queane, of whome hee had his baſe ſonne, *Infortunatus Greene*: his forſaking of his owne wife, too honeſt for ſuch a huſband: particulars are infinite: his contemning of Superiours, deriding of other, and defying of all good order? Compare baſe fellowes, and noble men together: & what in a manner wanted he of the ruffianly, and variable nature of *Catiline*, or *Antony*, but the honourable fortunes of *Catiline*, and *Antony*? They that haue ſeene much more then I haue heard; (for ſo I am credibly infourmed) can relate ſtraunge & almoſt incredible Comedies of his monſtrous diſpoſition: wherewith I am not to infect the Aire, or defile this paper. There be inough, and inough ſuch Hiſtories, both dead, and

liuing: though youth bee not corrupted, or age accloyed with his Legendary. Truely I haue been aſhamed, to heare ſome aſcertayned reportes of hys moſt woefull, and raſcall eſtate: how the wretched fellow, or ſhall I ſay the Prince of beggars, laid all to gage for ſome few / ſhillinges: and was attended by lice: and would pittifully beg a penny-pott of Malmeſie: and could not gett any of his old acquaintance to comfort, or viſite him in his extremity, but Miſtris Appleby, and the mother of Infortunatus. Alas, euen his fellow-writer, a proper yong man if aduiſed in time, that was a principall gueſt at that fatall banquet of pickle herring, (I ſpare his name, and in ſome reſpectes wiſh him well) came neuer more at him: but either would not, or happily could not, performe the duty of an affectionate, and faithfull frend. The poore Cordwainers wife was his onely nurſe: and the mother of Infortunatus hys ſole companion: but when Miſtreſſe Appleby came, [it was] as much to expoſtulate iniuries with her, as to viſite him. God helpe good fellowes when they cannot helpe themſelues. Slender reliefe in the predicamente of priuations, and fained habites. Miſerable man, that muſt periſh: or be ſuccoured by counterfeite, or impotente ſupplies. I once bemoned the decayed and blaſted eſtate of M. *Gaſcoigne*: who wanted not ſome commendable

parts of conceit, and endeuour: but vnhappy M. *Gaſcoigne*, how Lordly happy, in compariſon of moſt-vnhappy M. *Greene*? He neuer enuyed me ſo much, as I pittied him from my hart: eſpecially when his hoſtiſſe *Iſam* with teares in her eies, & ſighes from a deeper fountaine, (for ſhe loued him derely) tould me of his lamentable begging of a penny pott of Malmeſy: and, ſir reuerence how lowſy he, and the mother of Infortunatus were (I would her Surgeon found her no worſe, then lowſy:) and how he was faine poore ſoule, to borrow her huſbandes ſhirte, whiles his owne was a waſhing: and how his dublet, and hoſe, and ſword were ſold for three ſhillinges: and beſide the charges of his winding ſheete, which was foure ſhillinges; and the charges of hys buriall / yeſterday, in the New-churchyard neere Bedlam, which was ſix ſhillinges, and foure pence; how deeply hee was indebted to her poore huſbande: as appeered by hys own bonde of tenne poundes: which the good woman kindly kindly ſhewed me: and beſeeched me to read the writting beneath: which was a letter to his abandoned wife, in the behalfe of his gentle hoſt: not ſo ſhort as perſuaſible in the beginning, and pittifull in the ending.

Doll, I charge thee by the loue of our youth, & by my ſoules reſt, that thou wilte ſee this man paide:

for if hee, and his wife had not ſuccoured me, I had died in the ſtreetes.

Robert Greene.

Oh what notable matter were here for a greene head, or Lucianicall conceit: that would take pleaſure in the paine of ſuch ſorry diſtreſſed creatures? whoſe afflicted caſe, to euery charitable, or compaſſionate mind, cannot but ſeeme moſt commiſerable, if not for their owne cauſe, yet for Gods ſake: who deſerueth infinitely of them, whome hee acquitteth, not according to iudgement, but according to mercy. I rather hope of the deade, as I wiſh to the liuinge, that Grace might finally abounde, where wickedneſſe did ouerflow: and that Chriſt in his diuine goodneſſe ſhoulde miraculouſly forgiue the man, that in his diueliſh badneſſe blaſphemouſly reuiled God. The dead bite not: and I am none of thoſe, that bite the dead. When I begin to conflict with ghoſtes, then looke for my Confutation of his fine Quippe or quaint Diſpute, whome his ſweete hoſtiſſe, for a tender farewell, crowned with a Garland of Bayes: to ſhew, that a tenth Muſe honoured him more being deade, then all the nine honoured him aliue. I know not whether *Skelton*, *Elderton*, or ſome like flouriſhing Poet were ſo enterred: / it was his owne requeſt, and his Nurſes

deuotion: and happily ſome of his fauourites may imitate the example. One that wiſhed him a better lodging, then in a poore Iourneymans houſe, & a better graue, then in that Churchyard in Bedlam, hath perfourmed a little peece of greater duety to a Laureat Poet.

Here lies the man, whome miſtriſſe Iſam *crown'd with bayes;*
Shee, ſhee, that ioyde to heare, her Nightingales ſweete layes.

Which an other no ſooner read, but he immediatly ſubſcribed: as ſpeaking to the ignorant paſſenger.

Heere Bedlam is: and heere a Poet gariſh,
Gaily bedeck'd, like forehorſe of the pariſh.

Other Epitaphes, and funerall deuotions I am promiſed by ſome, that deepely affect inſpired Bardes, and the adopted ſonnes of the Muſes: but you may imagine, I haue ſmal ſuperfluity of leyſure, to entend ſuch buſineſſe: and yet nothing of frend, or foe, can be vnwelcome vnto mee, that ſauoureth of Witte, or reliſheth of Humanity, or taſteth of any good. In the meane, as euer before for a generall Defence, ſo ſtill for a ſpeciall Apology, I referre my ſelfe to euery indifferent iudgement: and preſume they will conceiue well, that perceiue

no ill. Charity recommendeth Fauour to ſuperiors ; Amity to equalls : and good-will to all ; that either reuerence diuinity, or regarde Humanity. Friendes haue Affection ; and the wiſer ſort Reaſon, to value men, not by others report, but by their owne deſart, or probable hope : which I would willingly nouriſh, as I honeſtly may, till it ſhall pleaſe God to affoord ſome conuenient occaſion of more actuall proofe. And as for Enuy or hatred to any party : I did euer abhorre them both : and I imagine / there is not any, that either more reſolutely diſdayneth the one, or, more peremptorily deteſteth the other : as perhaps may yer long viſibly appeere : if ſome other requiſites concurre with my intention, or fall-out aunſwearable to my expectation. Promiſe is debt : and I hadd rather perfourme, then promiſe any thinge : but a minde, deſirous to pleaſure frendes, to reconcile foes, to diſpleaſe fewe, to diſpleaſure none. They that haue little elſe, to winne or continue credite, had neede haue Humanity in ſupply of other defectes. Let the worlde deale with ſimple men, as it pleaſeth : I loath to be odious to any : and would be loth to bee tedious to you. The next weeke, you may happily haue a letter of ſuch French occurrences, and other intelligences, as the credible relation of inquiſitiue frendes, or imployed ſtraungers, ſhall acquaint me withall. That moſt valorous, and

braue king wanteth no honourable prayſes, or zealous prayers. Redoubted Parma was neuer ſo matched: and in ſo many woorthy hiſtories, aſwell new, as olde; how few comparable either for Vertue, or Fortune? The Spanyard, politique inough, and not ouer-raſhly audatious, will bee aduiſed before he entangle himſelfe with more warres attonce: knowing how the braue Earle of Eſſex, woorthy Sir Iohn Norrice, and their valiant knightes, haue fought for the honour of England: and for the right of Fraunce, of the Low countries, and of Portugall. Thriſe happy Fraunce; though how vnhappy Fraunce, that hath ſuch a Soueraine Head, ſuch reſolute Hartes, and ſuch inuincible Handes to fight for thee; that will either recouer thee moſt mightily, or die for thee moſt honourably. Were I of ſufficient diſcourſe, to record the valiaunteſt, and memorableſt actes of the world; I would count it a felicity, to haue the oportunity of ſo egregious, and heroicall an argument: not pleaſurably / deuiſed in counterfaite names, but admirably repreſented to the eie of France, and the eare of the world, in the perſons of royall, and moſt puiſſaunt knightes: how ſingularlie worthy of moſt glorious, and immortal fame? Gallant wits, and braue pennes may honorably bethinke themſelues: and euen ambitiouſlye frame their ſtile to a noble emulation of Liuy, Homer, and

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the diuineſt ſpirits of all ages: I returne to my priuate buſineſſe. Good maiſter Birde, commende me to my good friendes: and fare you hartely wel. London this 5. of September.

Your euer aſſured: GABRIELL HARUEY.

The Third Letter.

To euery Reader, fauourablie, or indifferently affected.

ALBEIT for theſe twelue, or thirteene yeares, no man hath beene more loth, or more ſcrupulous, then my ſelfe, to vnderlie the cenſure of euery curious conceite, or rigorous iudgement, that pretendeth a deepe inſight in the perfections of wits and ſtiles, inſomuch that euen Actions of Silence and Patience haue bene commenced againſt me: and although I ſtil dwel in the ſame opinion, that nothing would be committed to a publike view, that is not exactly laboured both for matter and maner: and that importeth not ſome notable vſe, to one, or other effecuall purpose: Yet partlie the vehemente importunity of ſome affectionate friends, and partly mine own tender regard of my fathers and my brothers good reputation, haue ſo forcibly ouer-ruled me, that I haue finally condeſcended to their paſſionate motion: and in an

extraordinarie caſe, haue reſpectiuely yeelded my conſent to an extraordinary courſe. Which I would vnpartially commend to the reaſonable allowance of euery indifferent peruſer that carrieth Courteſie in his Tongue, or honeſty in his Hart. For mine owne iniury, the more I conſider, the leſſe I eſtimate the ſame: as one born to ſuffer, & made to contemne iniuries. He that in his youth flattered not himſelfe with the exceeding commendations of ſome greateſt ſchollers in the worlde: cannot at theſe yeares, either be diſcouraged with miſreporte, or daunted with miſfortune. A premeditate, & reſolute minde lightly ſhaketh off the heauieſt croſſes of malice, and eaſely paſſeth ouer a thouſande grieuances with a ſmile. Some haue learned of Reaſon, ſome of Philoſophy, ſome of Hiſtory, ſome of Diuinitie, ſome of Experience, ſome of all, to endure patiently, whatſoeuer befalleth, & euen to make the cruelleſt paine pleaſant, as ſome make the ſweteſt pleaſure painefull. I had rather name *Titius*, or *Sempronius*, then my ſelfe: But the vrgent entreaty of friends, and your eager expectation haue ſuddainely obtained that, which no perſonall empeachment, or real enforcement, could in many yeres extort. Howbeit I ſhall hardly content them, to ſatisfy you: that am neither to offend any, but in caſe of notoriety: nor to defend my ſelfe, but in caſe of neceſſity,

or honeſty. If anie haue charged mee, or do charge mee with inſufficiency, I confeſſe: perfection is no common gifte: if with ignorance, I graunt: many ſeeme, fewe are learned: if with ſimplicity, I yeeld: wondrous wittes are rare birdes: if with ill lucke, I deny not: good lucke is not euerie mans lotte: / yet who euer hearde me complaine of ill-lucke, or once ſay, *Fortune my foe?* But in the plainneſſe of my nature, and ſimplicitie of my Arte, I can eaſely defie the proudeſt, that dareth cal my credite in queſtion: or accuſe me of any diſhoneſt, or ſcandelous parte, either in deede, or in word. Many thinges are made offenſiue in the handling, that are tollerable inough in their owne nature: or fie on an odious circumſtaunce, where the ſubſtance it ſelfe might be more gratious. Letters may bee priuately written, that would not bee publikely diuulged: I was then yong in yeares, freſh in courage, greene in experience, and as the manner is, ſomewhat ouerweening in conceit: and for varietie of ſtudy, and ſome deeper intelligence in the affayres of the world, otherwhiles reading inuectiues, and Satyres, artificially amplifyed in the moſt exaggerate and hyperbolicall kinde, I coulde hardlye refraine from diſcoueringe ſome little part of my reading: I had curiouſly laboured ſome exact, and exquiſite poyntes of ſtudie and practiſe, and

greatly miſliked the prepoſterous and vntowerd courſes of diuers good wits, ill directed ; there wanted not ſome ſharpe vndeſerued diſcourteſies to exaſperate my minde : ſhall I touch the vlcer? it is no ſuch myſterye, but it may be reuealed : I was ſuppoſed not vnmeet for the Oratorſhip of the vniuerſity, which in that ſpringe of mine age, for my Exerciſe, and credite I earneſtly affected : but mine owne modeſt petition, my friendes diligent labour, our high Chauncellors moſt honourable and extraordinarye commendation, were all peltingly defeated, by a ſlye practiſe of the olde Foxe : whoſe acts, and monuments ſhall neuer dye : ſome like accidents of diſlike for breuity I ouerfly : young bloud is hot ; youth haſty : ingenuity open : abuſe impa / tiente : choler ſtomachous : temptations buſie : the Inuectiue vaine, a ſturring and tickeling vaine : the Satyricall humour, a puffinge and ſwellinge humor : Conceit penneth, leiſure peruſeth, and Curteſy commendeth many needleſſe diſcourſes : Idleneſſe, the greateſt Author & variableſt Reader in the world : ſome familiar friendes pricked me forward : and I, neither fearing daunger, nor ſuſpecting ill meaſure, (poore credulitie ſone beguiled) was not vnwilling to content them, to delight a few other, and to auenge, or ſatisfie my ſelfe, after the manner of ſhrewes, that cannot otherwiſe eaſe their curſt

hearts, but by their owne tongues, & their neighbours eares. Signor Immerito (for that name will be remembred) was then, and is ſtill, my affectionate friend, one that could very wel abide Gaſcoignes Steele glaſſe, and that ſtoode equallie indifferent to either part of the ſtate Demonſtratiue: many communications, and writings may ſecretlie paſſe betweene ſuch, euen for an exerciſe of ſpeech, and ſtile, that are not otherwiſe conuenient to be diſcloſed: it was the ſiniſter hap of thoſe infortunate Letters, to fall into the left handes of malicious enemies, or vndiſcreete friends: who aduentured to imprint in earneſt, that was ſcribled in ieſt (for the moody fit was ſoone ouer:) and requited their priuate pleaſure with my publike diſpleaſure: oh my ineſtimable, and infinite diſpleaſure. When there was no remedie, but melancholy patience; and the ſharpeſt parte of thoſe vnlucky Letters had bene ouer-read at the Councell Table; I was aduiſed by certaine honourable and diuers worſhipfull perſons, to interpreate my intention in more expreſſe termes: and thereupon diſcourſed euerie particularitie, by way of Articles or Poſitions, in a large Apology of my duetiful, and entier affection to that flouriſhing / Vniuerſitie, my deere Mother; which Apology, with not ſo few as forty ſuch Academicall Exerciſes, and ſundry other politique Dis-

courſes, I haue hitherto ſuppreſſed, as vnworthie the view of the buſie world, or the entertainement of precious Time: but peraduenture theſe extra-ordinarie prouocations may worke extraordinarilie in me; and though not in paſſion, yet in conceit ſturre me vp, to publiſh many traictes, and Diſcourſes, that in certaine conſiderations I meant euer to conceale, and to Dedicate vnto none, but vnto obſcure Darkneſſe, or famous Vulcane. It were pittie, but wonderous wits (giue enemies their due) ſhoulde become more woonderous by compariſon: conference maketh excellent things appeare more admirable: & I am ſo far frō being a Saturniſt by nature, or a Stoick by diſcipline, that I can eaſily frame a certaine pleaſurable delight vnto my ſelfe, by miniſtring ſome matter vnto them, that now are faine to make ſomething of nothing: and wittily to plaie with their own ſhadowes. It goeth ſomewhat hard in my harſh Legend, whē the father of Muſicke muſt be mocked, not Tubulcain, as he miſtearmeth him, but Tuball, whom Geneſis voutſafeth honourable mention: and the Hexameter verſe flouted; whereof neither Homer in Greeke, nor Virgil in Latin, (how valorous Autors?) nor Alexander in conqueſt, nor Auguſtus in maieſty, (how puiſſaunt Princes?) were aſhamed; but accompted it the onely gallant trompet of braue, and

Heroicall Acts: and I wis, the Engliſh is nothing too good to imitat the Greeke, or Latine, or other eloquent Languages, that honour the Hexameter, as the ſoueraigne of verſes, and the high Controwler of Rimes. If I neuer deſerue anye better remembraunce, let mee rather be Epitaphed, The Inuentour of the Engliſh Hexameter; / whom learned M. Stanihurſt imitated in his Virgill; and excellent Sir Philip Sidney diſdained not to follow in his *Arcadia*, & elſewhere: then be chronicled, The greene maiſter of the Blacke Arte: or the founder of vgly oathes; or the father of misbegotten *Infortunatus*: or the Scriuener of Croſsbiters: or as one of his own ſectaries termed him, the Patriarch of ſhifters. Happy man I, if theſe two be my hainouſeſt crimes, and deadlieſt ſinnes: To bee the Inuentour of the Engliſh Hexameter, and to bee orderlie clapt in the Fleete for the foreſaide Letters: where he that ſawe mee, ſawe mee at Conſtantinople. Indeed Sir Iames Croft (whome I neuer touched with the leaſt tittle of detractions) was cunningly incenſed, and reincenſed againſt mee: but at laſt pacified by the voluntarie mediation of my honourable fauourers, M. Secretary Wilſon, and Sir Walter Mildmay: vnrequeſted by any line of my hand, or any woord of my mouth. Neither did I otherwiſe ſollicite, or intreate Sir Iames, till

I had aſſured notice of his better ſatisfaction: when I writte vnto him, as became mee, in reſpectiue and dutifull ſort: not for feare of any daunger, but for loue of honourable fauour. Which Letters, albeit not ſo ceremoniouſlie pleaſing, as effectually contenting, the wiſe knight not onely receiued courteouſly, but accepted fauourablie, and commended honourablye: and for my ſelfe, earneſtly affirmed, I was firſt wronged by other, and then miſtaken by him; but now found another man, then I was ſuppoſed. As for my old Controwler, Doctor Perne (for he indeed was the man, that otherwhiles flattered me exceedingly, otherwhiles ouerthwarted me croſly, alwaies plaied faſt, and looſe with me) he was old enough, to aunſweare for himſelfe, and ſhould not bee defended by him Onely / he wiſhed me to proceede louingly with the Vniuerſity, howſoeuer I dealt with that Doctor. And that was all the Fleeting, that euer I felt; ſauing that an other company of ſpeciall good fellowes, (whereof he was none of the meaneſt that brauely threatned to coniure-vpp one, which ſhould maſſacre Martins wit, or ſhould bee lam-backd himſelf with ten yeares prouiſion) would needs forſooth verye courtly perſwade the Earle of Oxforde, that ſome thing in thoſe Letters, and namely, the Mirrour of Tuſcaniſmo, was palpably

intended againſt him : whoſe noble Lordeſhip I proteſt I neuer meante to diſhonour with the leaſt preiudicial word of my Tongue, or pen : but euer kept a mindefull reckoning of many bounden duties toward The-ſame: ſince in the prime of his gallāteſt youth, hee beſtowed Angels vpon me in Chriſtes Colledge in Cambridge, and otherwiſe voutſafed me many gratious fauours at the affectionate commendation of my Coſen, M. Thomas Smith, the ſonne of Sir Thomas, ſhortly after Colonel of the Ardes in Ireland. But the noble Earle, not diſpoſed to trouble his Iouiall mind with ſuch Saturnine paltery ſtil continued, like his magnificent ſelfe : and that Fleeting alſo proued, like the other, a ſilly bullbeare, a ſorry puffe of winde, a thing of nothing. But a ſtrong imagination pierceth deepely : and the Paper Fleete will not bee ſo aunſwered. Ieſu, what would ſuch notable fellowes write, or rather would they not write, if they could probably ſay, or fantaſtically ſurmize by me, as I can euidently proue by them? But I ſeeke not the condemnation of the deade, or the diſgrace of the liuing ; but the good amendement of the one, by the naughty example of the other. And for mine own farther iuſtification in the premiſſes, or otherwiſe: I had rather my larger writings and / other actions ſhould plead for mee, then this, or any ſlighte

Letter : wherein I am not to infourme pregnant conceits, that may imagine more by a little : or to addreſſe any peece of mine own hiſtory, though wiſer men in caſe of vnworthy reproch, haue not made nice to vndertake their own defence, and euen to labour their owne commendation. The plauſible Examples of Tully, Cato, Marius, Scipio, diuers ſuch vertuous Romanes, and ſundry excellent Greekes, are famouſly knowen : but not greatly fit for euery mannes imitation. Were other of my diſpoſition, ſmall time ſhould be loſt in auenging, or debating verball iniuries, eſpecially to my ſelfe : who can verie well ſuffer poore ſpite, to ſhoote at mee, and to hitte himſelfe : and ſometime ſmile at the ſilly flie, that will needs martyr it ſelfe in my candle. But me thinkes, the wildeſt head, and deſperateſt mind ſhould conſider, they that ſpeak il muſt not looke to heare well : the worlde is not giuen to pocket vp infamies : who cannot returne-home a Quippe, or requite one libell with another? nothing more common in bookes, or more readye in mouthes, then the Inuectiue vaine, and the whole Arte of railing : ſome ſchollers haue choyce of nimble pennes, & ſmooth tongues at cõmandement : & there was a time, when paraduenture I coulde ſpeake with them, that talked with me. Though the caſe be altered ; and I now, none of the haſtieſt to ſtriue

for thoſe bucklers; yet a general, a ſpecial, a glowing, a piercing indignitie, may rekindle ſome little ſparkes of courage, and affection wil be affection, though not in proper reuenge, yet the common duetie. I am not to diſpute the nature of Force, or the force of nature: who knoweth not, how violentlie force prouoketh force: or how mightilie nature worketh in compatible natures? But how far publike obiectiõs, / or famous imputations require publike aunſwers: or how inſufficient the formalleſt Iudiciall remedie in any one Court, may ſeeme, in caſe of a printed diffamation, that with the wings of Mallice in ſome, of Enuie in more, and of Leuity in moſt, flieth through the Realme, and ouer the Sea: bee it indifferentlie decided by euerie diſcreete iudgement, or reaſonable conſideration. Eſpecially when the guiltie part is deceaſed: and the iniury not the leſſe, but the more notorious. The beſt is, the perſons abuſed, are not altogether vnknowen, they haue not ſo euell a neighbour, that euer reade, or hearde thoſe opprobrious villanies (it is too-mild a name, for my brother Richardes moſt abhominable Legend, who frameth himſelfe to liue as chaſtely, as the leawde writer affected to liue beaſtly) but hath preſentlie broken out into ſome ſuch earneſt, or more paſſionate ſpeeches: ô peſtilent knauery, who euer heard

ſuch arrant forgeries, and ranke lies? A mad world, where ſuch ſhameful ſtuffe is bought, and ſould: and where ſuch roiſterly Varlets may be ſuffered to play vpon whome they luſt, and how they luſt. Is this *Greene* with the running Head, and the ſcribling Hand, that neuer linnes putting-forth new, newer, & neweſt bookes of the maker? If his other bookes bee as holeſome geere, as this, no maruaile though the gay-man conceiue trimlie of himſelfe, and ſtatelye ſcorne all beſide. *Green*, vile Greene, would thou weareſt halfe ſo honeſt, as the worſt of the foure, whom thou vpbraideſt: or halfe ſo learned, as the vnlearnedſt of the three. Thanke other for thy borrowed & filched plumes of ſome little Italianated brauery; & what remaineth, but flat Impudencie, and groſſe Detraction: the proper ornaments of thy ſweete vtterance? I alleadge not mine owne inuentions, (who cannot forget the / two Athenian Temples of Impudencie, and Calumnie, when I remember him:) I could nominate the Gentlemen, and ſubſtantiall Yeomen, Gentlemens fellowes, that vttered much more by his life, and can hardlie forbeare him ſince his death: and who of acquaintance with him, or them, whom hee depraueth, could either partiallie excuſe the one, or reaſonablie accuſe the other. Their liues effectually ſpeake for themſelues: and he that liued not to ſee nine and twentie yeares,

died not, till the Vniuerſitie of Cambridge had beſtowed vpō him a grace to bee a Doctor of his facultie, and till hee was reputed in Northfolke, where he practiſed phiſicke, a proper toward man, and as ſkilfull a Phiſition for his age, as euer came there : how well beloued of the chiefeſt Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen in that Shire, themſelues teſtifie. That his gone to Heauen cannot be recouered on Earth : it is our comfort, that he liued in good credite, and died in good minde. I muſt euer remember ſome of his notable ſayings (for in deede ſo they were) : and can neuer forget that ſweete voice of the dying Cignet : *ô frater Chriſtus eſt optimus Medicus, & meus ſolus Medicus. Vale Galene, valete humanæ Artes : nihil diuinum in terris, præter animum aſpirantem ad cælos.* That beſt and his onelie Phiſition knoweth, what ſpiritual phyſicke I commended vnto him, when I beheld in his meager and ghaſtly countenance, that I cannot rehearſe without ſome fit of compaſſion. Wee muſt in order follow him, that ſhoulde in nature haue gone before him, and I know not by what deſtinie, hee followed him firſt, that foled him laſt. How he departed, his ghoſtly mother Iſam, can trulieſt, and will fauourablieſt report ; how he liued, London remembreth. Oh, what a liuelie picture of Vanity? but oh, what a deadlie image of miſerie? And oh what

a terrible Caueat for ſuch & ſuch? I am not to extenuate or preiudice his wit, which could not any way be great, though ſom way not the leaſt of our vulgar writers, & mani-waies very vngracious: but who euer eſtemed him either wiſe, or learned, or honeſt, or any way credible? how many Gentlemen, and other ſay of him? Let the paltry fellow go: Lorde, what a lewde Companion was hee? What an egregious make-ſhift. Where ſhould Conny-catchers haue gotten ſuch a Secretarie: How ſhal coſenage do for a new Regiſter: or Phantaſticalitye for a new Autor. They wronge him much with their Epitaphs, and other ſolemne deuiſes, that entitle him not at the leaſt, The ſecond Toy of London; the Stale of Poules, the Ape of Euphues, the Vice of the Stage, the mocker of the ſimple world: the flowter of his friendes, the Foe of himſelfe; and ſo foorth. What durſt not hee vtter with his tongue; or diuulge with his Penne; or countenance with his face? Or whome cared hee for, but a careleſſe crewe of his own aſſociates? Peruſe his famous bookes: and in ſteede of *Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit vtile dulci* (that forſooth was his profeſſed Poeſie) Loe a wilde head, ful / of mad braine and a thouſande crotchets: A ſcholler, a Diſcourſer, a Courtier, a ruffian, a Gameſter, a Louer, a Souldier, a trauailer, a Mer-

chaunt, a Broker, an Artificer, a Botcher, a petti-fogger, a Player, a Cooſener, a Rayler, a beggar, an Omnigatherum, a Gay nothing: a Stoarehouſe of bald and baggage ſtuffe, vnwoorth the aunſwering, or reading: a Triuiall, and triobular Autor for knaues, & fooles: an Image of Idlenes; an Epitome of fantaſticalitie; a Mirrour of Vanitie: *Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas.*

Alaſe, that anie ſhoulde ſay, as I haue heard diuers affirme: His witte was nothing but a minte of knauerie; him / ſelf a deuiſer of iugling feates: a forger of couetous practiſes: an Inuentour of monſtruous oathes: a derider of all religions: a contemner of God, and man: a deſperate Lucianiſt: an abhominable Aretiniſt: an Arch-athieſt: and he arch-deſerued to be well hanged ſeauen yeares agoe. Twenty, and twentie ſuch familiar ſpeeches I ouer-paſſe: and bury the whole Legendary of his Life, & Death, in the Sepulchre of eternal Silence. I will not condemne, or cenſure his workes, which I neuer did ſo much as ſuperficially ouerrunne, but as ſome fewe of them occurſiuly preſented themſelues in Stationers ſhops, and ſome other houſes of my acquaintaunce. But I pray God they haue not done more harme by corruption of manners, then good by quickening of witte: and I would, ſome Buyers had either more Reaſon to diſcerne, or leſſe Appetite to

deſire ſuch Nouels. The world is full inough of fooleries: though the humor be not feaſted with ſuch luxurious, and riotous Pamphlets. Howe vnlike *Tullies* ſweete Offices: or *Iſocrates* pithy inſtructiõs: or *Plutarches* holeſome Morrals: or the delicate Dialogues of *Xenophon*, and *Plato*: or the ſage Tragedies of *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, or the fine Comedies of the dainetieſt Atticke wittes: or other excellent monumentes of antiquity, neuer ſufficientlie peruſed? yet the one as ſtale, as oldeſt faſhions, and what more freſhly current for a while then the other? Euen *Guicciardines* ſiluer hiſtory, and *Arioſtos* golden Cantoes, grow out of requeſt: and the Counteſſe of Pẽbrookes Arcadia is not greene inough for queaſie ſtomackes, but they muſt haue *Greenes* Arcadia: and I beleeue moſt eagerlie longed for *Greenes* Faerie Queene. O ſtraunge fancies: ô monſtrous newfangledneſſe. The wittier ſort taſteth, & flieth: as the Dog from Nilus: other wantons find Expe/rience the miſtris of fooles: and need no other pennance but their owne repentaunce. The verie Time confuteth Vanitie: and the verie place requireth ſobrietie. No publike ſecurity without priuate moderation: and the more bondes of gouernment, the more indefeaſible aſſurance. Due Circumſpection may do much good: and an aboundant Cautele can do little hurt. Youth is youth: &

age corruptible: better an hundred Ouides were baniſhed, then the ſtate of Auguſtus endangered, or a ſoueraigne Empire infected. Eſpecially in a tumultuous age, and in a world of warre: wherein not Bacchus, but Mars: not Venus, but Mercury: not Ryot, but Valour, not Phanſy, but Pollicy, muſt ſtrike the ſtroke. Gallant Gentlemen, be thinke your ſelues of the olde Romane Diſcipline, and the newe Spaniſh induſtry: and I am not to trouble you with any other accuſation of them, that condemne them ſelues, and neede no other ſhame, or puniſhment, but their owne woorkes. Onely I requeſt ſome buſy pennes to ſtay their wiſedomes: and either to publiſh a iuſtifyable trueth, or to conceale their bad diſpoſition. Woe to that ſtudy, that miſpendeth precious Time, and conſumeth it ſelf, in needleſſe, and bootleſſe quarrels. Compariſons, they ſay, are odious: but Inuectiues more odious: & what ſo abhominable, as forged & ſuborned calumnies? One, or two miſerable examples may ſtand for an hundred: I will not aggrauate or diſcourſe particulars: A pitiful caſe, that ſuch luſty beginninges ſhould haue ſuch ſorry ends: and who can tell, what dowty yoonker may next gnaſh with his teeth? Terrible Creatures, and the curſt Cowe, haue ſometime ſhort hornes. The wildeſt Colte is ſoone tamed: and be like neither Death, nor Shame, nor

Miſery are affraid of them, that vaunt themſelues, Like vnto Death, / and Will Sommer, in ſparing none. God helpe, and Charity pittie them, that haue neither hability to help, nor witt to pittie themſelues, but will needs try a concluſion betweene their heads, and the next wall. I haue heard of Gyants in conceit, and Pigmeis in performance: yong Phaetons, younge Icary, young Chorœbi, and I ſhall ſay young Babingtons, and how many millions of greene youthes, haue in ouermounting, moſt ruefully diſmounted, and lèft behinde them full-lamentable Hiſtories? For the very mention of ſome direfull Tragedies, were horrible, and what ſo wretched, as headlong enterpriſes: or ſo hideous, as the deſperate attempt of Impoſſibilities? *Philoſtratus* in his Icones, pleaſurably reporteth, according to the tradition of Greeke Poets, how on a time, A reſolute band of dowty Pigmies, triumphantly marched to inuade *Hercules* a ſleepe. Woe to ſuch braue aduentures. Æſops Toade, A proud aſpiring Creature, ſhamefullie ouermatched her ſwelling, and burſten ſelfe. Great, and ſmall things may in ſome proportion be compared together: and beholde as miſerable a ſpectacle, in their kinde. Flouriſhing M. *Greene* is moſt-wofully faded, and whileſt I am bemoaning his ouer-pitteous decay; & diſcourſing the vſuall ſucceſſe of ſuch ranke wittes, Loe all on the ſuddaine, his

ſworne brother, M. *Pierce Penni-leſſe*, (ſtill more paltery, but what remedy? we are already ouer ſhoes, and muſt now go through) Loe his inwardeſt companion, that taſted of the fatall herringe, cruelly pinched with want, vexed with diſcredite, tormented with other mens felicitie, and ouer-whelmed with his own miſery; in a rauing, and franticke moode, moſt deſperately exhibiteth his ſupplication to the Diuell. A ſtrange title, an od wit, and a mad hooreſon, I warrant him: doubtles it wil proue / ſome dainty deuiſe, queintly contriued, by way of humble Supplication To the high, and mighty Prince of Darkeneſſe: not Dunſically botched-vp, but right-formally cõueied, according to the ſtile, and tenour of Tarletons preſident, his famous play of the ſeauen Deadly ſinnes: which moſt-dea[d]ly, but moſt liuely playe, I might haue ſeene in London: and was verie gently inuited thereunto at Oxford, by *Tarleton* himſelfe, of whome I merrily demaunding, which of the ſeauen, was his owne deadlie ſinne, he bluntly aunſwered after this manner: By God, the ſinne of other Gentlemen, Lechery. Oh but that, M. Tarleton, is not your part vpon the ſtage: you are too-blame, that diſſemble with the world, & haue one part for your frends pleaſure, an other for your owne. I am ſomewhat of Doctor Pernes religion, quoth he: and abruptlie

tooke his leaue. Surely it muſt needes be current in matter, and autentical in forme, that had firſt ſuch a learned preſident: and is now pleaſantlie interlaced with diuers new-founde phraſes of the Tauerne: and patheticallie intermixt with ſundry dolefull pageantes of his own ruinous, & beggerlie experience. For the poore tennement of his Purſe, (quoth himſelfe, gramercy good *Tarleton*) hath bene the Diuels Dauncing ſchoole, anie time this halfe yeare, and I pray God, (quoth another) the poore Tenement of his Heart, hath not alſo beene the Diuels Fencing Schoole, twiſe as long. Particulars, and Circumſtances are tedious, eſpecially in ſorrowfull, and forlorne cauſes. The ſumme of ſummes is, He toſt his imagination a thouſand waies, and I beleeue ſearched euery corner of his Grammar-ſchoole witte (for his margine is as deepelie learned, as *Fauſte precor gelida*) to ſee if he coulde finde anie meanes to relieue his eſtate, but all his thoughtes, and marginal notes con-/ ſorted to his concluſion, That the worlde was vncharitable, and he ordained to be miſerable. It were cruelty, to add affliction to afflictiō: what flintly Heart would not ſigh or rather melt, to heare the bewailefull moane of that ſobbing, and groning Muſe, the daughter of moſt-pregnant, but moſt wretched *Niobe*?

Why iſt damnation, to deſpaire, and die,
When Life is my true happines diſeaſe?

And a little after :

Diuines, and dying men may talke of Hell:
But in my Heart, her ſeuerall tormentes dwell.

And ſo foorth, moſt-hideouſlie.

For the Text is much more dolefull, then the Gloſſe : and who woulde not be moued with more pittifull compunction, to heare the lamentable Farewell.

England adieu, the ſoile that brought me foorth :
Adieu vnkinde, where Skill is nothing worth :

Then, to read that profound Quotation,

Hei mihi, quam paucos hæc mea dicta mouent ?

Which was thought Pathetical out of crie,

Forgiue him God, although he curſe his Birth,
Since Miſerie hath dawnted all his Mirth.

Now, good ſweete Muſe, I beſeech thee by thy delicate witte, and by all the queinteſt Inuentions of thy deuiſeful braine, caſt not thy drearie ſelfe headlong into the horrible Gulf of Deſperation : but being a Creature of ſo ſingular, and wonderfull hope, as thy inſpired courage diuinelie ſuggeſteth, and ſtill reare-vp mountaines of higheſt Hope ; and either gallantlie aduance thy vertuous

ſelf, maugre Fortune: (what impoſſible to aſpiring induſtry?) or mightilie enchant ſome magnificent Mecœnas, (for thou canſt doe it) to honour himſelfe in honouring thee: and / to bliſſe the eies of the gazing worlde, with beholding thoſe Miracles, which ſome round liberality, and thy ſuper-thankfull minde, would hugelie enable thee to worke. Let it neuer be ſaid, that the Minion of the Muſes, ſhould forſake himſelf, or abandon them, whoſe very ſhadowes he adoreth. A braue Hart, in extreameſt diſtreſſe, neuer lanquiſheth: no ſuch affrighting Death, or gnaſhing Hell, as the deuouring Abyſſe of diſpaire. Yet better a man without money, then money without a man: Pennileſſe is not his purſe but his minde: not his reuenue, but his reſolution: A mã is a man though he haue but a hoſe vpon his head: for euerie curſe, there is a bleſſing, for euerie malady, a remedie, for euery winter, a ſommer: for euerie night a day, a dog hath a day.

Nocte pluit tota: redeunt ſpectacula manè.

Right magnanimitie neuer droupeth, ſweet Muſike requickneth the heauieſt ſpirites of dumpiſh Melancholy: fine Poetry abhorreth the loathſome, and vgly ſhape of forlorne penſiueneſs: what gentle minde deteſteth not curſed, and damnable deſperation? All abiect dolefulnes, is woefully

baſe, and baſelie woefull. The die, the ball, the ſponge, the ſiue, the wheele of Fortune, Fortune hirſelfe, a trifle, a ieſt, a toy in Philoſophy, & diuine reſolution. Be a Muſitian, & Poet vnto thy ſelf, that art both, and a Ringleader of both, vnto other: be a Man, be a Gentleman, be a Philoſopher, be a Diuine, be thy reſolute ſelfe; not the Slaue of Fortune, that for euery fleabiting crieth out-alas & for a few hungry meales, like a Greeke Paraſite, miſuſeth the Tragedy of Hecuba: but the friend of Vertue, that is richeſt in pouerty, freeſt in bondage, braueſt in ieopordie, cheerefulleſt in calamitie: be rather wiſe and vnfortunate, with the ſiluer Swanne, then fortunate & vnwiſe with the golden / Aſſe: remember thine owne marginal Embleme *Fortuna fauet fatuis.* Oh, ſolace thy miraculous ſelfe, and cheere the Muſes in cheering thy daintie ſoule, ſweetelie drunken with their delitious Helicon, and the reſtoratiue Nectar of the Gods. What can I ſay more? That cordial liquor, and that heauenly reſtoratiue, bee thy ſoueraigne comfort, and ſcorne the baſenes of euerie craſed, or fainting thought, that may argue a degenerate minde. And ſo much briefly touching thy deere ſelfe: whome I hope neuer to finde ſo pathetically diſtreſſed, or ſo Tragically diſguiſed againe. Now a word, or two concerning him, who in charitie kiſſeth thy hand,

and in pitie wiſheth thee better lucke. May it pleaſe gentle Pierce, in the diuine fury of his rauiſhed ſpirite, to be graciouſlie good vnto his poore friendes, who would be ſomewhat loath, to be ſilly ſheepe for the wolfe, or other ſheepe-biter: I dare vndertake, the abuſed Autor of the Aſtrologicall diſcourſe, (euerie page thereof, vnder correction of inſpired and ſupernaturall conceits, diſcouereth more Arte and Iudgement, thē the whole Supplicatiō of the Parturient Mountaine) notwithſtanding the notorious Diabolicall diſcourſe of the ſaid *Pierce*, a man better acquainted with the diuels of Hell, then with the Starres of Heauen: ſhall vnfainedly pray for him: and onely pray him to report the knowen truth, of his approoued learning, & liuing, without fauor. Otherwiſe, it were not greatlie amiſſe, a little to conſider, that he, which in the ruffe of his freſheſt iollity, was faine to cry, M. *Churchyard*, a mercy in printe, may be orderlie driuen to crie more peccauies, then one. I would thinke the Counter, M. *Churchyard*, his hoſtiſſe *Penia*, and ſuch other ſenſible Leſſons, might ſufficientlie haue taught him, that *Pennileſſe* is not Lawleſſe: and that a Poets or Painters / Licence, is a poore ſecurity, to priuilege debt, or diffamacion. I woulde wiſh the burned child not to forget the hot Element: and would aduiſe ouer-weening youthes to remember

themſelues, and the good auncient oracle of ſage *Apollo*. There is a certaine thing, called Modeſtie. if they coulde light vpon it: and by my younge Maſters leaue, ſome pritty ſmacke or diſcretion would reliſh well. The Athenians were noted for lauiſh amplifieng: the Cretenſians for craftie lying; the Theſſalians for ſubtle cogging: the Carthaginians for deceitfull perfidie: *Hanniball*, *Fabius*, *Agathocles*, *Iphicrates*, *Vliſſes*, and a thouſand ſuch, for counterfeit policie, but all their forgeries were ſeaſoned with the ſalt of probabilitie, & onelie vſed at occaſions of aduauntage: and although the Grecians generallie were ouer-lightheaded, and vaine-ſpoken, yet their leuitie ſauoured of elegant wittineſſe, and the flying birde carried meate in the mouth. Euen Lucians true tales are ſpiced with conceite: and neither his, nor Apuleius' Aſſe, is altogether an Aſſe. It is a piece of cunning in the moſt fabulous Legends, to interlace ſome credible narratiõs, & verie probable occurrences, to countenance and authorize the exceſſiue licentiouſneſſe of the reſt. Vnreaſonable fictions palpably bewray their odious groſneſſe: and hee that will be a famous deuiſer in folio, muſt be content with the rewarde of a notable Lier, not to be credited, when he auoweth a trueth. The pleaſant man talketh of a Bachelers hoode, turned ouer his eares, for abuſing of Aris-

totle : and imagineth goodlie matters of caſting the Heauens water: of anatomizing the ſkies intrailes ; of the vniuerſal adulterie of planets, of the bawd of thoſe celeſtial bodies: how Saturne, & Iupiter proued honeſter men, then al the world took thē for : ô braue Tarlton thou / wert hee, when all is done : had not Aretine bene Aretine, when he was, vndoubtedlie thou hadſt beene Aretine: gramercy capricious, and tranſcendent witte, the onelie high Pole Artique, and deepe Minerall of an incōparable ſtile. Yet Tarltons Ieſts not ſufficient: but Roſcius muſt haue his Stale, to make him more admirable : al were nothing, vnleſſe Eldertons ale-crammed noſe, had beene conſumed to nothing, in beare-baiting him, with whole bundels of ballats: that forſooth is not ſo good a gentleman, (for euery heire of a Naſh is a good gentleman at the leaſt, as the beard of Thomas Naſh,) the maiſter butler of Pembroke Hal, whoſe graue countenance, like Cato, able to make him runne out of his wittes for feare, if he looke ſternely vpon him, and I wot not what, and what trumperie elſe, as childiſh, & gariſh ſtuffe, as euer came in print: yet what packe of vanity is not in print. I will not cry Abſurde, Abſurde: as he madly exclaimeth, Monſtrous, Monſtrous: But who in that Vniuerſity can deny, but M. Haruey read the publike Philo-

ſophie Lecture with ſpecial good liking, and many will ſay with ſingular commẽdation, when this mightie laſhing Gentleman (now well read in the late exploites of Vntruſſe, and for Tarletons amplifications A per ſe A) was not ſo much as *idoneus auditor ciuilis ſcientiæ*. What hee is improued ſince, excepting his good olde *Flores Poetarum*, and Tarletons ſurmounting Rhetorique, with a little Euphuiſme, and Greeneſſe inough, which were all prettily ſtale, before he put hand to penne, I report me to the fauourableſt opinion of thoſe that know his Prefaces, Rimes, and the very Timpanye of his Tarltonizing wit, his Supplication to the Diuell : oh that is the Diuell & al. I am ſo farre from doting vppon mine owne, or my Brothers Writinges, in any matter of moment, / that I vſe to cenſure them with a more curious and rigorous iudgement, then I examine any thing elſe, wherein my eare is ſo loath to flatter me, & my conceit ſo affraid to coſen me, that my mind euer remaineth vnſatiſfied, & nothing hitherto could fulfill my deſire, inſatiably couetous to do better. But as thoſe perfunctorie Diſcourſes are, (which were more haſtilie, then ſpeedilie publiſhed without my priuity), let the beſt of them goe for waſt paper, & ſerue the baſeſt ſhops, if the worſt of them importe not more publike, or priuate vſe, then his gayeſt flower,

that may thank *Greene* & *Tarlton* for his Garland. Were my brother, not my brother, but ſome familiar acquaintance, I might in Trueth, & ſhould in Reaſon, make other compariſons, with applauſe inough: (for what indifferencie ſeeth not the difference? or what ſo ſilly, as he could make Pierce, with voice, or pen? notwithſtanding thoſe Miracles of the white rauen in the cloudes): But the Vniuerſitie, the cittie, the whole Realme, all good Learning, & ciuil gouernment, be their Iudge, & my mouth eſpecially in this Martiniſh and Counter-martiniſh age: wherein the Spirit of Contradiction reigneth, and euerie one ſuperaboundeth in his owne humor, euen to the annihilating of any other, without rime, or reaſon. Some would bee Mutes, if they might bee ſuffered to be, as were meeteſt for them, and onelie to dwell in the excellente monuments of diuine wittes, whoſe ſweet company they cannot enioy inough, but what is to be done, when vowels are courſed, & Mutes haunted, and that heauenlie conference helliſhlie diſturbed: God, or good Order, cicumciſe the Tongues, and Pennes, that ſlaunder without cauſe, and raile without effect, euen in the ſuperlatiue degree of rauing. Aretine, and the Diuels Oratour might very / well bee ſpared in Chriſtian, or politicke Commonwealthes: which cannot want contagion inough, though they bee

not poyſened with the venemous potions of Inckhorne witches. Fine pleſant witt was euer commendable: and iudiciall accuſation lawfull: but fie on groſſe ſcurility, and impudent calumny: that wil rather goe to Hell in ieſt, then to heauen in earneſt, and ſeeke not to reforme any vice, to backebite, and depraue euery perſon, that feedeth not their humorous fancy. A vile mind: and what a peſtelenter villany? but ſome odd wittes forſooth, will needes bee accompted terrible Bull Beggars, and the onely Killcowes of their age: for how ſhould they otherwiſe keepe the ſimple worlde in awe; or ſcare multitudes of plaine folke, like idiot crowes, and innocent dooues? All the Inuectiue and Satyricall Spirites, are their Familiars: ſcoffing, and girding is their daily bread: other profeſſe other faculties: they profeſſe the Arte of railing: Noble, Reuerend, or whatſoeuer, al peſants, and clownes; gowty Diuels, and buckram Giants: Midaſſes, and golden Aſſes: Cormorants, and Drones, Dunces, and hypocriticall hoat ſpurres, Earthwormes, and Pinchefart Penny-fathers: that feede not their hungry purſes, and eager ſtomackes: they haue termes, quoth a maruellous doer, ſteeped in *Aqua-Fortis*, and gunnepouder, that ſhal rattle through the ſkies, and make Earthquakes in ſuch peſauntes eares, as ſhall dare to ſende them awaie with a flea in their eare: (howe might a man

purchaſe the ſight of thoſe puiſſant, and hideous termes?) they can laſh poore ſlaues, and ſpurgall Aſſes mightily, they can tell parlous Tales of Beares and Foxes, as ſhrewdlye as mother Hubbard, for her life: they will dominiere in Tauernes, and Stationers ſhops, to die for't: they will be as egre/giouſly famous, as euer was *Heroſtratus*, or *Pauſanias*, or *Kett*, or *Scoggin*: *Agrippa*, and *Rabelays* but Ciphers to them: they haue it only in them. Would Chriſt, they had more diſcretion in them, and leſſe rancour againſt other, that neuer wiſhed them the leaſt euill, but ſtill beſeech God to encreaſe the beſt, and to pardon the worſt in them. The Quippe knoweth his reward, and the Supplication to the Diuell, expreſſly dedicated to the Prince of Darkeneſſe, I committe to the cenſure of Wiſedom, and Iuſtice, with fauour; onelye requeſting that mightie Bombarder of termes, to ſpare quiet men that meane him no harme, and to keepe the huge maine ſhot of his ratling Babies for Buckrame Giants. Alaſſe, what ſhould I touch their parents, or twit thē by their other friendes: Let it be one of their iolities to offer, & one of our ſimplicities to ſuffer that iniury: which neither impaireth the reputation of the Father; nor abaſeth the credite of the Sonnes: nor argueth any thing, but the impudente deſpightfulneſſe of the Libeller. Fewe Sonnes

haue ſelinger cauſe to loue, or reuerence, or defend their Fathers, then my ſelfe: but his dealing is ſuch, where he tradeth: and his liuing ſuch where he conuerſeth, that he may eaſely ſhame himſelfe, which goeth-about to ſhame him, or vs in him. I will not trouble you with the rehearſall of his inheritance, which I could haue wiſhed more then it was: yet was it more, by the fauour of that terrible Thunderſmith of termes, thē the inheritances of both their Fathers together. Put caſe, I haue inquired, what ſpeciall cauſe the Pennileſſe Gentleman hath, to bragge of his birth: which giueth the woeful poueretto good leaue, euen with his Stentors voice, & in his ratling termes to reuiue the pittifull hiſtorie of Don Lazarello de Thoemes: / to contend with colde, to conuerſe with ſcarcitie: to be laid-open to pouertie; to accuſe Fortune: to raile on his patrons, to bite his penne, to rend his papers, to rage in all points, like a mad man, to torment himſelfe in that agony a long time, to be miſerable, to be *vacuus viator:* to haue *opus* and *vſus* knocking at his doore twenty times a weeke, when he is not within: to ſeek his dinner in poules with Duke humfrey: to licke diſhes, to be a beggar.

To ban the Aire, wherein he breathes A wretch:

to be the Diuels diſtreſſed Orator, to proclaime

his owne deſolate and abiect eſtat: in theſe and ſuch other moſt-baſe and ſhamefull complaints, ſcarcely beſeeming the raſcalleſt ſiſer in an Vniuerſity, or the beggarlieſt mendicant frier in a country.

Forgiue him, God, although he curſe his birth.

I, but who ſo exceſſiuely thankefull to his other friends? One kind freend, more worth then two vnfreendlie kinſemen. Affection will relieue where nature faileth: he muſt needes abound in deuoted and bountifull freendes, that ſheweth himſelfe ſo meritoriouſly freendlie, and ſo vnſpeakably grate-full:

O friendes, no friendes, that then vngentlie frowne,
When changing fortune caſts vs headlong downe.

I had nigh-hand ouer-ſkipped the learned allegation in the margine, ſolemnely auouched with a very-pathetical Pol, *Pol me occidiſtis Amici.* All which, and moſt of the Premiſſes, I had altogether omitted, but that the two vnmeete Companions, a Lordes heart, and a beggars purſe muſt ſomewhat remember themſelues, or be a little, as it were pulled by the ragged ſleeue. Young ſchollers can tel how Vlyſſes handeled Irus, and olde Truants haue not altogether for-gotten, howe ſawſie the Harpies were, till they/

were interteined accordingly. But what though the decayed Gentleman, ſo commendeth his owne woorſhipfull birth, and truſty frendes? Many noble Houſes haue ſeene their own ruines: and ſometime the brothers of the Prodigall Sonne, will not ſticke to curſe, wher they ſhould reuerently bleſſe. The Table-fellow of Duke Humfrey, & Tantalus, might learne of him to curſe Iupiter, and to ban not onely the four Elementes, but alſo the ſeauen Planets, and euen the twelue houſes of Heauen.

And what though the other ſorry Magnifico, as very a Biſonian, as he for hys life, would ſweare in a brauery, his Father was of foure & twenty religions: and himſelfe a Diuine from his mothers womb; an Image of both Churches, & both Synagogues too: a naturall Perne artificially emproued: the thriſe-and-thriſe learned-ſonne, of his foure & twenty times-learned father? So *Greene* would flouriſh. Euery man is to anſwere for hys own defaultes: my treſpaſſe is not my fathers, nor my fathers mine: A Gibeline may haue a Guelph to his ſonne, as Barthol ſaith: & hath neuer a Saint had a Reprobate to his father? are all worthy minds, the iſſues of noble houſes: or all baſe mindes the offſprings of raſcall ſtockes? Were it not a felicity, to be the woorſt of a thouſande, that being deſcended of meaneſt

parentage, haue prooued, as Hiſtories teſtify, & the world daily confirmeth? Or might not Greene, and his Complices, haue beene much better, then they were, or are, although their Parentes had been much worſe, then they were, or are? What ſaith the afflicted Suppliant himſelfe?

Ah, woorthleſſe wit, to traine me to this woe:
Ill thriue the Folly, that bewitch'd me ſo.

Haue we not a nomber of excellente induſtrious men and valorous knights, not greatly beholding vnto fortune for their progeny?

Malo pater tibi ſit Therſites, who knoweth not that onely Arte of Heraldry?

Quàm te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles. The Argument of Nobility, is a gallant and plauſible Argument: but what Common-place ſo braue, and honourable, as the Common-place of vertue? Can any thinge bee obſcure, where deſert is famous: or any thing famous, where deſert is obſcure? Gramercy ſweete margine, for that notable Poeſy: *Meritis expendite cauſam:* in earneſt, a ſingular Rule of infallible iudgemente; and I imagine, himſelfe deſerueth ſomethinge, that / ſpecially alleadgeth Deſerte. It is longe ſince I declaimed vpon any Theame: but who would not pleade Vertues cauſe, in whatſoeuer ſubiecte? or what honeſt Eloquence is not furniſhed with

Catilinaries, & Philippiques againſt Vice? Not the Father, & the Sonne, but Vertue, and Vice, the efficientes of Honour, and Diſhonour. He onely baſe, he onely ſimple, he onely contemptible, that hath Vice to his father, & Ignoraunce to his mother: the onely Parentes of raſcality. And may I not truly affirme, that not only Oſorius, or Patritius gallantly proue, but all wiſe Autors ſeriouſly approue, and euen Vertue, & Skill themſelues, with their owne ſoueraine mouth, honorably profeſſe? No right ſonne, & heire apparant of theirs, either vnnoble in himſelfe, or obſcure in the world; or deſpiſed in the higheſt, or vnregarded of the loweſt; or diſhonorable in his Life, or inglorious after his Death. I ſpeake not for any perſon, but for the matter; and cannot eyther condignely praiſe the valorous ſeede of the one: or ſufficiently bliſſe the fruitfull wombe of the other. And what ſo vngentle in Nature, or ſo vnnoble in Fortune, as their Contraries: how barbarouſly oppoſed againſt that diuine race, and heauenly generation: that cannot ſturre, vnaccompanied with Enuy, and a worlde of moates? Yet neither the vnhappieſt creature vtterly deuoide of all graces: (I praiſe ſomethinge in Elderton, and Greene:) nor the excellenteſt perſonage thoroughly accompliſhed with all perfections: (ah, that Sir *Humfrey Gilbert* and Sir *Phillip Sidney*, hadd bene

as cautelous, as aduenturous :) nor they, that obiect, nor we that anſweare, nor any, but a few ſingular men, the Miracles of the world ; either for wit wondrous, or for Art exquiſite, or for action admirable, or for integrity notable. I-wis, we little neede, to be charged with our fathers offences: it is inough for one, yea for the beſt one, to carry the burthen of his own tranſgreſſions, and errours. Errours are infinite: and follies, how vniuerſally rife, euen of the wiſeſt ſorte? Oh that vertues were as like the ſtarres of heauen, or the birds of the Aire, as vices are like the ſandes of the Sea, and the Beaſtes of the Earth: hee that ſeeith leaſte, ſeeith much amiſſe: the fine Diſcouerer, and curious Intelligencer, goe inuiſible, & ſtratagematically diſcry many hidden priuities of publique, and priuate miſgouernment: there is an eie, that pierceth into the ſecreteſt ſinnes, and moſt-inſcrutable thoughtes of profoundeſt Hypocriſy: in whoſe pure ſight nothing is iuſtifiable, but by pardon. Diuinity flyeth highe: and wadeth deepe: But euen in Humanity, & in the view of the world, who liueth inculpable? or who is not obnoxious to ſome criminall, or ciuill actions? or,

Wher ſhud I find, that I ſeeke, A perſon clere as a
Chriſtal? [*other?*
Where man God to man? where one not Diu'l to an

Where that Zeal diuine, whoſe heauenly Sunſhin
acheerith
The dreryeſt drouping: and felliſt rancor alayeth?
Where thoſſame mealting bowels of tender agreement,
That mildly conquer moſt-rough, and hideous out-
rage?
Where | Moſes meeknes? wher Dauids ſweetnes
Olimpique?
Where thatſame gentle kindnes, that bounty renowned,
That gracious fauour, that whilom beautifi'd Honour|
That Looue aduanced; that abandoned odious Hatred;
That Sirenized Furies: that rocks Adamantine
Mollifid: arreared Pillars of Glory triumphant?

And ſo foorth: for the verſe is not vnknowen; & runneth in one of thoſe vnſatyricall ſatyres, which M. *Spencer* long ſince embraced with an ouerloouing Sonnet: A token of his Affection, not a Teſtimony of hys Iudgement.

What ſhould I labour a needleſſe point? or what ſhould I weary you with tediouſneſſe, that may much-better beſtow your vacant houres? Enough, to any is inough: to ſome, ouer-much. God knoweth, and who knoweth not, how ſenſually corrupt ſome good fellowes were, and are, that ſo ſharpely, and bitterly noted, and do note, ſo many imaginatiue corruptions in other. Would God, they had bene as quietly diſpoſed, as their

parents: or as aduiſedly ſtayed, as ſome of their frendes, that wiſhed them a milder courſe: & ſome of our pens might haue been employed to better vſe, then this idle buſineſſe, or rather buſy idleneſſe. Whereof I deſire no other fruite, but ſome little contentation of friendes, and ſome reaſonable mittigation of ill-willers: vnto whoſe good I am diligently to addreſſe, & euen affectionately to dedicate any my endeuour. If in ſome tearmes I haue vſed a little plaine dealing, albeit not without reſpecte (but euery one ſeeith not into an others conſiderations: & diuers circumſtances alter the caſe) I craue pardon for the leaſt ouerſight: and will be as ready to commend any little good, euen in an aduerſary: as I was vnwillinge, but enforced to touch ſoome palpable badd: which I would wiſh amended, where it may be redreſſed: and / quite forgotten, where it ought to be buried. My meaning was not, to diſpleaſure, or diſcredite any: but onely to ſatisfie the pleaſure, and mainetain the credit of thoſe, vnto whom I owe many dueties, aſwell in ſpeciall conſideration, as in naturall affection. Had I not bene more depely ſtinged in them, then in my ſelfe: who haue made Comedies of ſuch Tragedies; and with pleaſure giuen ſuch hoatſpurres leaue, to run themſelues out of breath: what folio of folly might not for me haue paſſed vntouched?

or who for me, might not haue flouriſhed, or laſhed in Poules Churchyarde, *Cum gratia & priuilegio*? It were good, that they, which haue a dexterity in writing trimly vppon euery matter, white or blacke: ſhould alſo haue a felicity in ſpeaking well vppon euery perſon, that deſerueth not ill: eſpecially ſuch as can ſay ſomething, and thinke more. The terribleſt tearmes may be repayed-home with aduauntage: I haue knowen the railingeſt Sophiſter in an Vniuerſity, ſett *non plus*: and haue ſeene the madbrayneſt Roiſter-doiſter in a countrey, daſhte out of countenaunce. There is Logicke inough, to aunſweare Carters Logicke: and play inough to tame Horſe-play. Wronged men are ſeldome tounge-tied: the patienteſt Creature wanteth not bloud in his hart, or incke in his penne: and although his bloud be not wildfire, yet it is bloud; that will not be cooled with a Carde, or daunted with bugs-wordes: and although his incke, be not pitch, or poiſon, yet it is incke; that will neither bluſhe for ſhame, nor waxe pale for feare; but will holde his owne, when perhaps gayer coullours ſhal loſe their coullor; and *Aquafortis* valiantly eate his owne harte. Good ſweete Maſters quiet your ſelues: or thincke not much, to bear a little for company, that are ſo forward to load other without mercy. No man loather then my ſelf,

to contend with deſperate / malecontents: or to ouerthwart obſtinate Humoriſtes: or to encounter Incke-horne Aduentures: nor to quarrell with any ſorte of wrangling Companions: (ſcoldinge is the language of ſhrewes: and rayleinge the ſtile of Rakehells) or ſo much as to call buſy heads, by their vſuall, and proper names: (the thinges are paltry: and the very names ſauour of raſcallity:) but there is a time, when ſuch douty warriours muſt be appeaſed; & ſuch wiſe men anſweared according to their wiſedome. Howbeit, in fauour of a priuate and publike quietneſſe, I will thanke the honeſt fellowes the more, the leſſe occaſion they geue me, to interrupt better exerciſes: to trouble the world with triflinge diſcourſes vppon peltinge matters: to diſeaſe themſelues: to pleaſure none, but the printer, & idle creatures, the onely buſy readers of ſuch Nouellets. I would gladly be ſpecially beholdinge vnto them for this courteſy: and dare vndertake it ſhall redounde more to their credite, to approue their deſire of reconciliation, by ſilence: then to continue the opinion of their rooted deſpight, by ſturring more coales. I hope this winde hath not ſhaken any ſuche corne, but fellow-ſchollers, (as Doctor Caius would ſay), and now forſooth fellow-writers, may bee made friendes with a cup of white wine, and ſome

little familiar conference, in calme and ciuile termes. I offer them my hande: and requeſt their: which I will accept thanckfully: & kiſſe louinglye: and euer commende the good Nature, that would; and the better gouernemente, that coulde maſter Affection with Reaſon, and ſweeten gall with Humanity. For it is not my energeticall perſuaſion, but their owne patheticall motion, that muſt do it: as the enchanting Muſe of Orpheus redeemed the ghaſtly ghoſt of his owne Euridice out of Hell. Such an Experimente of profounde and diuine / arte, as I would compaſſionately recommend to euery amiable minde, diſguiſed with helliſhe paſſion: the fouleſt deformity of any fayre wit. Otherwiſe, if it ſtande more with their credite, to be reputed wilfull, then wiſe: or if a peruerſe, and froward reſolution, be the better pollicy, they are free-men: and haue incke at will, and paper at commaundement: and a number of greedy Eares, that egerly longe, and as it were daunce attendaunce, to heare thoſe dreadfull inuincible termes, ſteeped in *Aquafortis*, & Gunpowder. The intoxicate ſprite of the griſly Euridice (I ſpeake to a Poet: and cannot more mildly terme that infernall Fury) may eftſoones returne to her accurſed lodginge, and inſteede of heauenly Orpheus embrace the helliſh Oratour of the Blacke Prince: whome I will not any way

make worſe, but wold wiſh infinitely better, then he hath made himſelfe. For I thancke God, I am neither ſo profanely vncharitable, as to ſend him to the Sancebell, to truſſe-vp his life with a trice: nor ſo abiectly timorous, as for extreme fearefulnes to wiſh, with a profeſſed deuotion: So be it: Pray, Penne, Incke, and Paper on their knees, that they may not be troubled with him any more. Good Lorde, what fantaſticall panges are theſe? who euer endighted in ſuch a ſtile, but one diuine *Aretine* in Italy, & two heauenly *Tarletons* in England: the ſole platformers of odd Elocution, and onely ſingularities of the plaine worlde? Two of them, that ſo wantonly played with the higheſt and deepeſt ſubiectes of ſpirituall contemplation: Heauen, and Hell, Paradiſe, and Purgatory: know their locall repoſe: and ſeriouſly admoniſh the third, to be aduiſed how he lauiſh in ſuch dalliance. No variety, or infinity ſo infinite, as Inuention: which hath a huge worlde, and a maine Ocean of ſcope, to diſport, and raunge itſelfe, though / it arreare not vayne Hyperboles of the reuerende myſteries of God. Good ſweete Oratour, be a deuine Poet indeede: and vſe heauenly Eloquence indeede: and employ thy golden talent with amounting vſance indeede: and with heroicall Cantoes honour right Vertue, & braue valour indeede: as noble Sir Philip

Sidney and gentle Maiſter Spencer haue done, with immortall Fame: and I will beſtow more complements of rare amplifications vpon thee, then euer any beſtowed vppon them: or this Tounge euer affoorded: or any Aretiniſh mountaine of huge exaggerations can bring-foorth. Right artificiality (whereat I once aimed to the vttermoſt power of my ſlender capacity,) is not mad-brained, or ridiculous, or abſurd, or blaſphemous, or monſtrous: but deepe-conceited, but pleaſurable, but delicate, but exquiſite, but gracious, but admirable: not according to the fantaſtical mould of *Aretine* or *Rabelays*, but according to the fine modell of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Pindarus*, & the excellenteſt wittes of Greece, and of the lande that flowed with milke, and hony. For what Feſtiuall Hymnes ſo diuinely dainty, as the ſweete Pſalmes of King Dauid, royally tranſlated by *Buchanan*? or what ſage Gnomes, ſo profoundly pithy, as the wiſe Prouerbes of King Salomon; notably alſo tranſlated: but how few Buchanans! Such liuely ſpringes of ſtreaming Eloquence: & ſuch right-Olympicall hilles of amountinge witte: I cordially recommend to the deere Louers of the Muſes: and namely, to the profeſſed Sonnes of the-ſame; *Edmond Spencer*, *Richard Stanihurſt*, *Abraham France*, *Thomas Watſon*, *Samuell Daniell*, *Thomas Naſh*, and the reſt, whome I affectionately

thancke for their ſtudious endeuours, commendably employed in enriching, & poliſhing their natiue tongue, neuer ſo furniſhed, or embelliſhed as / of late. For I dare not name the Honorabler Sonnes, & Nobler Daughters of the ſweeteſt, & diuineſt Muſes, that euer ſang in Engliſh, or other language: for feare of ſuſpition of that, which I abhorre: and their owne moſt delectable, and delicious Exerciſes (the fine handy-worke of excellent Nature, and excellenter Arte combined) ſpeake incomparably more, then I am able briefly to inſinuate.

Gentle mindes, and flouriſhing wittes, were infinitely to-blame, if they ſhould not alſo for curious imitation, propoſe vnto themſelues ſuch faire Types of refined, and engraced Eloquence. The right· Noouice of pregnante, and aſpiring conceit, wil not ouerſkippe any precious gemme of Inuention, or any beautifull floure of Elocution, that may richly adorne, or gallantly bedecke the trimme garland of his budding ſtile. I ſpeake generally to euery ſpringing wit; but more ſpecially to a few; and at this inſtante ſingularly to one: whom I ſalute with a hundred bleſſings: and entreate with as many prayers, to loue them, that loue all good wittes: and hate none, but the Diuell and his incarnate Impes, notoriouſly profeſſed. I proteſt, it was not thy perſon that

I any-way diſliked ; but thy raſh, and deſperate proceeding againſt thy well-willers: which in ſome had bene vnſufferable : in an youth, was more excuſable: in a reformed youth is pardonable: and rather matter of concordance, then of aggrieuance. I perſuade my ſelfe, rather to hope the beſt, then to feare the worſt : & euer wiſh vnto other, as I would wiſh other, to wiſh vnto mee. It is my earneſt deſire, to begin, and ende ſuche friuolous altercations at once : and were it not more for other, then for my ſelfe, aſſuredly I would be the firſt, that ſhould cancell this impertinent Pamflet: and throw the other twoo Letters, with the Sonnets annexed, into the fire. Let them haue / their ſwinge, that affect to be terribly ſingular: I deſire not to be a blacke Swanne : or to leaue behind me any Period in the ſtile of the Diuels Oratour : or any verſe in the vaine of his Dammes Poet : but rather couet to be nothing in printe, then any thinge in the ſtampe of needeleſſe, or fruitleſſe Contention. As I am ouer-ruled at this preſente, and as it ſtandeth now: I am not to be mine owne Iudge, or aduocate : but am contente to bee ſentenced by euery courteous, or indifferente peruſer, that regardeth honeſty in perſons, or trueth in teſtimonies, or reaſon in cauſes. Or ſeeing ſome matters of Fame are called in queſtion: I am

not onely willing, but deſirous to vnderlye the verdicte, euen of Fame her-ſelfe ; and to ſubmit our whole credites, to the voice of the people, as to the voice of Equity, and the Oracle of God : to whoſe gratious fauours he recommendeth your Courteſy, that neither flattereth the beſt : nor ſlaundereth the woorſt : nor wilfully wrongeth any : but profeſſeth duety to his ſuperiours : humanity to his equals : fauour to his inferiours : reaſon to all : And by the ſame Rule, oweth you amends for the premiſſes : not ſpeedily diſpatched, but haſtily bungled-vp, as you ſee. London : this 8. and 9. of September.

The frend of his frendes, & foe of none. /

The Fourth Letter.

To the ſame fauourable, or indifferent Reader.

HONEST Gentlemen (for vnto ſuch I eſpecially write), giue me leaue, in this ſlender Pamflet, onely to fulfill the importune requeſtes of a fewe : with your ſmall delighte, and mine owne leſſe contentmente : and pardon mee, though I no way affect to feede the dainty humour of curious conceites, carried with an inſatiable expectation of I wot not what imagined perfection : which may eaſely dis-

play it ſelfe, wher it is, but cannot poſſibly appeare where it is not. I preſume I cannot leſſe ſatiſfie any, then I haue ſatiſfied my ſelfe: who, hauing wedded my ſelfe to priuate ſtudy, and deuoted my mind to publike quietneſſe, tooke this troubleſom penne in hand, with ſuch an alacrity of courage, as the ſorry Beare goeth to the ſtake: & now reioyce in that, which with more haſt, then ſpeede is diſpatched; as Æſops Hart, with more affection, then reaſon, gloried in his Hornes, till he found his fugitiue legges, his ſurer friendes. For in many caſes, I take it a better Pollicy, to vſe the flying Legge, then the cumberſome Horne: and at this inſtant, I ſhould much more haue pleaſed my ſelfe, if I had ſtill practiſed my former reſolution, to ſcorne the ſtinginge of a pieuiſh waſpe: or the biting of an eluiſh gnat: or the quipp of a mad companion: and rather to pocket-vp a pelting iniury, then to entangle my ſelfe with trifling buſineſſe: or any-way to accrew to the moſt-contemptible fellowſhip of the ſcribblinge crew, that annoyeth this Age, and neuer more accloyed the world. Alas, he is pitifully beſtead, that in an Age of Pollicy, and in a world of Induſtry, (wherein the greateſt matters of Gouernement, and Valour, ſeeme ſmall to aſpiring capacities) is conſtrained to make woeful Greene, and beggarly Pierce Pennyleſſe, (as it were a Graſhopper, and a

Cricket, two pretty muſitians, but ſilly creatures) the argumente of his ſtile: and enforced to encounter them, who onely in vanity are ſomething: in effect, nothing: in account, leſſe then / nothing: howſoeuer, the Graſhopper enraged, would bee no leſſe then a greene Dragon: and the Cricket malecontented, not ſo little as a Blacke Bellwether: but the only Vnicorne of the Muſes. Some in my caſe, would perhaps be content for their owne credite, to haue them notoriouſly ſo reputed: and in cunning, would, peraduenture not ſticke, to ſtraine at a Gnatt, as it were at a Camell: but plaine dealing vſeth no ſuch Rhethorick: they that haue eies can ſee: and they that haue Eares, can heare, as ſenſibly as I: and I muſt in reaſon leaue them, as in proofe I finde them, either meere Paper-bugs, and inckehorne-pads: or a greate deale worſe: ſo far, as the Ringleaders of leaud Licentiouſnes, are more peſtilent, then the Platformers of vaine Fantaſticallity: or the poiſon of corrupted mindes, is more pernitious, then the venome of disguiſed witts. Any ſlightneſſe, curious inough: and any coſt, too much, vpon ſuch an argumente: a ſubiecte of loſſe to the writer, of gaine to none: but duety muſt obey: and courteſy yeelde: and it is the lucke of ſome pelting Comedies, to buſy the Stage, as well as ſome grauer Tragedies. Were nothing els diſcourſiuely inſerted, (as ſome

little elſe occaſionally preſented it ſelfe) what paper more currently fit for the baſeſt mechanicall vſes, then that which containeth the vile miſdemeanours, and Truth will ſay, the abhominable villanies of ſuch baſe ſhifting companions: good for nothinge, in the opinion of good mindes, but to caſt away themſelues, to ſpoile their adherentes, to pray vppon their fauourers, to diſhonour their Patrons, to infecte the Aire, where they breath. Might Pierce be entreated, to quallifye his diſtempered veine; and to reclaime his vnbrideled ſelfe: as ſome bold Gawins, vppon milder conſideration haue bene glad to doe: (good Pierce be good to thy good friendes: and gentle to thy gentle ſelfe:) I aſſuredly would be the firſt that ſhould wrap-vp ſuch memorials, not in a ſheete of waſt-paper, but in the winding-ſheete of Obliuion: and will not ſticke, to embalme the dead corps of a profeſſed ennemy, to ſweeten / the liuing ſpirite of a wiſhed friend: howſoeuer extreamely meane, or famouſly obſcure. The gratious Lawe of Amneſty, a ſoueraine Law: but the diuine Law of Charity, the Law of Lawes. Who cannot contemne the inſolenteſt arrogancy? but who muſt not condeſcend to any reaſonable accord? Hee that was neuer diſmayed with any neceſſary diſtreſſe, yet euer eſcheweth all vnneceſſary trouble: and he that leaſt feareth the ſwoord of vniuſt Calumny, yet

moſt dreadeth the ſcabbard of iuſt Infamy, and would gladly auoide the lighteſt ſuſpition of that, which hee abhorreth. Though the painted ſheath bee, as it is, (for it needeth no other Painter to pourtray it ſelfe) yet neuer childe ſo delighted in his ratling baby; as ſome old Lads of the Caſtell, haue ſported themſelues with their rappinge bable. It is the proper weapon of their profeſſion: they haue vſed it at-large, and will vſe it at pleaſure, howſoeuer the patient heale himſelfe at their coſt. It were a worke of importance, to aunſweare that weapon: I long ſince gaue them ouer in the plaine field; and am now beecome a ſuter to their towardeſt ſchollers, to remember the glorious conqueſt of their witty Maſters. I would willingly pleaſe, or not diſpleaſe, as I may: but no Life, without ſelf-contentment: no performance of any action without Reſolution. The leaſt may thinke vppon Fabius Maximus: who with an honourable obſtinacy purſued the courſe of his owne platforme, notwithſtanding a thouſand empeachments: & although ſlowly, with much murmuringe, yet effectually, with more reputation, atchieued his politicke purpoſe: like an experte Pilot, that in a hideous tempeſt regardeth not the fooliſhe ſhrickinges, or vaine outcries of diſorderly paſſengers, but beſtirreth himſelfe, and directeth his marriners, according to the wiſe rules of orderly

Nauigation. A wauering and fleeting minde, ſeldome or neuer accompliſheth any negotiation of value. It is none of the leaſt comfortes in diſtreſſe, that Patience is an excellent quality: and Conſtancy the honourableſt vertue in the world. I am not to dilate, / where a ſentence is a diſcourſe, and a woorde more then inough. It hath bene my deſire, to conforme my intentions to my quality, and my exerciſes to my intentions: but as they are, it ſhall go very-hard, before I begin to abandon hope: or relente to friuolous motions: or forget my ſelfe, and my friends, to remember my ennemies: who are beſt remembred, when they are moſt forgotten. Some are cunning: & can imaginatiuely caſt beyonde the Moone: but he is a ſimple Temporiſer, that would attempt to raiſe a fantaſticall, or putatiue opinion in an actiue worlde: and who ſo kindly cooſeneth himſelfe, as that he that ſeeketh a cloak, to couer his owne ſluggiſh Idleneſſe, or vnweeldy inſufficiency?

Let them affect myſticall commendation, that profeſſe occult Philoſophy: and let them croſsbite themſelues that can find no other Conny-catchers, to play that part. It was a principall Maxim in Socrates diſcipline, That euery one ſhould contend to be indeede, whatſoeuer he would couet to ſeeme in apparance: ſome that haue often recommended that Maxim vnto other, and often

called it the ſoueraine Rule of ſound, and honourable proceeding ; were neuer forwarder to allow his precept in diſcourſe, then ready to follow his example in practiſe. There bee other inough, to make a gallant ſhow : and ſome trim fellowes, will not ſtick to maintaine a braue Paradoxe, that the opinion, and ſemblaunce of thinges, neither euer was, nor is now, inferiour to the very thinges themſelues : but in preferment and reputation many times ſuperiour. I am not here to argue the caſe : Fortune is a fauourable Lady to ſome forward aduenturers : they may eaſely ſwim, that are holden vp by the chinne ; ſuch, & ſuch haue liued in eſtimation, & purchaſed landes ; but what did they euer effectuate of any worth ; or wherin appered ther ſufficiency, to diſcharg any weighty function, or to performe any notable act ? A reed is a ſory ſtaffe : & Fortune as changeable as the Moone : no counterfeit, or pretended commendation endureth long : only deſert holdeth-out infallibly, when many / a goodly gentleman beſhreweth himſelfe : I muſt not ſtand vpon particularities : no Education to the Trainement of Cyrus : nor any proceding, to the emploiment of Ceſar. Pregnant rules auail much ; but viſible Examples amount incredibly : Experience, the onely life of perfection, & onely perfection of life. Whatſoeuer occaſion cauſeth me to be miſtaken, as ouer-much addicted

to Theory, without reſpect of action: (for that is one of the eſpecialleſt points, which I am importuned to reſolue:) I neuer made account of any ſtudy, meditation, conference, or Exerciſe, that importeth not effectual vſe, & that aymeth not altogether at action: as the ſingular marke, whereat euery Arte, & euery vertue is to leuell. I loue Method: but honour Practiſe: muſt I ſhew the difference? Either Arte is obſcure, or the quickeſt capacity dull: and needeth Methode, as it were the bright Moone, to illuminate the darkſome night: but Practiſe is the bright Sun, that ſhineth in the day, & the ſoueraigne Planet that gouerneth the world: as elſe-where I haue copiouſly declared. To excell, ther is no way but one: to marry ſtudious Arte to diligent Exerciſe: but where they muſt be vnmarried, or diuorced, geue me rather Exerciſe without Arte, then Arte without Exerciſe. Perfect vſe worketh maſteries: and diſgraceth vnexperienced Arte. Examples are infinite: and dayly diſplay themſelues. A world without a Sunne: a Boddy without a Soule: Nature without Arte: Arte without Exerciſe: ſory creatures. Singular practiſe the only ſinguler, and admirable woorkeman of the world. Muſt I diſpatch the reſt that is exacted? It is no fit place: and the leaſt little wil ſeeme too-much. As in other thinges, ſo in Artes, formality doth

well: but materiality worketh the feat. Were Artiſts as ſkillfull, as Artes are powerfull, wonders might be atchieued by Art emproued: but they that vnderſtand little, write much: and they that know much, write little. The vayne Peacocke, with his gay coullours, and the pratling Parrat with his ignorant diſcourſes (I am / not to offend any, but the Peacocke, and the Parrat) haue gariſhly diſguiſed the worthieſt Artes, and deepely diſcredited the profoundeſt Artiſtes, to the pitifull defacement of the one, and the ſhamefull preiudice of the other. Rodolph Agricola, Philip Melancthon, Ludouike Viues, Peter Ramus, and diuers excellent ſchollers, haue earneſtly complained of Artes corrupted, and notably reformed many abſurdities: and ſtill corruption ingendreth one vermine or other: and ſtill that pretious Trainement is miſerably abuſed, which ſhould be the fountaine of ſkill, the roote of vertue, the ſeminary of gouernment, the foundation of all priuate and publike good. The Methodiſt, & Diſcourſer might be more materiall: the Theoriſt, and Practitioner more formall: all fower more effectuall: or how commeth it to paſſe, that much more is profeſſed, but much leſſe perfourmed, then in former ages? eſpecially in the Mathematikes and in naturall Magie; which being cunningly and extenſiuely imployed (after the manner of

Archimedes, Archytas, Apollonius, Regiomontanus, Bacon, Cardan, and ſuch like induſtrious Philoſophers, the Secretaries of Art, and Nature,) might wonderfully beſtead the Commonwealth: with many puiſſant engins, and other commodious deuiſes, for warre, and peace. In actuall Experimentes, and polymechany, nothing too-profound: a ſuperficiall ſlightneſſe, may ſeeme fine for ſheetes, but proueth good for nothinge: as in other buſineſſe, ſo in learninge, as good neuer a whit, according to the prouerbe, as neuer the better: one perfect Mechanician worth ten vnperfect Philoſophers: an ignorant man leſſe ſhameth himſelfe, leſſe beguileth his frend, leſſe diſableth the Commonwealth, then a putatiue Artiſte: a whole naturall wit more ſeruiceable, and more ſufficient, then a Demi-ſcholler: who preſuming on that, which he hath not, abateth the force of that, which he hath.

He muſt not dreame of perfection, that emproueth not the perfecteſt Art, with moſt perfect induſtrie. A ſnatch, / and away, with Neoptolemus, and the common ſort of ſtudentes, may pleaſe a little, but profiteth nothing. It is the Body, not the ſhadow, that diſpatcheth the buſineſſe. The flower delighteth to-day, and fadeth to-morrow: the fruite edifieth, and endureth: the viſard, the painted ſheath, and ſuch terrible braueries, can beſt report

their owne entertainment : the peacock, and the parrat haue good leaue to prancke vppe themſelues, and leyſure inough to reuiue, and repoliſh their expired workes. What can laſt allwayes, quoth the neat Tayler, when his fine ſeames began to cracke their credit at the firſt drawing-on. I appeale to Poules churchyard, whether lines be like vnto ſeames: and whether the Deft writer be as ſure a workeman, as the neat Taylor. There may be a fault in the Reader, aſwell as in the weauer: but euery manne contente himſelfe, to bear the burthen of his owne faultes : and good ſweete Autors infourme yourſelues, before you vndertake to inſtruct other. Excellent effectes muſt flow from the ſpring of excellent cauſes : and nothing notable without notable Endeuour. The Print is abuſed, that abuſeth : and earneſtly beſeecheth flouriſhing writers, not to trouble the Preſſe, but in caſe of vrgent occaſion, or important vſe. Or if you conceiue extraordinarily of your owne pregnancy: and will needes imploy your youthfull Tallent : remember that corruptions in manners and abſurdities in Arte, haue too-lately ouerflowed the banckes of all good Modeſty, and diſcretion. Hee that hath but halfe an Eie, can ſee no leſſe: & he that hath but halfe a Tonge, may ſay more : I onely note by the way, that hindereth many a gallant wit in the way : and

without empeachment to any, wiſh all rather to be excellent, with Socrates, then to ſeeme famous, with the Philoſopher of the Court. My meaning is not, to teach, but to touch: &, albeit, I haue curſorily ſpoken ſomethinge for my ſelfe, and ſomething as it were againſt other; yet the one little, and the other leſſe, are both vttered with a mind, that will rather accuſe other then / my ſelfe: and rather accuſe my ſelfe then other: whereſoeuer I find the leaſt reaſon for them, or the leaſt cauſe againſt my ſelfe: and if in any thing I am any thing, it is in nothing ſo much, as in a zealous deſire, to ſee Learning flouriſh: Vertue proſper: the good proceede from better to better: the bad amend: the body cherriſh the members: the Members tender the body: all generally maintaine Concord with all: euery one particularly nuriſh accord with euery one. Howbeit, at this inſtant I muſt craue licence, to ſtand vpon ſuch tearmes, not as I would moſt willingly chooſe, but as the preſent occaſion forcibly ſuggeſteth. No man loather, to miniſter the leaſt, or to take the greateſt occaſion of publike contention, or priuate diſcontentment: choler is as ſoone inflamed, as flaxe; and ſmall ſparkles of diſſention, haue kindled horrible fires of faction: there be wrangling & quarreling hoatſpurres enough, though I be none: *Ignis fatuus* neuer ſo ſpritiſhly

buſy: neuer ſo many threatning Comets: neuer ſuch a terrible ſky of Blaſing, and falling ſtars: neuer ſuch luſty ſtirring of liuely coales, and dead cinders: euery Martin Iunior, and Puny Pierce, a monarch in the kingdome of his owne humour: euery pert, and crancke wit, in one odd veine, or other, the onely man of the Vniuerſity, of the Citty, of the Realme, for a flouriſh or two: who but he, in the fluſh of his ouerweening conceit? giue him his peremptory white rod in his hand, and God-night all diſtinction of perſons, and all difference of eſtates: his Pen is his mace, his launce, his two-edged ſword, his ſcepter, his Hercules club: and will beare a predominant ſway, in deſpight of vaineglorious Titles and ambitious Degrees. Lordes muſt take heede, how they Lord-it in his preſence: but he forſooth may play the Lord Great Maiſter, *cum gratia*, & a ſawcy Sophiſter take vpon him, like a mighty Tyrant, *cum priuilegio*. God helpe, when Ignorance, and want of Experience, vſurping the chayre of ſcrupulous, and rigorous Iudgement, will in a fantaſticall Imagination, or, percaſe / in a melancholy moode, preſume farther, by infinite degrees, then the learnedeſt men in a ciuill Commonwealth, or the ſageſt counſellours in a Princes Court. Our new-new writers, the Loadſtones of the Preſſe, are wonderfully beholdinge to the Aſſe:

in a manner the onely Autor, which they alledge: the world was euer full inough of fools, but neuer ſo full of Aſſes in print: the very Elephant, a great Aſſe: the Camel, a huge Aſſe: the Beare, a monſtrous Aſſe: the Horſe, an abſurd Aſſe: the Fox himſelfe, a little Aſſe, or for variety, an Ape: who not an Aſſe, or an Ape in good plaine Engliſh, that chanceth to come in the wiſe Aſſe-makers, & mighty Ape-dubbers way? They are fine men, & haue many ſweete phraſes: it is my ſimplicity, that I am ſo ſlenderly acquainted with that dainty ſtile; the only new faſhion of current eloquẽce *in eſſe*: far ſurpaſſing the ſtale vein of Demoſthenes, or Tully: Iewel, or Harding: Whitgift, or Cartwright: Sidney, or Spencer. But I could wiſh, Ignorance would fauour it ſelfe: & it were not amiſſe, that want of Experience ſhould be content to be a little modeſt, or ſomewhat quiet: & both enforce les occaſion to be termed, as they will needes notoriouſly proclaime themſelues: as it were with a public Oh-is, or a generall *Nouerint vniuerſi per præſentes*. For if any thing indeede, be a right Aſſe in print, it is the one: and if any thing, indeede, be a right Calfe in print, it is the other: Ignorance, the famouſeſt Aſſe, and want of Experience, the notableſt Calfe in the world: Yet the one, the terrible controwler: the other the ſinguller Re-

fourmer of the world: both, the buſieſt aduenturers, and dowteeſt doers in a world. They trouble many much: ſome exceedingly: themſelues moſt: mee little: who can very well leaue them to the iollity of their owne ſwinge: or onely pray them to ſtay the nimble courſe of their forwarde wiſdomes, till they haue ſoberly reade, and hearde a little, and a little more: (for I wis ſomething reſteth vnconſidered:) and till they haue effectually ſeene, and tried a great deale, and a great-deale more: (for / much remaineth vnaproued:) I loue not to ſollicite them greatly, that loue to importune all other exceſſiuely. That little I haue done, I haue done compelled, and would wiſh vndone, rather then any ſtorme of Debate, or the leaſt fit of Mallice, ſhould inſue thereof: let them glory in Pen-ſcolding, and Paper-brabling, that liſt: I muſt not, I cannot, I will not: I hate to intend ſuch arrant paltry, not for feare, but for contempt, not for laſineſſe, but for weightier buſineſſe: good honeſt youthes, ſpare an old Truante, meeter now to play the Dumme Dog, with ſome auncientes, then the bauling Cur, or the hiſſing Snake, with you ſpringals: a thouſand Examples pierce deepe, and ouer-ſenſibly teach me the miſerable inconuenience of ſuch miſchiefe, and the miſerable miſchief of ſuch inconuenience: better a pecke of troubles, then a load of agonies:

no plague to irkeſome vengeance: no ioy, or treaſure to induſtrious imploiment: no felicity, to a commodious intercourſe of ſweete ſtudy, ſweeter conuerſation, and ſweeteſt action: that wanteth, muſt be ſupplied, as ſufficient as it may: extraordinary incombrances little neede: Time is pretious, and would not be prodigally waſted in waſt paper, or contemptuouſly thruſt out by the ſhoulders: my firſt Letter, was in a manner voluntary: my ſecond, in ſort neceſſary: this, wholy ſuperfluous, but violently extorted after the reſt: all wearyſome vnto me; but this moſt tedious: and any thing more, would ſeeme intollerable: Eſpecially in the Inuectiue veine: the little Fury of this Age, & great Incendiary of the world: whoſe vnmeaſurable outrage I would rather mittigate with twenty Inſinuatiue, & perſuaſiue Orations, then any way aggrauate with one Offenſiue or defenſiue Letter. Some Comicall Iars may be endured: but no act ſo ioyfull, as the Plaudite: & whatſoeuer the beginning happeneth to be, I would allwayes wiſh a pleaſant, or amicable end: the ſcope whereat I as dilligently aime, as any, that moſt religiouſly affecteth vnity. Only my determination is, rather to be a Sheepe in Wolfes printe, then to / ſuffer my ſelfe, or my deereſt frendes, to be made Sheepe in the wolfes walke: and onely my requeſt is, that euery

diſcreete, and courteous minde, will as conſiderately weigh the cauſe, as cenſoriouſly note the effect. I hope, there neither is, nor ſhalbe any default committed, but may in conuenient time bee redreſſed with ſome reaſonable amendes: vntill which time, I am not to dedicate any thing vnto any perſonage of name; but a mind, affectionately deſirous to honour the worthieſt: to reuerence the wiſeſt, to commend the learnedeſt: to embrace the beſt: to appeaſe the worſt: to iniury none: to render euery one, the vttermoſt of his deſart, or other quality. Which mind I entierly recommend vnto you all: and you all vnto God: whome I beſeech, to accompliſh that, which I cannot effect: and euen to worke a miracle vppon the deafe. London: this 11. and 12. of September.

Your affectionate frend, G. H.

GREENES MEMORIALL, OR certaine Funerall Sonnets.

To the foreſaid Maiſter Emmanuell Demetrius, Maiſter Chriſtopher Bird, and all gentle wits, that will voutſafe the reading.

Sonnet I.

His Repentance, that meant to call Greene to his aunſweare.

Alas that I ſo haſtely ſhould come
To terrifie the man with fatall dread,
That deemed quiet Pennes, or dead, or dum,
And ſtoutly knock't poore Silence on the head.
Enough can ſay: dead is the Dog of ſpite:
I, that for pitie praiſed him aliue,
And ſmil'd to hear him gnar, and ſee him bite,
Am / not with ſory carcaſſes to ſtriue.
The worſt I liſt of Famous him report:
Poules hath the Onely Pregnant Autor loſt:
Aihme, quoth Wit, in lamentable ſort,
What worthy wight ſhall now commaund the roſt?
Fame heard the plaint: and pointed at A man
As greene as Greene, and white as whiteſt Swanne.

Sonnet II.

His miſfortun, in being ſpitefully iniuried by ſome, whom he partially commended.

Vnlucky I, vnhappieſt on Earth,
That fondly doting vpon dainty witts,

And deepely rauiſh'd with their luring fitts,
Of gentle fauours find ſo hard a Dearth.
Is it my Fate, or Fault, that ſuch fine men
Should their Commender ſo vnkindly bite?
That looues to looue, in ſpite of rankeſt Spite,
And hates to hate, with Hart, or Tongue, or Pen.
Sweet Writers, as yee couet to be ſweet,
Nor me, nor other, nor your ſelues abuſe:
Humanity doth courteouſly peruſe
Ech act of frend, or foe, with fauour meet.
Foule Diuel, and fouler Malice, ceaſe to raue:
For euery fault I twenty pardons craue.

SONNET III.

His admonition to Greenes Companions.

THE flouriſhing, and gaily-ſpringing wight,
That vainely me prouok'd with vile reproch,
Hath / done his worſt, and hath no more to broche:
Maugre the Diuell of villanous deſpite.
I cannot raile, what-euer cauſe to raile:
For Charity I louingly imbrace,
That me for Enuy odiouſly deface:
But in their higheſt rage extreamely faile.
I can doe him no harme that is in heauen:
I can doe him no good that is in Hell:
I wiſh the beſt to his Suruiuours fell,
Deepely acquainted with his Six; and ſeauen.

O be not like to Death, that ſpareth none :
Your greeneſt Flower, and Peacockes taile is gone.

Sonnet IIII.

The miſerable end of wilful deſperatneſſe.

The iolly Fly diſpatch'd his ſilly ſelfe ;
What Storyes quaint of many a douty Fly,
That read a Lecture to the ventrous Elfe?
Yet he will haue his luſty ſwing, to dy.
Currage, and ſturring witt in time do well :
But that ſame obſtinate Deſperation,
A furious fiend of ſelfe-deuouring Hell,
Ruſhing with terrible Commination,
(What ſtorme ſo hideous as Rages ſpell?)
Concludes with horrible Lamentation:
Each bleſſed tongue accurſe malediction,
The vgly mouth of ruthfull confuſion.
Nothing ſo doulcely ſweete, or kindly deare,
As ſugred lips, and Harts delicious cheare.

Sonnet V.

The learned ſhould louingly affect the learned.

I am not to inſtruct where I may learne:
But where I may perſuaſiuely exhort,
Nor ouer-diſſolute, nor ouer-ſterne,
A curteous Honeſty I would extort.

Good loathes to damage, or vpbraid the good ;
Gentle, how loouely to the gentle wight?
Who ſeeith not, how euery blooming budd
Smileth on euery flower fairely dight,
And biddeth fowle illfauourdneſs God-night?
Would Alciats Embleme, or ſum ſcarlet whood,
Could teach the Pregnant ſonnes of ſhiny Light
To interbrace each other with delight.
Fine Mercury conducts a dainty band
Of Charites, and Muſes, hand in hand.

Sonnet VI.

His Palace of pleaſure.

I wott not what theſe cutting Huffe-ſnuffes meane:
Of Alehouſe-daggers I haue little ſkill:
I borrow not my phraſe of knaue or queane,
But am a dettour to the Ciuill quill.
It is reſtoratiue vnto my hart,
To heare how gentle Cheeke, and Smith conuerſ'd:
No daintier peece of delicateſt Art,
Then cordiall Stories charmingly rehearſ'd,
That whilom rudeſt wooddes, and ſtones emperc'd.
Who now beginnes that amiable part?
Haddon farewell: and Aſcham thou art ſtale,
And euery ſweetnes taſtes of bitter bale.
Oh, let me liue to interuiew the face
Of faire Humanity, and bounteous Grace.

Sonnet VII.

His vnfained wiſh.

Neuer Ulyſſes, or Æneas tyr'd,
With toyling trauailes, and huge afflictions :
As arrant penne, and wretched page bemyr'd
With naſty filth of rancke-maledictions.
I ſeldome call a ſnarling Curr, a Curr :
But wiſh the gnarring dog, as ſweete a mouth,
As braueſt horſe, that feeleth golden ſpurr:
Or ſhrilleſt Trompe, that ſoundeth North, or South :
Or moſt enchaunting Sirens voice vncouth.
Self-gnawing Harts, and gnaſhing Teeth of murr,
How faine would I ſee Orpheus reuiu'd,
Or Suadas hoony-bees in you rehiu'd?
O moſt-delicious hooney-dewes, infuſe
Your daintieſt influence into their Muſe.

Sonnet VIII.

A Continuation of the ſame wiſh.

Let them forgett their cancred peeuiſhnes ;
And ſay to Choller fell : Thou wert our fall :
Hadſt thou not boilde in fretting waywardnes,
We might haue laught at Fortunes toſſing Ball.
Choler, content thy malecontented ſelfe :
And cleereſt Humour, of right Sanguine pure,

Neately refin'd from that felonious elfe,
With / iouiall graciouſnes thy ſelfe enure,
If euer ſiluer conduictes were abroche
Of ſtreaming Witt, and flowing Eloquence:
Yee fluds of milke, and hoony reapproche,
And bounteouſly poure-out your Quinteſſence.
Gently aſſemble Delicacies all,
And ſweetely nectarize this bitter gall.

SONNET IX.

His reuiuall of a former motion: added at the inſtance of an eſpeciall friend.

WERE I as meete, as willing to aduiſe:
I would in amicable termes entreat
Some forward witts to change their headlong guiſe,
And leſſe in print, and more in mint to ſweat.
Pithagoras, and Apollonius ſage,
Two woonders of capacity diuine;
Trained their followers to temper rage,
And Tongue with curious ſilence to refine.
There is a Time to ſpeake: a Time to write:
But bleſſed be the Time, that ſees, and heares:
Let Petty Starres ſuppreſſe their twinckling light:
And glorious Sunne aduance his beamy peeres.
O you of golden mould, that ſhine like Sun,
Diſplay your heauenly giftes; and I haue dun.

Sonnet X.

A more particular Declaration of his intention.

Yet let Affection interpret ſelfe:
Arcadia braue, and dowty *Faery Queene*
Cannot / be ſtain'd by Gibelin, or Guelph,
Or goodlieſt Legend, that Witts eye hath ſeene.
The dainty Hand of exquiſiteſt Art,
And nimble Head of pregnanteſt receit,
Neuer more finely plaid their curious part
Then in thoſe liuely Chriſtals of conceit.
Other fair Wittes I cordially embrace:
And that ſweete Muſe of azur Dy, admire:
And muſt in euery Sonnet interlace
The earthly Soueraine of heauenly fire.
A fitter place remaineth to implore,
Of deepeſt Artiſts the profoundeſt lore.

Sonnet XI.

His Deſire, to honour excellent Perfections in the beſt.

Another addition, inserted at the request of one, that might commaunde.

Blacke Art auaunt: and haile thriſe-grace-full Grace,
That whiteſt white on Earth, or heauen exceedes
In purity, and ſouerainety immenſe.
Or locke my mouth: or ſchoole my infant-lippes,

Reſplendent lightes of Milky Way to ſing,
Rare ſubiectes of thy indulgence ſupreame.
Yet what ſhould I conſpicuous Mirrours ſing,
That radiantly diſplay their beauteous beames
Of gliſtring Vertue, and reſhining Witt :
The Luminaries great of little world ?
Folly impoſſibilities attempts :
Aſtoniſhment ſuch brightneſſe beſt becummes :
Or lend me Pegaſus, thy mounting winges :
And let me heare, how quire of Angels ſinges.

SONNET XII. /

His Court of Honour.

WERE fine Caſtilio, the Heire of Grace :
What gallant port more graciouſly fine ?
As dainty Petrarch was ſweete Sirens ſonne :
What witching tune more Orpheouſly ſweete ?
Him, him, the Idee high, and deepe abyſſe,
Of noble Excellence I would proclaime.
But what ſhould drowſy Muſe of Phantoms dreame ?
Caſt glauncing eie into Queene Pallas Court,
And ſcorne the dimnes of thy dazeled ſight,
Aſtound with Lord-and-Lady-Graces view :
Idees how high, Abyſſes how profounde,
Of valour braue, and admirable woorth ?

Poore glimmering Gemmes, and twinckling Stars, adieu :
Here, here the Sun, and Moone of Honor true.

SONNET XIII.

His interceſſion to Fame.

LIUE euer, valorous renowned Knightes ;
Liue euer, Smith, and Bacon, Peereles men :
Liue euer, Walſingham, and Hatton wiſe :
Liue euer, Mildmayes honorable name.
Ah, that Sir Humfry Gilbert ſhould be dead :
Ah, that Sir Philip Sidney ſhould be dead :
Ah, that Sir William Sackeuill ſhould be dead :
Ah, that Sir Richard Grinuile ſhould be dead :
Ah, that braue Walter Deuoreux ſhould be dead :
Ah, that the Flowre of Knighthood ſhould be dead,
Which, maugre deadlyeſt Deathes, and ſtonyeſt Stones,
That / coouer worthieſt worth, ſhall neuer dy.
Sweete Fame, adorne thy glorious Triumph new :
Or Vertues all, and Honours all, adieu.

SONNET XIIII.

A Repetition of the former Petition.

But Vertues all, and Honours all ſuruiue :
And Vertues all, and Honours all inflame.

Braue mindes to platfourme, and redoubted handes
To doe ſuch deedes, and ſuch exploites achieue,
As they, and they couragiouſly perform'd.
Egregious men, and memorable Knightes:
Ay memorable Knightes, whiles Sunne ſhall ſhine.
And teach induſtrious Worth, to ſhine like Sunne:
To liue in motion, and action hoat:
To eternize Entelechy diuine:
Where Plutarches Liues: where Argonautiques braue:
Where all Heroique woonderments concurr,
Oh, Oh, and Oh a thouſand thouſand times,
That thirſty Eare might heare Archangels rimes.

Sonnet XV.

A continuation of the ſame Petition.

Then would I ſo my Melody addoulce,
And ſo attune my Harmony to theirs,
That felleſt Fury ſhould confeſſe her ſelfe
Enchaunted mightily with charmes diuine:
And in the ſweeteſt termes of ſacred Leagues,
With pure deuotion reconcile her rage.
Meane-while I ſeeke, and ſeeke, but cannot finde
That Iewell rare of precioufſeſt worth:
Gentle / Accord and ſoueraigne Repoſe,
The Paradiſe of Earth, and bliſſe of Heauen.

Be it in Earth, ô Heauen direct my courſe :
Be it in Heauen alone, ô Earth Farewell.
Or well-fare Patience, that ſweetens ſowre,
And reares on Helliſh Earth an Heauenly Boure.

Sonnet XVI.

His profeſſed Diſdaine, to aunſweare vanity in ſome, or to enuy proſperity in any.

Some me haue ſpited with a cruell ſpite :
But Fount of Mercy ſo reclenſe my ſinne,
As I nor them maligne, nor any wight :
But all good mindes affect, like deereſt kinne.
Small cauſe I haue to ſcorne in any ſort :
Yet I extreamely ſcorne to aunſweare ſome,
That baniſh Conſcience from their report,
And ouerwantonly abuſe the dumme.
God keepe Low-Countrymen from high Diſdaine :
Yet I diſdaine with haughtieſt contempt
To enuy any perſons Fame, or Gaine :
Or any crooked practiſe to attempt.
Ieſu, that we ſhould band, like Iohn Oneale,
That tenderly ſhould melt in mutuall zeale.

Sonnet XVII.

His Exhortation to attonement and Loue.

O minds of Heauen, and wittes of higheſt Sphere,
Molten moſt-tenderly in mutuall zeale :

Each one with cordiall indulgence forbeare,
And Bondes of Loue reciproquely enſeale.
No / roſe, no violet, no fragrant ſpice
No Nectar, no Ambroſia ſo ſweet
As gratious Looue, that neuer maketh nice,
But euery one embraceth, as is meet.
Magne[t]s, and many thinges attractiue are:
But nothing ſo allectiue vnder ſkyes,
As that ſame dainty amiable Starre,
That none, but griſly mouth of Hell, defyes.
That Starre illuminate celeſtiall Harts:
And who, but Rancour, feeleth irkeſome ſmartes?

Sonnet XVIII.

Iohn Harueys Welcome to Robert Greene.

Come, fellow Greene, come to thy gaping graue:
Bid Vanity, and Foolery farewell:
Thou ouer-long haſt plaid the madbrain'd knaue:
And ouer-loud haſt rung the bawdy bell.
Vermine to Vermine muſt repaire at laſt:
No fitter houſe for buſy folke to dwell:
Thy Conny-catching Pageants are paſt:
Some other muſt thoſe arrant Stories tell.
Theſe hungry wormes thinke longe for their repaſt:
Come on: I pardon thy offence to me:
It was thy liuing: be not ſo aghaſt:
A Foole, and a Phiſition may agree,

And for my Brothers, neuer vex thy ſelfe :
They are not to diſeaſe a buried Elfe.

SONNET XIX.

His Apology of himſelfe, and his brothers.

YET fie on lies, and fie on falſe Appeales :
No Miniſter in England leſſe affectes
Thoſe / wanton kiſſes, that leaud folly ſteales,
Then Hee, whome onely Ribaldry ſuſpectes.
Were I a foole, (what man playes not the foole?
The world is full of fooles, and full of ſectes :)
Yet was Iohn neuer ſpoyled with the toole,
That Richard made : and none, but none infectes.
The third is better knowne in Court and Schoole,
Then thy vaine Quipp, or my Defence ſhalbe :
Whoſe Eie, but his, that ſitts on Slaunders ſtoole,
Did euer him in Fleete, or priſon ſee?
Lowd Mentery ſmall confutation needes :
Avaunt! black Beaſt, that ſowes ſuch curſed ſeedes.

SONNET XX.

His Apology of his good Father.

AH my deere Father, and my Parent ſweete,
Whoſe honeſty no neighbour can empeach :

That any Ruffian ſhould in termes vnmeete,
To your diſcredit ſhamfully outreach.
O rakehell Hand, that ſcribled him a knaue,
Whom neuer Enemy did ſo appeach:
Repent thy wicked ſelfe, that ſo didſt raue,
And cancell that, which Slaunders mouth did teach.
Nor euery man, nor euery trade is braue:
Malt, haires, and hempe, and ſackcloth muſt be had:
Truth him from odious imputations ſaue:
And many a gallant Gentleman more bad.
Four Sonnes, him coſt a thouſand pounds at leſt:
Well may he fare: and thou enioy thy reſt.

Sonnet XXI. /

His charitable hope: and their eternall repoſe.

Let memory of groſe abuſes ſleepe:
Who ouer-ſhooteth not in reckleſſe youth?
Were ſinnes as redd, as reddeſt ſcarlet deepe,
A penitentiall Hart preuenteth ruth.
Well-wiſhing Charity preſumes the beſt:
Nothing impoſſible to powreful Trueth:
Body to Graue, and Soule to Heauen addreſt,
Leaue vpon Earth, the follies of their youth.
Some Penury bewaile: ſome feare Arreſt:
Some Parmaes force: ſome Spanyardes gold addread:

Some vnderly the terrible inqueſt :
Some carry a Ielous : ſome a climing Head.
We that are dead, releaſ'd from liuing woes,
Soundly enioy a long, and long Repoſe.

SONNET XXII.

L'enuoy : or an Anſwere to the Gentleman, that drunke to Chaucer, vpon view of the former Sonnets, and other Cantos, in honour of certain braue men.

SOME Tales to tell, would I a Chaucer were :
Yet would I not euen now an Homer be :
Though Spencer me hath often Homer term'd :
And Monſieur Bodine vow'd as much as he.
Enuy, and Zoilus, two buſy wightes :
No petty ſhade of Homer can appeere,
But he the Diuell, and ſhe his Dam diſplay :
And / Furies fell annoy ſweete Muſes cheere.
Nor Martins I, nor Counter-martins ſquibb :
Enough a doo to clere my ſimple ſelfe :
Momus gainſt Heauen ; and Zoilus gainſt Earth,
A Quipp for Gibeline : and whip for Guelph.
Or purge this humour : or woe-worth the State,
That long endures the one, or other mate.

Robertus Grenus, vtriuſq. Academiæ Artium Magiſter, de Seipſo.

Ille ego, cui riſus, rumores, feſta, puellæ,
Vana libellorum ſcriptio, vita fuit :
Prodigus vt vidi Ver, Æſtatemq; furoris,
Autumno, atque Hyemi, cum Cane dico vale.
Ingenii bullam ; plumam Artis ; fiſtulam Amandi;
Ecquæ non miſero plangat auena tono ?

Gabriel Harueius, deſideratiſſimæ animæ Ioannis fratris.

At Iunioris erat, Seniori pangere carmen
Funebre, ni Fati lex violenta vetet.
Quid fruſtra exclamem, Frater, fraterrime Frater?
Dulcia cuncta abeunt : triſtia ſola manent.
Totus ego Funus, pullato ſquallidum amictu,
Quamvis cælicolæ, flebile dico vale.

To the | Right Worſhipfull, my ſingular good frend, M. Gabriell Haruey, Doctor of the Lawes.

Haruey, the happy aboue happieſt men
I read : that ſitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes Stage, doeſt note with critique pen
The ſharpe diſlikes of each condition :
And as one careleſſe of ſuſpition,
Ne fawneſt for the fauour of the great :

Ne feareſt fooliſh reprehenſion
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat.
But freely doeſt, of what thee liſt, entreat,
Like a great Lord of peereleſſe liberty :
Lifting the good vp to high Honours ſeat,
And the Euill damning euermore to dy ;
For Life, and Death is in thy doomefull writing:
So thy renowme liues euer by endighting.

Dublin : this xviij of Iuly : 1586.

Your deuoted frend, during life,
EDMUND SPENCER.

FINIS.

IV.

A NEW LETTER OF NOTABLE CONTENTS.

1593.

NOTE.

For the 'Notable Letter' I owe thanks to the Huth Library. It is a small quarto of 16 unpaged leaves—title-page and A 2—D 3. Mr. J. Payne Collier also reprinted this in his (so-called) Yellow Series, much as he did the 'Foure Letters' and all. It is simple and sorrowful matter-of-fact that in no single case has it been my good fortune to find a consecutive half-page true to the original in any one of his reprints.—G.

A New Letter of

NOTABLE CONTENTS,

With a ſtraunge Sonet, intituled

GORGON,

Or the wonderfull yeare.

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LONDON
Printed by Iohn Wolfe,
1593.

To my Loving Friend Iohn

Wolfe, Printer to the Cittie.

MR WOLFE, *Good Newes* was euer a welcome gueſt vnto me: and you do well in the current of your buſineſſe, to remember the Italian Prouerbe; *Good Tidings* would be diſpatched to ride poſt, as *Ill Tidings* may haue good leaue to be a footeman. The nimbleſt *Bee* is a ſlowworme in expeditions of importance, or cōgratulation: & the dulleſt *Snaile* the meeteſt Ambaſſadour to be employed in meſſages of damage, or condolement. You haue lately, (as appeareth by your Indices of the ſickneſſe, and ſo many other Nouels) very tidely playde the Bees part: and ſo continue, as you loue me, or your ſelfe: vnto whom I wiſh a rich hiue, and many hony-moones. Since I receaued *Parthenophil*, *Shores Wife*, and the *Articles* of Accorde or truce in France (for which I render

you as many thankes, as there be Articles) : I haue now alſo this inſtant of September, peruſed your queint, and cunning Diſcourſe of *Remonſtrances* to the *Duke de Maine* : with that other new-new Pamflet of the late Turkiſh aſſiege of *Syſſeck in Croatia*, the old *Liburnia*, famous for ſeruiceable Shippes. And take no leſſe pleaſure in the ſounde Declaration of the plaine Germane, a credible Hiſtoriographer, then delight in the ſly Information of the fine French, a glicking Remembrancer. It is not the externall, but the *internall forme* (call it the Pith, or the marrow, or the life-bloud, or what you liſt), that / edifieth : and vndoubtedly the Chriſtian world hath pregnant cauſe to proſtrate the feruenteſt Zeale of their deuotions to his almighty maieſty, that hath brought *France*, and *Croatia* to thoſe termes of Truce, and Triumph. A happy *Truce*, if a happy truce : and an honorable *Triumph*, if durable. I ſay *If* and *If*, bicauſe I haue knowne many a *Truce*, like Scammony, that weakeneth the liuer ; or Caſſia, that enfeebleth the raines ; or Agarick that ouerthroweth the ſtomacke, the ſtomacke that muſt worke the feate. And who hath not either by Experience or by heare-ſay, or by reading, knowne many a *Triumph* like Sena, that breedeth winde ; or Rubarbe, that dryeth ouer-much ; or Euforbium, that inflameth the whole body ; the body that muſt ſtrike the ſtroake ?

Take away that ouerthrowing, or weakening property from *Truce:* and *Truce* may be a diuine Scammony, Caſſia, or Agaricke, to purge noyſome, and rebellious humours. Oh that it might be ſuch a Purge in Fraunce. Correct that ventoſitie, or inflammation, that accompanieth Triumph; and Lo the gallanteſt Phiſique, that nature hath affourded, witt deuiſed, or magnanimity practiſed, to abate the pride of the enemy, and to redouble the courage of the frende. No Tobacco, or Panacea ſo mightily vertuous, as that Phyſique. Oh that it might be ſuch a Phyſique in Croatia, in Hungary, in Almany, in the whole Chriſtian world. *Immenſum calcar gloria*, the goldē ſpurre of the braue Grecian, & the worthy Romane. *Pollicy* is Politique: & will not eaſely be cooſened with the muſke of the Perfumer, though muſke be a ſweet Curteſan; or allured with the ſugar, & hony of the Cooke, though ſugar, & hony be dainty hypocrites; or enueigled with the gold-leaues of the Goldſmith, though gold-leaues be eloquēt & bewitching Oratours; or deluded, that is, betrayed with any / coolerable counterfeſance, howſoeuer ſmoothly enticing, or glorioufly pretending. Priuate medicines are often adulterate: but publique medicines will admit no ſophiſtication: and Pollicy muſt be well-aduiſed, before it ſwallow-downe the gilded pilles of flattering pretext. Fraunce hath bene taught

to be cautelous in *Truce;* which hath eftſoones ſucked the ſweetneſſe of a *Iudas kiſſe*: and Croatia may learne to be prouident in *Triumph*; which hath often fealt the ioyfulneſſe of a *Sampſons poſt.* Neither Fraunce can be too ielous: nor Croatia too preſt; nor Hungary too fierce; nor Almany too hardy; nor any nation too circumſpect, that is beleaguered with ſuch puiſſant, and obſtinate foes. The houſe of *Guiſe* hath lōg hawked and practiſed for a great Crowne: the Duke de *Maine* hath chopped vpō a main chāce: Opportunity is a maruelous warriour: The king of *Spaine* a mighty enemy: the *Pope* an vnreconcilable aduerſary to a Proteſtant Prince: the *Turke* a horrible foe to Chriſtian ſtates; and not to be daunted, or dismayed with two, or three petty foiles. *Petty foiles* incenſe choler, & enrage fury; not allay courage, or diſarme power. Were not a man a man in himſelfe, and God aboue all; alas, what ſecurity in a fallible *Truce*, or what repoſe in a momētany *Triumph*? Yet euery *Truce* is reſpectiuely welcome: and euery *triumph* a Pageant of manfull valour, & a Iubile of diuine fauour. For my poore part, (a ſingle Intereſt in ſo great affaires) I am as affectionatly glad to find Victory on the better ſide, as I haue often bene compaſſionatly ſory (or ſhall I ſay? ſtomachouſly angry), to read how pitteouſly the Chriſtian hoaſt hath bene beaten

by the Turkiſh Army, a braue Army, but Turkiſh. Whoſe puiſſance hath long bene, and ſtill is the diſhonour of Chriſtendome; and whoſe Empire cannot waxe, according to their aſpiring deſeigne, / but Chriſtes kingdome muſt wane, according to ſome lamentable Examples. Surely the Onely-wiſe (for whoſoeuer is comparatiuely wiſe, He is abſolutely wiſe) ordaineth all for the beſt: and they periſh for, or through, their *owne folly*, that periſh. Homer in humanity hath affirmed it: and the Bible in diuinity hath confirmed it. Howbeit true *Wiſdome* is valiant in aduerſity: and right *Valiancy* wiſe in proſperity: both euer like themſelues, and vnlike the puffes, or bubbles of the world; that know how to diſguiſe, or afflict, but not how to redreſſe, or ſolace themſelues. *Hope* neuer diſpaireth: and no ſuch reſolution, as the reſolution of *Faith*: a vertue of more wonderfull emproouement by thouſandes, then the moſt miraculous graine of muſtard-ſeede: or whatſoeuer *Nature* ingendreth, *Art* frameth, or *Exerciſe* atchieueth moſt powerable. *Zeale* hath bene, & may be, a maruellous Conquerour, euen beyond the braueſt *Confidence*, or fierceſt *Fury*: and *Faith* was euer the wōder of wonders, where it was. Chriſt fauoureth a ſtout, and inuincible *Conſtancy* in any good cauſe: and in his owne cauſe, (maugre the maineſt forces, or ſuttleleſt Pollicies

of Mahomet, or the Diuell,) he will finally make them victorious, with *Triumphes* and ioy, and *Trophyes* of honour, that fight his battailes with the hart of *Zeale*, and the hand of *Courage*. Who honoureth not the glorious memory, and the very name of the renowned *Lepanto* : the monument of Don Iohn of Auſtria, the ſecurity of the Venetiā ſtate, the Halleluia of Chriſtendome, & the Welaway of Turky ? Chriſt bleſſe his ſtādard-bearers, with many *Lepantos*, and *Syſſecks ;* and make his *militant* Church, an hoaſt *triumphant*. / It hath often bene the meditation of One, that with a politique, and diuine Analyſis, hath looked into the ſucceſſiue proceedings, and fatall ouer-throwes of / Tyrannyes : if *Mahomet*, and his *Alcoran* cannot ſtand, but *Chriſt*, & his *Euangely* muſt fall : when the *Great Turke*, continually encroaching, (according to his graund intendiments, and ambitious deſeigne,) is buſieſt in his hoateſt harueſt of engroſing and coheaping kingdomes, and, with a moſt greedy appetite runneth-headlong to deuoure the Chriſtian world at a bit ; Lord haue mercy vpon thee, *ô little-little Turke*. *Pride* may exalt his hawty preſumptions, and *Proweſſe* aduaunce his terrible brauery : but there is a God in heauen ; and they cannot laugh long, that make the Diuell laugh, and Chriſt weepe. Meane-while it were pitty, *Syſſeck* ſhould want the glory of

ſuch an immortall Memoriall, as ſome noble, and royall witts haue beſtowed vpon the euer-renowned *Lepanto*. Excellent *Vertue*, for a due reward, deſerueth excellent *Honour*: and braue *Valour*, for worthy imitation, would be brauely extolled: as Orpheus glorified Iaſon; Homer, Achilles; Virgill, Æneas; Arioſto, Charlemaine; Taſſo, Godfry of Bollen; and ſo forth. Eſpecially in ſuch an encountring, and ſurpriſing Time, as muſt either flooriſh, like the Palme of the mountaine; or fade, like the Lilly of the valley. You know, I am not very prodigall of my diſcourſe with euery one: but I know, vnto whom I write: & he that hath read, and heard ſo many Florentine Diſcourſes, as you haue done, may the better diſcerne, what is what: and he that publiſheth ſo many books to the world, as you do, may frame vnto himſelfe, a priuate, & publique vſe of ſuch conference. Few they are, that are qualified to ſurpaſſe, or equall thoſe ſingular Preſidents: but they few would be reteined with a golden fee, or interteined with ſiluer Curteſie. Some I know in *Cambridge*; ſome in *Oxford*; ſome in *London*; ſome *elſewhere*, died in the pureſt graine of *Art*, & *Exerciſe*; but a few in either, and not many in all: that vndoubtedly can do excellently well, exceedingly well. And were they thorowghly employed according to the poſſibility of their

Learning, & *Induſtry*, who can tell, what compariſon this tongue might wage with the moſt-flooriſhing Lāguages of Europe: or what an ineſtimable crop of moſt noble and ſoueraine fruite, the hand of *Art*, and the ſpirite of *Emulation* might reape in a rich, and honorable field? Is not the Proſe of *Sir Philip Sidney*, in his ſweet Arcadia, the embrodery of fineſt *Art*, and daintieſt Witt? *Or* is not the Verſe of M. *Spencer* in his braue Faery Queene, the Virginall of the diuineſt Muſes, and gentleſt Graces? Both delicate Writers: alwayes gallant, often braue, continually delectable, ſomtimes admirable. What ſweeter taſt of Suada then the Proſe of the one: or what pleaſanter reliſh of the Muſes, then the Verſe of the Other? *Sir John Cheekes* ſtile was the hony-bee of Plato: and M. *Aſchams* Period the Syren of Iſocrates. His, and his breath, the balme and ſpicknard of the delightfulleſt *Tempe*. You may geſſe, whoſe meter I would intitle the harpe of Orpheus, or the dulcimers of Sappho. And which of the Goldē Riuers floweth more currently, then the ſiluer ſtreame of the *Engliſh Arioſto*? Oh that we had ſuch an *Engliſh Taſſo*: and oh that the worthy *du Bartas* were ſo endeniſoned. The *ſky-coloured Muſe* beſt commendeth her owne heauenly harmony: and who hath ſufficiently prayſed the hyacinthine & *azure die*, but itſelfe?

What colours of aſtoniſhing *Rhetorique*, or rauiſhing *Poetry*, more deeply engrained, thē ſome of his amazing deuiſes: the fine dittyes of an other *Petrarch*, or the ſweet charmes of pure enchantment. What *Dia-margariton*, or *Dia-ambre*, ſo comfortatiue or cordiall, as *Her Electuary of Gemmes*, (for though the furious Tragedy *Antonius*, / be a bloudy chaire of eſtate, yet the diuine *Diſcourſe of Life and Death*, is a reſtoratiue Electuary of Gemmes) whō I do not expreſly name, not becauſe I do not honour *Her* with my hart, but becauſe I would not diſhonour *Her* with my pen, whom I admire, and cannot blaſon enough. Some other *Paragons* of bewtifulleſt Eloquence, and *Mirrours* of brighteſt witt, not ſo much for breuities ſake, as for like Honours ſake, I ouerſkip; whoſe onely imperfection is, that they are touched with no imperfection. Yet *Hope* is a *Tranſcendent*, & will not eaſily be impriſoned, or impounded in any Predicament of auncient or moderne *Perfection*; which it may honour with due reuerence, but will not ſerue with baſe homage. *Excellency* hath in all ages affected ſingularity; & *Ambition* how impetuouſly buckled for the maſtery? And albeit *witt* haue a quicke ſent, that wil not be cooſened, and *Iudgement* a ſharpe eye, that cannot be bleared: (the Morning Starre of *Diſcretion*, and the Euening Starre of *Experience*

haue a deepe inſight in the merites of euery cauſe) : yet ſtill *Hope* hath reaſon to continue *Hope*, and is a white Angell ſent from heauen, aſwell to enkindle Vigorous *Zeale*, as to awaken laſie *Slougth*. A wan, or windy Hope, is a notable breake-necke vnto itſelfe ; but the grounded, and winged Hope, which I ſomeway perceiue in a few other, no way conceiue in miſelfe, is the aſcending ſcale, and *milk-way* to heauenly excellency. When I bethinke me of any ſingular, or important *Effect*, I am preſently drawne into a conſideration of the *Cauſe*, and deeme it a childiſh vanity, to dreame of the *End* without the *Meanes*. The prompt and pliant *Nature*, is the dawning of the Crimſen morning : the right *Art* as fine a workeman, as Dædalus, & as nimble a Planet, as Mercury : aſpiring *Imitation* may climb high : how oft hath *Emulation* won the golden ſpurres, / and runne his Victorious race, like the ſhining Sun in his reſplendiſhing Chariot? Pregnant and inceſſant *Exerciſe* hatcheth miracles. *Practiſe* was euer a curious platformer of rare and queint Theroickes : and is it not ſtil poſſible for Practiſe, to deuiſe as exquiſite patternes, as euer were inuented, and euen to contriue new Idees of ſingularity? The encounter of *Vertue*, is honorable : & what more commendable, then the Conflict of *Art*? It is onely that diuine *Hope*, embelliſhed with thoſe

Ornaments of ſkill, and inſpired with thoſe bleſſings of heauen, that muſt excell itſelfe; & aduaunce the worthieſt *Valour*, that euer atchieued *Heroicall Exploits*, or leuyed *Argonauticall Prizes*, by land, or ſea. Peereleſſe wittes may hourd-vp the precious treaſure of their *Inuention*, and ſtore-vp the gorgeous furniture of their Eloquence, till *Proweſſe* hath accompliſhed mightier wonders vppon Earth. At this preſent, what can Admiration finde, either more reſolute for courage, or more puiſſant for valour, or more honorable for ſucceſſe, or more wōderfull for imitatiō, thē the ſmal bādes of the braue *Rupertus* againſt the Turke; or the little troupes of the brauer *French King* againſt his domeſticall and forrein enemyes?

I might ſay more, were the place fit: but what written Token ſhall I returne for ſo many Printed Tokens? One hand waſheth an other: and it apperteineth vnto him, that taketh ſomething, to giue ſomething. I am reaſonably furniſhed with choice of other ſtoare at this inſtant: but I will not accloy you attonce: and my leaſt, but *Neweſt Trifle* (for that is the meeteſt name) ſhall ſerue in ſupply of a ſmall requitall for your greater Newes. I terme it a Trifle for the *manner*: though the *matter* be, in my conceit, ſuperexcellent; in the opinion of the world, moſt admirable; for priuate conſideration, very notable; for publique / vſe paſſing

memorable; for a point, or two, exceeding monſtrous. And that is the very diſgrace of the *Sonnet*, that the Stile nothing counteruaileth the Subiect, but debaſeth a ſtraunge body with vulgar attire, and diſguiſeth a ſuperlatiue Text with a poſitiue Gloſſe. As it is, it is your owne to diſpoſe, or cancell at pleaſure: and albeit the writer promiſe nothing, (for promiſe he accounteth an Obligation), yet if he fortune to ſurpriſe you with a ſorry amendes, let it not be vnwellcome, that commeth in the name of good-will; and ſuch a good-will, as is leſſe affraide of the Plague, then of Vnthankefulneſſe. He that is deſirous with the firſt, to be continually made acquainted with your publique Intelligences, from, or of whatſoeuer kingdomes, or States; will haue a mutuall regard of frendly correſpondence, by ſome returne of priuate Nouels, or other recompenſe; as any his vacation yeeldeth leyſure, or any his opportunity preſenteth occaſion.

Touching his preſent Exerciſes, or other actions, you know enough, that know why the *Aſſe* ſleepeth, & the *Fox* winketh. Or recall to minde our ſweet Table-philoſophy of the *fordead Libbard*, a very gentle, and ſilent creature; and you neede no other inckling. Paraduenture, ſome-body may finde, that the rougheſt, & awk[ward]eſt things are not ſo cũberſome to other, as they may prooue irke-

ſome to themſelues. There is a learned kinde of *Feare* that preuenteth many miſchiefes: and they are iudiciouſly wiſe, (howſoeuer valiant, rich, or powerable,) that dare not vſe other otherwiſe, then themſelues would be vſed. Men may ſtand vpon brauing termes, and puffe-vp their owne ſwelling veynes: but when *wilfulneſſe* is in the tide, *Diſcretion* is in the ebbe. Some haue repented them no leſſe then fower and twenty houers in a day, and a night, for one *froward word.* / Suerly a man were better ſhift his footing, then ſtand ſtifly in his owne light: and who would not rather ſay to his Tongue, *Tongue thou art a lyer;* or to his penne, *Penne thou art a foole*; then vndooe himſelfe vtterly, and ſhame himſelfe euerlaſtingly? You might heare of the new *Treaty, or motiue*: and it is not the firſt time that I haue diſcouered a broode of witts, like the famous *well in Idumea;* whoſe water one quarter of the yeare, was muddy, as the muddieſt kennell; another quarter, as bloudy, as the bloudieſt ſlaughterhouſe; the third, as greene, as the greeneſt graſſe: the fourth, as cleere, as the cleereſt conduict.

Euery exchaunge for the better, doth well: and it is a good ſign, when pudled waters grow cleere, if they grow cleere; and diſordered wittes become tractable, if they become tractable. Haue they not cauſe to doubt, that know the variable nature

of that *Syrian well:* and haue ſeen ſo many dogged things returne to their vomit? *A good bargaine*, and a *gentle Offer* would not bee refuſed: but he that cõſidereth the fittes of Aprill, and the panges of September, hath reaſon for a demurrer: and he that hath ſeene as lunatique creatures, as the Moone, muſt be pardoned, though he ſuffer not himſelfe to be cooſened with the legerdemaine of a iugling conuert. Did I neuer tell you of a grauer man, that wore a priuy coate of interchaungeable colours; and for the Art of Reuolting, or recanting, might read a Lecture to any retrograde Planet in Heauen, or Earth? Is it not poſſible for a wilde *Aſſe*, of a fugitiue and renegate diſpoſition, in ſuch a point to reſemble the tameſt *Foxe*? Or are not *Bookes* with vnſtayed readers, and running heads like vnto thoſe wondrous waters, that being dronke of birdes, as Theophraſtus reporteth, or of ſheepe, as Seneca writeth, chaunged them from white to blacke, and from blacke to white?

After / a ſterne and ruthfull *Tragedy*, ſolemnly acted, who deeplyer plunged in ſober, and melancholy dumpes, then ſome good fellowes; that from a pleaſant, and wanton *Comedy*, liuely played, returne as merry as a criket, and as light as a feather? When the ſweet Youth haunted *Aretine*, and *Rabelays*, the two monſtrous wittes of their

languages, who ſo ſhaken with the furious feauers of the One; or ſo attainted with the French Pockes of the other? Now he hath a little muſed vpon the *Funerall Teares* of Mary Magdalen; and is egged-on to try the ſuppleneſſe of his *Patheticall veine*, in weeping the compaſſionatiſt and *diuineſt Teares*, that euer heauenly Eye rained vpon Earth: Ieſu, what a new worke of *Supererogation* haue they atchieued! Riotous *Vanitie* was wont to roote ſo deeply, that it could hardly be vnrooted; and where reckeleſſe *Impudency* taketh poſſeſſion, it vſeth not very haſtily to be diſpoſſeſſed. I was ſaying: what ſay you, to a Spring of rankeſt *Villany* in February: and a Harueſt of ripeſt *Diuinity* in May? May they not ſurceaſe to wonder, that wonder how Machiauell can teach a Prince *to be*, and *not to be*, religious?

An other queſtion, or two of ſharper edge, were at my tounges end. But what ſhould we hereafter talke any-more of *Paradoxes*, or *impoſſibilities*, when He, that penned the moſt deſperate and abominable Pamflet of *Straunge Newes*, and diſgorged his ſtomacke of as poiſonous rancour, as euer was vomited in Print; within few moneths is won, or charmed, or inchaunted, (or what *Metamorphoſis* ſhould I terme it) to aſtoniſh carnall mindes with ſpirituall meditations, vpon one of the moſt ſacred and godfull arguments, that the

holyeſt deuotion could admire, in the profoundeſt traunce of rapt Seraphicall Zeale? I will not ſtay to maruell at the miracles of predominant Cauſes: the Holy/-ghoſt is an omnipotent Spirite, that can mollifie the flyntyeſt minde, and breath a ſoule of Heauen into a hart of Hell. If vnfaynedly he hath ſtripped-of the ſnakes ſkinne, and put-on the *new man*, as he deuoutly pretendeth; let him be conſtant, and not blaſpheme his moſt reuerend Sauiour with counterfait Teares: if he playeth at faſt, and looſe, (as is vehemently ſuſpected, by ſtrong preſumptions) whom ſhall he cunnycatch, or croſbite, but his Caſt-away ſelfe, as holly, as a holly-hock? But, I thanke God, I haue ſome-thing elſe to diſpute: and if young Apuleius be not ſtill the ſonne of old Apuleius, and Pierce ſtill as diuine, as a wilde Vine, I haue ſaid nothing: but commend the ſweet art of relenting Humanity, and embrace the good nature of a good Nature, that ſheddeth the pure Teares of Repentance. The more notorious the offence, and the more *vnſatiſfiable* the *Iniurie* was; the more fauorable, and liberall he is, that with honeſt termes, and reaſonable conditions may eaſely be entreated to pardon the ſame; that is, to beſtow a great benefit in ſteade of a great reuenge, and to looſe the exerciſe of many weekes, to gaine the recouery of one *loſt ſonne*. The beſt is, I am not

yet a Fly in the cobweb of the Spider: and in a mating age, none are free from the check, but kinges. Or if kinges peraduenture finde themſelues ſomewhat ſhrewdly mated, alas we poore ſubiectes muſt be content to be checked: & may dayly learne of our betters, to ſmoother with patience, that we cannot quench with order, and will not extinguiſh with diſorder. Socrates profeſſed nothing: and I profeſſe leſſe then Socrates: yet this I profeſſe. He that neither cockereth himſelfe, nor loueth to be lulled, or ſmoothed-up of freindes, can lightly put-vp the heauieſt loade of an enemy: and he can hardly be daunted with / nipping wordes, that is not eaſely diſmayed with pinching deedes. An *vnguiltie minde* knoweth not what the *trembling of the Hart* meaneth: and a *ſounde Conſcience* is a braſen wall againſt the maineſt battry of Spite, or Feude. Were there no other philoſophie, but *Experience*, and a ſettled reſolution to proceede according to *Reaſon* in generall, and *Occaſion* in ſpeciall: euery guiltleſſe eye that ſeeith any thing, ſeeith his owne *Confirmation* in the *Confutation* of his guiltie aduerſary: whoſe Vaine *railinges* are ſibbe to other *Vanities*, that cannot endure, but either Vaniſh like ſmoke in the Ayer; or mealt-away like ſnow in the Sunne; or grow ſtale like diſguiſed faſhions; or diſſolue themſelues into their *materiam primam*, that is, into Vanitie, &

ſhame. Had I founde any one materiall article, or ſubſtātiall point againſt me, I muſt haue imputed ſome part of the blame to miſelfe: but finding nothing in all thoſe peſtilent & Virulent ſheetes of waſt-paper, but meere-meere forgeryes, and the *Diuell in the horologe;* might I not iuſtly ſay? I haue cauſe to vſe, as I am uſed: or haue I not reaſon to ſtand vpon termes of conſideration? Did I not intende to deale a bountifull almes of Curteſie, who in my caſe would giue eare to the law of *Obliuion*, that hath the Law of *Talion* in his handes; or accept of a ſilly recantation, as it were a ſory plaiſter to a broken ſhinne, that could knocke Malice on the head, and cut the windpipe of the railing throate? *Pierces Supererogation*, (that was an arrow in my hād, or clogg in your,) is left beholding to the penknife: *Naſhes S. Fame* hath ſomewhat more of the launcelet: the Reply of *the excellent Gentlewoman* is the fine raſour, that muſt ſhaue-away euery ranke haire of his great courage, and little wit. I was long-ſince aweary with beating the Aier; and take ſmall pleaſure in waſhing the Aſſes head: or what ſhould I terme that / booteleſſe, and irkſome buſineſſe? But it is that heauenly Creature (for ſo ſhe will approue herſelfe) that can coniure-downe the mouth of Villany into hell-mouth; & will do it as reſolutely, as ſhe can do it peremptorily, Vnleſſe a cōpetent

ſatisfaction be ſpeedily tendered to my cōtentmēt. It were pitty, that diuine handy-worke ſhould bee employed but to a diuine peece of ſeruice, either to gaine a relenting ſoule, or to caſt-away an obſtinate body. If ſhe be preuented by a voluntary ſubmiſſion of the offendour; to do a thing done, were a ſuperfluous labour; and to vndo a man vndone, an vnmercifull cruelty. A thing as contrary to the ſhining louelineſſe of her milde diſpoſition, as the bittereſt bitter ſeemeth repugnāt to the ſweeteſt ſweet. The *braueſt man* is ſuch a perſonage, as I haue elſewhere deſcribed: A *Lion* in the field, a *Lamme* in the towne: A Ioues *Eagle* in feude, an Apollos *Swanne* in ſociety: A *Serpent* in wit, A *Doue* in life: A *Fury* in execution, an *Angell* in conuerſation. What hath the braueſt man, that ſhe hath not: excepting the *Lion* in the field of Mars, which ſhe hath in the field of Minerua: whoſe warre ſhe wageth with a couragious minde, an inuincible hand, and the *cunning aray* of the worthy Old-man in Homer. His *talke* was ſweet; his *Order* fine; and his whole *menage* braue: and ſo is hers: but for a dainty *wit*, and a diuine *humanitie*, ſhe is ſuch a Paragon, as may compare with the excellenteſt of Homers women, and pledge the honorableſt of his Goddeſſes. She is a right birde of *Mercuries winged chariot*: and teacheth the liuelyeſt cockes of the game, to

beſturre them early, to crow gallantly, to march comely, to fight valiantly, to conſort kindly, and to liue in any eſtate honorably. No flower more flooriſhing, then her *witt*: no fruite more mature then her *iudgement*. All her conceits are illuminate with / the light of *Reaſon*: all her ſpeaches bewtified with the grace of *Affabilitie*: all her writinges ſeaſoned with the ſalt of *Diſcrètion*: all her ſentēces ſpiced with wittines, perfumed with delight, tēpered with proffit: no leauen of *Experience* more ſauory, thē all her platformes, & actions: nothing more mellow, thē the whole courſe of her life. In her minde there appeareth a certaine heauenly *Logique*: in her tongue, & pen, a diuine *Rhetorique*: in her behauiour, a refined *Morall Philoſophie*: in her gouernemēt, a ſouerain *Pollicy*: in euery part of her proceeding a ſingular *dexteritie*: & what patterne of *ſkill*, or *Practiſe*, more admirable then the whole? Let it not ſeeme incredible, that ſhall enact & accōpliſh more, thē is ſignified. The maner of her *wrath*, or *diſdaine*, (yet I beleeue, ſhe was neuer froward with any, nor euer angry but with *One*; whō onely ſhe ſcorneth, & before whō ſhe neuer contemned any,) is ſomwhat like the counter-tenour of an offended Syren; or not much vnlike the progreſſe of the reſplēdent Sunne in the Scorpion. Her *fauour* is liker triacle for the hart, thē ypocraſe for the mouth: her *dis-*

fauour like the Moone withdrawing the cheerely beames of her bounteous light in a cloud: her *hatred* (if ſhe can hate, for I verily thinke ſhe neuer hated, but One) like the flaſhing weapon of the fiery Aier. She is not lightly moued: but what ſhe reſembleth, or repreſenteth, when ſhe is moued, could I as viſibly declare, as ſhe cā vigorouſly vtter, I would deeme miſelf a peece of an Oratour. And I were more then Tullyes perfect Oratour, if I could diſplay her excellent perfections, whoſe minde is as full of ritch giftes, and precious Iewells, as New-yeares day. Yet her goodlieſt ornament, and greateſt wonder, is the *ſweet humilitie* of that braue courage. But in remembring her, I forget miſelf: & what a tedious Letter is here for him, that main / taineth a charge-able family by following his buſines? Had I not found you deſirous of ſome particularities touching *Naſhes S. Fame*, & the *Gentlewomans Reply*, when you deliuered vnto me *Pierces Supererogation* in Print: I had diſpatched ere now. But now you muſt lend me patience, vntill I haue diſbalaſed my minde cōcerning her *endighting*, whereof I haue already giuē you a taſt, or ſmacke in *Pierces Supererogation*: as in the harmony of her mind, ſo in the melody of her *Verſe*, I ſeldome or neuer deſcry any note out off tune: and it is not the firſt time I haue termed her *Proſe* the tinſell of

fineſt Art, and ſweeteſt nature. What notes I finde aboue Ela in the One ; & what counterpoints of exquiſite workemanſhip I admire in the other: it ſhall elſewhere appeare, in a Dialogue, intituled *Pandora*, or the *Mirrour of ſingularitie*. Might I ſee the *fineſt Art*, and *ſweeteſt nature* in perſon, I would report me to the Cenſure of their owne ſouerain mouthes; the beſt Iudges in their owne peerleſſe faculty. There falleth not a *ſentence* from her quill, without ſappe, and pith: and euery *Periode* of her ſtile carrieth marmalad and ſucket in the mouth: and euery *argument* of her inuention, ſauoreth of moſt ſauory reaſon. No chaine ſo linked, as her *Concluſions*: nor any Criſtall ſo cõſpicuous, as her *Method*. Her whole *diſcourſe* is the creame of the milke; the combe of the hony; the iuice of the grape ; & the marrow of the bone. The *beſtowing of her perfections* at occaſion, a dainty choice, & fine marſhalling, of euery excellency, curiouſly ſorted in their proper places : like the gorgeous *wardrobe of Helena*, or the precious *Iewellhouſe of Cleopatra*, or the cunning *ſtillhouſe of Mædea*, or the comely diſtributing of the *neateſt and gallanteſt furniture* in the ritcheſt Oeconomy. What needeth more? *Her beginning*, like the pureſt Oyle *in the crowne of the / rondelet*: *Her proceeding*, like the ſouereineſt wine in the middeſt of the butt: *Her ending*, like the ſweeteſt

hoony *in the bottome of the hoony-pot.* Her *intention* was defenſiue, not offenſiue; and had any thing bene tolerable in that ſcurrilous and villanous declamation, aſſuredly ſhe would a thouſand times rather haue excuſed the matter, then accuſed the maker. *Humanity*, is euer willinger to loue, then to hate, & ſo is ſhe: *Curteſie*, much forwarder to commend, then to diſprayſe; and ſo is ſhe: *Clemencie*, infinitly proner to abſolue, then to condemne, and ſo is ſhe. For ſhe is a perſonall Humanity, a meere Curteſie, and a Clemencie incorporate. But when ſhe ſawe the fowle mouth ſo ſhamefully runne-ouer, without all reſpect of *manners*, or regard of *honeſtie*, or pretence of *Truth*, or colour of *Reaſon*: *Gentlemen*, quoth She, *though I lacke that you haue, the Art of Confuting; yet I haue ſome ſuddes of my mother witt, to ſowſe ſuch a Diſh clowte in;* and if ſowſing will not ſerue the turne, I may hap finde a payre of Pinſons, as ſharply cōceited, as S. Dunſtōs tonges, that led the Diuell by the noſe Autem, vp and downe the houſe, till the roaring beaſt bellowed out like a bull-beggar. And as for his terrible crackes of *Gunpowder termes*, neuer lend credit to the word of A Gentlewoman, if I make not old *mother-Gunpowder* of the neweſt of thoſe *ratling babyes*. And if ſteeping in *Aqua fortis*, will infuſe courage into his *gooſe-quill*; why man, I will dowſe thee ouer

head, and eares in ſuch a dowty *Collyrium*, as will inſpire the Picture of *Snuffe*, and *Fury*, into the Image of *S. Patience*. I haue not bene ſquattering at my papers for nothing: and albeit I cannot paint with my pen, like fine *Sappho*, yet I can dawbe with my incke, like nine of the *Muſes*: and am prettily prouided to interteine *S. Fame* with a homely gallimaufry of *little Art*, to requite her / dainty ſlaumpaump of *little wit*. A poore kitchin may be as good an Artiſt for the ſtomacke, as a poore dairy: (alas, that euer S. Fame ſhould be ſo whitled): and it ſhall go hard in my Cookery, but the *ſillibub of his ſtale Inuention* ſhalbe welcommed with a *ſupping of a new faſhion* & ſome ſtraunge ſirrupe *in cōmendam* of his meritorious workes. Though a *railer* hath more learning, thē a ſhrew: yet *Experiēce* hath a fillip for a Scholler; *Diſcretion* a tuck for a foole; *Honeſty* a bobb for a K: & my *morter*, a peſtle for aſſafetida. Let him be the *Falanta downe-didle* of Ryme; the *Hayhohalliday* of Proſe, the *Walladay* of new writers; the *kutthroate* of his aduerſaries; the *gallowes* of his companions; the onely *broker* of Pamflets; or what he can for his ſweltring hart: my *battring inſtrument* is reſolute, and hath vowed to bray the braying creature to powder. We muſt haue at leaſt *three Peccauies* of Pierce Penniles; and *three Miſereres* of the Confuting Toſpot; or

Lord haue mercy vpon thee, *three thouſand times-wofull wight.* I am loth to ſtruggle for the *Moon-ſhine in the pudled water*: but if we muſt needes buckle for nifles, & grapple for naughtes; though I cannot tell, whither I can bounſe him, like a barne doore, or thumpe him, like a drumme of Fluſhing; yet I may chaūce rattle him, like a baby of parchment, or kneade him like a cake of dowe, or chearne him like a diſh of butter, or girke him like a hobling gig, or tatter him like a thing for-ſpokē, or ſomeway haue my *Penny-worthes* of his *Penniles witt.* Nay, if the *Princock* muſt be playing vpon them; that can play vpō his warped ſconce, as vpon a tabor, or a fiddle: let himſelfe thāke himſelfe, if he be kindly thummed. Sirrha, I will ſtāpe an *vnknowne grape*, that ſhall put the mighty *Burdeaux grape* to bed: & may peraduēture broach a new *Tun of ſuch nippitaty*, as with the very ſteame of the *nappy liquour* will / lullaby thy fiue wittes, like the ſences of the drunkeneſt ſot, when his braynes are ſweetlieſt perfumed. I fit thee with a Similitude for thy capacity: or belch a new Confutation againſt the long tongues of the *Stilliarde*, and ſome twenty *Tauernes in London.* I could be content, a *drunken Proſe* and a *mad Ryme*, were thy deadlyeſt ſinnes. But they are ſweet youthes, that tipple their wittes with *quaffing of knauery*, and *carowſing of Atheiſme.*

If there be no other iollityes at home, or braueries abroad; it is happy for them, that were borne with thoſe prizes in their throats. *And wellfare a frolike Courage, that will needes be the Tower of Babylonian Conceit, and with a mightie Bullwarke of Supererogation glorioufly confounde itſelfe.*

The reſt of her ſpeaches, and writings, are to be recorded, or ſuppreſſed, as it pleaſeth the Horne of theſe pelting ſturres: who may haply finde the Trompet of *Peace*, as ſuer a Souldiour in caſe of neceſſary defence, as the Drumme of *Warre*, or the Swaſh of *Feude*. Some that haue peruſed eloquent bookes, and reſearched moſt curious writinges, haue not ſeene goodlier variety of verniſhed phraſes, and burniſhed ſentēces, then in her ſtile: which was not ſo gorgeouſly decked, and ſo fairely limned for nought. Howbeit as in ſome publique cauſes, better a miſchief, then an inconuenience: ſo in many priuate caſes *better an inconuenience, then a miſchief*. Though an Orient Gemme be precious, and worthy to be gazed vpon with the eye of Admiration, yet better an Orient Gemme ſleepe, then the Penitent mā periſh: and better a delicate peece of Art ſhould be layd aſide, or vnwouen like Penelopes web, then an immortall peece of Nature be caſt-away. She loueth not to confute, that confuteth itſelfe: & I hate to confound, that confoundeth himſelfe. She in

the Court of Ciuility hath lear / ned to embrace *amẽdment* with the armes of *Curteſie*: and I in the ſchoole of Diuinity am taught, to kiſſe *repentaunce* with the lippes of *Charitie*. I affect not any colourable inſinuation, in gloſing or ſmoothing termes of formall accord: but miſery accompany my actions, and the mercy of heauen be my vnmercifull enemy, if I deſire not with a longing hart, to wreake my teene vpon wilde vndiſcretiō by requiting *good for bad*, & conuerting the worme-wood of iuſt offence into the angelica of pure attonement. The onely reaſon of my demurrer, is my *aſſurance*: which conſiſteth rather in *diffidence*, then in *credulitie*, and cannot warrantiſe itſelfe what will be done, vntill it is done. He were very ſimple, that hauing ſo heauy cauſes of diffidēce, and ſo light cauſes of credulity, would runne haſtily into the trapp, or ſuffer himſelfe to be preſently intangled in the ſnare. *Parly* is a ſuttle Sophiſter: *Flattery* a tickling ſollicitour: and *Perſuaſion* an inchaunting witch. I cannot but liſten vnto them with an itching eare, and conceiue as it were a tang of pleaſure in mine owne diſpleaſure: but, without *legem pone*, wordes are winde, and without actuall performance, all nothing. Had I not more Premiſſes of diſtruſt, then promiſes of truſt; or were he not euer to be *preſumed* a bad fellow, that hath once played

the bad fellow with a witneſſe, (nothing but *contrary proofe* can reuerſe that iudgement) : yet Lawyers loue *reall cautions* : and they that would be loth to be enticed by white, and defeated by blacke, are curious of their ſecurity. *Truce* was euer a redoubtable freind ; & *Suſpicion* hath cauſe to looke vpon *Reconciliation* with a ielous eye. *Reconciliatiõ* is a ſweet word : but entire Reconciliation a rare thing, & a ſtraũge reſtoratiue : whoſe ſweetneſſe lyeth not in the tip of the tongue, or in the neb of the pen, but in the bottome of the *hart*, & in the / bowells of the *minde* ; the minde that daily emproueth itſelfe, the onely deepe Polititian, & inſcrutable hypocrite. Whoſe inwardeſt ſecrets notwithſtanding, are not ſo profound, or cloſe, eſpecially in the ſhallow breſt of inconſiderate youth, but they may in ſort be ſounded, & diſcouered by a cunning obſeruation of Circumſtãces.

Some eſſentiall points I reſerue to miſelfe : but M. Wolfe knoweth, & who knoweth not? great *Penmen* and Pamflet-marchants play much vpon the aduantage of the *time*, and care not who be the enemy, ſo the *Terme* be their frend. Which of vs can tell, but *there* may lye the drift, & great Pollicy of the new motion? I haue earneſtly, and inſtantly craued perſonall conference : but that ſhould ſeeme to make little for his purpoſe,

or might haue bene graunted with leſſe ſuite. All muſt be done by the mediation of a third, and a fourth; and ſuch an intercourſe, as I may probably haue in ſome ielouſie, though I conceiue well of the interpoſed perſons. There hath already bene a large expence of *time*: & *charges* continually runne: & matters of *more importance* lye dead in the neaſt: & the *burned finger* hath reaſon to ſtartle from the fire: and he that hath bene *once abuſed*, would not willingly be abuſed twice: and *Security* cannot be too preciſe, or ſcrupulous: and I would there were no Cunnycatchers in London. Till *a publique iniurie* be publiquely confeſſed, and *Print* confuted in Print, I am one of S. Thomas diſciples: not ouer-preſt to beleeue, but as cauſe cauſeth: and very ready to forgiue, as effect effecteth. They that know the daunger of *Truces*, and the couen of *treatyes*, *vt ſupra*, muſt begge leaue to ground their repoſe vpon more *cautels*, then one: and to proceede in termes of *ſuſpence*, or *Pauſe*, till they may be reſolued with infallible *aſſurance*. For mine owne determination, I ſee no credible hope of *Peace*, / but in *Warre*: and could I not commaunde, that I deſire, I am perſuaded, I ſhould hardly obteine, that I wiſh. I loue *Oſculum Pacis*, but hate *Oſculum Iudæ*; and reuerence the *Teares of Chriſt*; but feare the *Teares of the Crocodile*.

Shall I be a little plaine? Methinkes the raunging Eyes vnder that lōg haire, (which ſome would call ruffianly haire) ſhould ſcarſely yet be bathed in the heauenly Teares of Chriſt, or waſhed in the diuine Teares of Penitence. *Iriſh haire*, and *weeping Iriſh* are no white Crowes in theſe countreyes: and although there were no Wolfes in England, yet there be *Foxes in the hole*. I would be loth to aggrauate the leaſt, or greateſt particular againſt a Penitentiall ſoule: but ſtill to haunt infamous, or ſuſpected houſes, tauernes, lewd company, and riotous faſhions, as before, (for to this day his behauiour is no turnecoate, though his ſtile be a changeling) is a greater liberty in my ſmall diuinity, then accordeth with that deuoute and moſt holy-holy profeſſion.

Lord, how curious was the wiſer ſort euen of the heathen Philoſophers, in the neat, & exquiſite choice of their pure diet, vndefiled ſociety, Virgin manners, Vnſtained diſcourſes, and vnſpotted actions. What ſo clarified, as their witt: ſo purified, as their minde: ſo ſweetened, as their conference: ſo vertuous, as their inſtruction: ſo powrefull, as their experiments: ſo exemplary, as their life: ſo vnblemiſhed, as their fame? I know not, who weeped the Funerall Teares of Mary Magdalene: I would he that ſheddeth the Patheticall Teares of Chriſt, & trickleth the liquid Teares of Repentance, were

no worſe affected in pure deuotion, then thoſe Philoſophers in morall Conuerſation! Were I not content, in ſome little hope of his finall recouery, either in deede, or in ſhewe; to do him a meritorious fauour by concealing his vtter diſcredit: I could eaſily, and would noto/riouſly, make him aſhamed of ſome his late Sayings, and Doinges: ô Lord, how Vnbeſeeming the Teares of Chriſt: & alas, how likely to forerunne a miſerable deſtiny? Let him reforme his publique, & redreſſe his priuate enormities, & with a ſincere vowe I ſweare him frendſhip: or let him reſt quiet, & I am quiet. Otherwiſe I may poſſibly be induced, to pay him home with an immortall reuēge, that hath plagued his own tōgue with deſperate *blaſphemies in ieſt*: ô Chriſt, of how horrible cōſequence, without *teares in earneſt*? There is a great diſtance betwixt Hell, and Heauen: the Diuell, and God: Rakehells, and Saincts: the *Supplication to the Diuell*, and the *Teares of Chriſt*: the *Straunge Newes* of Villany, and the miraculous Newes of Repentance: the Herald of Warre, and the Ambaſſadour of Peace: the publique Notary of Lyes, and the Regiſter of Truth: the *Diuels Oratour*, and *Chriſtes Chauncellour*. Though *Greene* were a Iulian, and *Marlow* a Lucian: yet I would be loth, *He* ſhould be an Aretin: that Paraphraſed the

ineſtimable bookes of Moſes, and diſcourſed the Capricious Dialogues of rankeſt Bawdry: that penned one Apology of the diuinity of Chriſt, and another of Pederaſtice, a kinde of harlatry, not to be recited: that publiſhed the Life of the bleſſed Virgin, and the Legende of the Errant Putana: that recorded the hiſtory of S. Thomas of Aquin, and forged the moſt deteſtable Blacke-booke *de tribus impoſtoribus mundi.* O monſter of extremityes; and ô abomination of outragious witt. It was his glory, to be a *hellhounde incarnate*, and to ſpoile Origen of his egregious praiſe: *Vbi benè, nemo meliùs: vbi malè, nemo peiùs.*

Some ſurmounting ſpirites loue to arreare a huge opinion of their exceſſiue validity, *pro*, or *contra*. *Hyperbolicall Vertues* (it is Ariſtotles Epithite) are heauenly miracles; and / *hideous Excellency* an heroicall wonder, like the Labours of Hercules, and the Bountyes of Errant Knightes: but *ſuperlatiue knauery* is a ranke Villain; and VGLY BLASPHEMY, a foule Diuell, tormented with his own damnable mouth. It is not puffing, or bluſtring in bombaſted termes, or Babilonian phraſes: but the fine and ſweet *courſe of Vertue*, of induſtry, of Beaudeſert, of Valour, of true brauery, that performeth worthy actions, and purchaſeth the honour of the world. If *Humanity* will needes grow miraculous, it muſt flye with the wing of

Diuinity, not flutter with the plume of *Atheiſme*, or hoiſe the ſayle of *Preſumption*. Whoſoeuer deſpiſeth the *Maieſtie of Heauē*, or playeth the *Democritus in Goddes cauſe*; be his *witt* neuer ſo capon-crammed in *Vanity*, or his *hart* neuer ſo toade-ſwolne in *furquidry*: is the abiecteſt vermin, and Vileſt padd, that creepeth on the earth. If there be no ſuch matter in the world, all the better: if there be, wo be to the *Autours of their own Confuſion*: and bleſſed they that take-forth a good leſſon from other mens miſcarriage. Happy, and ten thouſand times happy, that inſpired *Heraclitus*, that powreth-out the *moſt tender affectionate Teares of Chriſt*, with the flowing eyes of *Zeale*, and the melting eloquence of his *bowells*. Other Oratory would be feeid, as it perſwadeth; or thanked, as it edifieth; or honored, as it rauiſheth harts with a powrfull impreſſion; or admired, as it ſtealeth ſoules with a diuine ſacriledge. He is the perfect Oratour, that figureth and repreſenteth euery thing in *Art*, as it is in *Nature*: that dispatcheth light points roundly; handeleth weightier matter more ſubſtantially; in the graueſt ſubiect proceedeth with due reuerence; and of faith diſcourſeth faithfully, of heauen heauenly, of diuinity diuinely, of Chriſt like Chriſt. *Dalliance* in the ſageſt, and higheſt cauſes, is an abſurdity, and / like a ridiculous Vice in a Tragedy, or a

poiſonous Serpent in Paradiſe. *Non eſt bonum, ludere cum Sanctis: cum Chriſto ludere, execrabile.* *Aretin* was a reprobate ruffian: but euen *Caſtilio*, and *Macchiauel*, that were not greatly religious in conſcience, yet were religious in pollicy: & there is no kingdome, or Commonwealth vpon Earth ſo prophane, or barbarous, but either in conſcience is, or in Pollicy ſeemeth, religious, or cannot poſſibly maintaine any durable ſtate. I would every Autour, that hath done no better, had done no worſe: and it were to be wiſhed, that ſome deſperate wittes were not ſo forward, to diſbowell the intrails of their owne impious mindes. *Plinyes*, and *Lucians* religion may ruffle, and ſcoffe awhile: but extreme *Vanitie* is the beſt beginning of that brauery, and extreme *Miſerie* the beſt end of that felicity. *Greene*, and *Marlow* might admoniſh other to aduiſe themſelues: and I pray God, the promiſed Teares of Repentance, proue not the Teares of the Onion vpon the Theater. If I knew no more, then I vtter; I would hope no leſſe, then I wiſh: but hearing what I heare, & conceiuing what I conceiue, I would be vnfainedly glad, he ſhould exceede my expectation: and when he hath reſolued my incredulity with a little actuall performance, I will not faile to render him right, with extenſiue fauour. For my particular, let his profeſſed

Pœnitet appeare by any reaſonable, or tolerable ſatisfaction, without fraude, or colluſion: and I am no way rigorous in reuenge, or obſtinate in diſpleaſure. Meanewhile it is haply not amiſſe, to conſider by the way, that *Truth* begetteth hatred; *Vertue* Enuy, *Familiaritie* cõtempt; Fauour pride; *Pardon* reckleſneſſe; and *Credulitie* damage, or daunger. A ſtraũge caſe, that ſo good Moothers ſhould bring-forth ſo bad daughters; but Improbitie, or Iniquitie (or / what ſhould I terme that naughty humour?) is the *fift Element of the world*: and *Conſultation* were better to ſit ſafely betweene *Yea*, and *No*, then to fall ſuddainly with a haſty *No*, or to ſtand weakely with a ſimple *Yea*. My *Affection* is ready to ſubſcribe to any indifferent articles of *accorde*: (for *bona fide* I affect agreement), but my *Reaſon* hath reaſon to pawſe awhile; and a ſcruple or two of ſome depẽdence, may ſeeme to ſay *No*. But euen thoſe two Negatiues (vpon a firme, & vndefeaſible ſecurity, *ſine dolo malo*,) would be conformable enough, to conclude an Affirmatiue, and will not ſticke at any Tranſaction, or Compoſition, that is not Vnreaſonable. To make ſhort, (for no Iett, or Loadſtone ſo attractiue, as Lines, that draw vnto them ſo many ſelfe-offering ſentences: and I haue already vnmeaſurably exceeded my ſtint) he that longeth to enioy the

fruite of *priuate amitie*, and *publique fauour*, haſteth not to embrace the bloſſome, or to dote vpon the ſhaddow. His onely finall requeſt, and affectionate prayer is, that howſoeuer poore men be vſed, the deare *Teares of Chriſt*, and the cheape *Teares of Repētāce*, be not abuſed. All is well, that endeth effectually well: & ſo in ſome haſt he endeth, that wiſheth you entirely well: and for your inſtruction can aſſure you, he needeth not to ſend to Athens for hony, or to Spaine for ſugar, or to Italy for Anniſeedes, or to the Orient for ſaunders, or pearles; that may finde as fine, and dainty choice, neerer hand. I can ſay nothing for miſelfe, whoſe date is expired: but I dare aſcertaine you, three drops of the Oyle of roſes, or three drops of the Mercury of Bugloſſe, will enſtrengthen the braine, or comfort the hart more, then ſix, and ſix ounces of their common ſirrups. A greater difference betwixt artificiall, and rude ſtiles, refined, and droſſy wittes; ſkilfull, and ignorant iudge/ments; auailable, and vnprofitable workes; I commende to the conſideration of the Preſſe, with a right-harty Farewell. This 16. of September. 1593. Your aſſur[ed], wherein he may pleaſure you,

Gabriell Haruey.

SONET.

Gorgon, or the Wonderfull yeare.

St. Fame *diſpoſ'd to cunnycatch the world,*
Vprear'd a wonderment of Eighty Eight *:*
The Earth, *addreading to be ouerwhurld,*
What now auailes, quoth She, my ballance weight ?
The Circle ſmyl'd to ſee the Center feare :
The wonder was, no wonder fell that yeare.

Wonders enhaunſe their powre in numbers odd :
The fatall yeare of yeares is Ninety Three *:*
Parma *hath kiſt ;* De-maine *entreates the rodd :*
Warre wondreth, Peace and Spaine in Fraunce to ſee.
Braue Eckenberg, *the dowty Baſſa ſhames :*
The Chriſtian Neptune *Turkiſh* Vulcane *tames.*

Nauarre wooes Roome : Charlmaine *giues* Guiſe *the* Phy *:*
Weepe Powles, thy Tamberlaine *voutſafes to dye.*

L'enuoy.

The hugeſt miracle remaines behinde,
The ſecond Shakerley Raſh-ſwaſh to binde.

A / Stanza declaratiue : to the Louers of Admirable Workes.

Pleaſed it hath a Gentlewoman rare,
With Phœnix quill in diamont hand of Art,

To muzzle the redoubtable Bull-bare,
And play the galiard Championeſſes part.
Though miracles ſurceaſe, yet wonder ſee
The mightieſt miracle of Ninety Three.
Vis conſilij expers, mole ruit ſua.

The Writer's Poſtſcript: or a frendly *Caueat* to the *Second Shakerley* of Powles.

Slumbring I lay in melancholy bed,
Before the dawning of the ſanguin light:
When Eccho *ſhrill, or ſome* Familiar Spright,
Buzzed an Epitaph *into my hed.*

Magnifique Mindes, bred of Gargantuas race,
In griſly weedes His Obſequies waiment,
Whoſe Corps on Powles, whoſe mind triūph'd on Kent,
Scorning to bate Sir Rodomont an ace.

I muſ'd awhile: and hauing muſ'd awhile,
Ieſu, (quoth I) is that Gargantua minde
Conquerd, and left no Scanderbeg *behinde?*
Vowed he not to Powles A Second bile?
What bile or kibe? *(quoth that ſame early Spright)*
Haue you forgot the Scanderbegging wight?

Gloſſe. /

Is it a Dreame? or is it the Higheſt minde
That euer haunted Powles, or hunted winde,

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Bereaft of that fame ſky-ſurmounting breath,
That breath, that taught the Tempany to ſwell?

He, and the Plague *contended for the game:*
The hawty man extolles his hideous thoughtes,
And glorioufly inſultes vpon poore ſoules,
That plague themſelues: for faint harts plague themſelues.
The tyrant Sickneſſe of baſe-minded ſlaues,
Oh how it dominer's in Coward Lane?
So Surquidry rang-out his larum bell,
When he had girn'd at many a dolefull knell.

The graund Diſſeaſe diſdain'd his toade Conceit,
And ſmiling at his tamberlaine contempt,
Sternely ſtruck-home the peremptory ſtroke.
He that nor feared God, nor dreaded Diu'll,
Nor ought admired, but his wondrous ſelfe:
Like Iunos gawdy Bird, that prowdly ſtares
On glittering fan of his triumphant taile:
Or like the vgly Bugg that ſcorn'd to dy,
And mountes of Glory rear'd in towring witt:
Alas: but Babell Pride muſt kiſſe the pitt.

L'enuoy.

Powles ſteeple, *and a* hugyer thing *is downe:*
Beware the next Bull-beggar *of the towne.*
——————Fata immatura vagantur.

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

Slight faultes are ſoone corrected, as that of *ſine marſhalling* without a Comme, in the leafe C. or any the like: but in the ſame leafe there eſcaped a groſe errour, to be corrected thus:

Her beginning, like the pureſt Oyle *in the crowne of the rondelet: Her proceeding*, like the ſoueraineſt wine *in the middeſt of the Butt: Her ending*, like the ſweeteſt hoony *in the bottome of the hoony-pot.* [Thus misprinted in the text: "*Her beginning*, like the pureſt Oile in the crowne of the middeſt of the rondelet: *her proceeding*, like the ſoueraineſt wine in the butt: *her ending*, like the ſweeteſt hoony in the bottome of the hoony-pot."—Corrected in our text—G.]

FINIS.

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